

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

November, 1928
Winnipeg, Canada



Hamilton M. Laing - Samuel Alexander White - William Thompson
Bonnycastle Dale - Philip Winter Luce - Francis Dickie



Still—That Schoolgirl Complexion

Youth retained by Nature's ways in skin care, means natural loveliness. These precious oils embodied in a beauty soap

*In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive*

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

THE art of keeping young—of staying beautiful—today is simply the secret of keeping natural beauty.

No matter what the calendar may say, youth lies in a youthful skin—in a naturally lovely complexion that defies the touch of Time. That natural loveliness—that charm of youth retained—can only come from following Nature's rule.

Nature's great cosmetic beautifiers are the oils of the palm and olive trees. In their crude state they were prized by ancient beauties—today, scientifically blended, they are found in one soap only—Palmolive.

*Only a pure beauty soap—to keep that
schoolgirl complexion*

The gentle cleansing oils soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left, would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

Nightly cleansing with the rich lather of this famous beauty soap—a soap made for one pur-

pose only, the fostering of good complexions—is a sacred rule with millions. Fresh radiance, natural charm, result from its regular use, this way, each night.

Do this at least once daily

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish, but never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

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MADE IN CANADA

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEA and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Retail Price

10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



A Christmas Gift that Lasts:

Special Subscription Rates--Christmas 1928

One Subscription	(with Gift Card).....	\$1.00
Three Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards).....	2.00
Six Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards).....	4.00
Ten Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards).....	6.00

A HAPPY thought indeed to send a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly as a Christmas gift, because not just once on Christmas Day but again every month are your good wishes conveyed to the recipient.

Last year many of our readers saved themselves a great deal of bother over the "what-shall-I-give" problem by turning over to us the names and addresses of their friends with instructions that The Western Home Monthly be sent to all of them. That their choice was fortunate is indicated by the fact that many letters have reached us emphasizing the success of the offer and expressing the hope that special Christmas rates would again be in effect this year.

A Gift That is Unique

So here is your chance to select a Christmas gift which you can be sure will be appreciated—and at a trivial cost indeed.

Not only will a magazine be sent every month for one year but on Christmas Day each friend whom you so remember will receive a beautiful gift card bearing your name and announcing that you have ordered the subscription.

This is the only opportunity offered our readers during the year of subscribing for friends at reduced rates, so be sure and take advantage, observing the very low rate applying to quantity orders.

Christmas Order Form

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Please send The Western Home Monthly to the following for one year and also in each instance mail Gift Card, bearing my name, to arrive on Christmas Morning.

I enclose \$..... in payment for same.

(1) Name.....
Address.....

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From—Name.....
Address.....

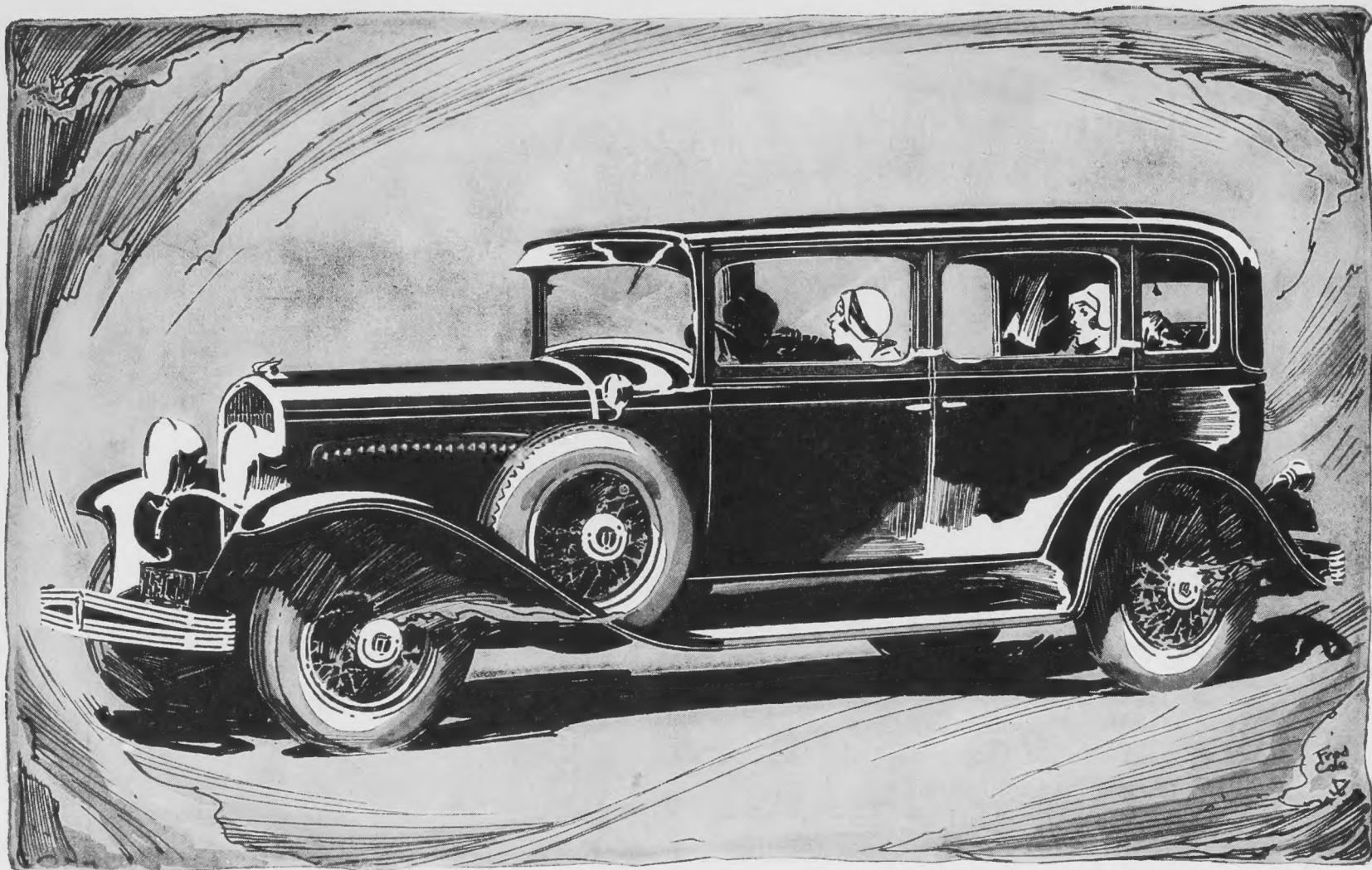
These Rates Hold Good to Any Address in Canada, the British Isles
or the United States

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO—

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG





New Chrysler "75" Royal Sedan, \$1985 (wire wheels extra)

CHRYSLER genius produces a wizardry of Style and Value



IT IS PERFECTLY apparent that the new Chrysler "75" and "65," in the richness of their dress and the marvelous efficiency of their performance, reach upward and outdo cars far, far beyond them in price.

They are readily singled out by a host of distinctive features of the style that re-styles all motor cars—new slender-profile chromium-plated radiator, "arched-window" silhouette, unusual grace in the sweep of the "air-wing" fenders.

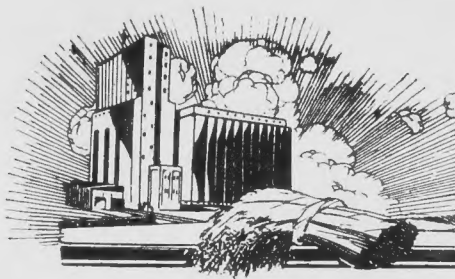
The new Chryslers also have the "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine using any fuel—counter-weighted 7-bearing crankshaft—unusual safety and ease of internal-expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, efficient in any weather, and shock absorbers.

There is no wizardry in such additions of greater value—they have their source and explanation in the solid, substantial manufacturing policy of Standardized Quality, originated by and peculiar to Chrysler, which passes on to its cars of lesser price the quality features of its cars of highest price.

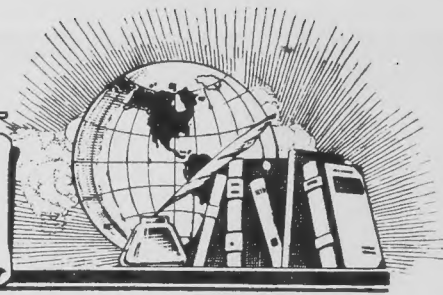
If there is the shadow of a doubt in your mind of the working-efficiency of this unique principle—closely compare the "75" and "65" with the best cars you can find selling for hundreds of dollars more.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—Royal Sedan, \$1985; 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1985; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$2010; Town Sedan, \$2140; Crown Sedan, \$2140; Convertible Coupe, \$2205; 5-Passenger Standard Phaeton, \$2335; 7-passenger Standard Phaeton, \$2425; Convertible Sedan, \$2920. (6-ply full-balloon tires.)

New Chrysler "65" Prices—Business Coupe, \$1325; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1350; 2-Door Sedan, \$1360; Touring Car, \$1370; 4-Door Sedan, \$1460; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1460. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra). (Wire wheels extra).



EDITORIAL



Secret Diplomacy

THINGS were running very smoothly in world councils until some people thought they would make matters more secure by arranging for a further reduction of armaments. Negotiations were carried on secretly. One of the parties became impatient and gave the story to the world-public ahead of schedule time. Then the trouble began. Naturally the proposed agreement was condemned, not only by the people of England, but by the people of the United States and afterwards by the State Department at Washington. The worst of it is that nobody knows even now exactly what was proposed in the letters that passed between England and France, but evidently the terms were more unsatisfactory to President Coolidge than those submitted for consideration at the Geneva Conference last year.

There are two or three lessons to be derived from a study of this affair. In the first place when the nations of the world are meeting in council to arrange methods for securing peace it is not very good policy for a few of the nations represented to begin bargaining on the side. It would be better to place all the cards on the table. Of course there is an argument for the action. It is said that what was aimed at was an agreement that concerned Europe only, and that it did not interfere with the naval policy of the United States. When the white paper is available we can judge as to the truth of this.

In the next place it was a very bold thing for a member of the Ministry of Britain to assume the responsibility of speaking for the nation in a matter of this kind, even if he had the advice of the chiefs of the navy. On all questions that may lead to international war, it would be a safe policy for a minister to know that he has the backing of the common people. Cabinet ministers and officers in the army and navy often suffer from a superiority complex, and at first it looked as if this explained the present issue.

The days of secret diplomacy have passed. It was not enough that Britain, France, United States and Japan should be considering this problem. The whole world is concerned in it. As we see it, America was altogether wrong in her contention at Geneva last year. She did not want Britain to have a navy equal to her own, but similar to her own, though the necessities of the two countries are so very different—if we are to grant that navies are necessities. Fortunately in her reply to Britain the United States leaves the door open for a further consideration of the question. Let us hope that the next approach to a conference will have in it nothing that reminds us of the old secret diplomacy.

Lest these comments be thought severe, note these words from the English Review of Reviews:

"Whatever the precise truth, it is clear that in the management, at least, of the Anglo-French compromise someone blundered, and blundered badly. The best that can be hoped for is that, before the autumn is far advanced, the position may have been cleared up. There is no room among the Great Powers of the world today for hole and corner diplomacy, or for attempts to steal a march on each other by 'technical' arrangements. The old spirit needs to be exorcised from international dealings, for it is thoroughly incompatible with the spirit of the Peace Pact."

The Mixing Pot

DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER has said something that is worth reading by everyone who lives in Western Canada:

"Far from regarding the mixed composition of races in this country as unfortunate, I regard it as a distinct advantage of which not enough use has been made. Every one of the stocks represented in the American people has made to this country its own unique contribution in the establishment of the native culture. Our own literature, philosophy and art will be enriched if pains are taken to preserve the essence of each of these national cultures.

"Short-sighted reformers think to help matters by obliterating these racial groups as fast as possible. In my opinion, to destroy their contribution would be to take away something important from our too-barren civilization. If the folk-lore and cultures of these races were obliterated, the country would lose instead of gain."

To which the Boston Daily Globe adds these words:

"The atmosphere of America is not so perfect that we can afford to try to slam the door on contributions from abroad. As the stores of cultural wealth from other lands are appreciated, our atmosphere will be enriched. It is good for the older Americans to admit this freely, and it is also good for the newer Americans to realize that they have something to give which is quite as important as ability to do hard work."

"There is something better than a melting-pot and that is a treasure-house filled with gifts, each splendid in its own way."

For Thanksgiving

By W. V. Newson

*And what are the things I love?
Well, here are a few.
(And first, of course, there's you)
A simple God-moulded flower,
Peeping coyly from its bower—
A round-eyed, innocent child,
New to all sordid things—undefiled;
A dimpling maid just dipping in the shallows.
Of life, like rain by the budding shallows.
And the other people, like you,
Your charming companion crew,
In games of sweet leisure
Or dancing a measure.
And I love laughter and sunlight;
Birds too, asleep at night,
Head beneath wing to hide from the dark;
Or morning song of a thrush in the park;
Kind eyes of the old;
Stars of pale gold,
Then there's the real friendships of dogs
And the metallic murmur of frogs,
In the marshes and pools,
When the evening cools;
Oh, there's so many things in just living.
That every day should be a Thanksgiving!*

So all through life there is a balancing of losses and gains. A man engaged in industry misses the joys of the student, while the student does without the monetary reward of the other. Similarly the musician must of necessity give endless hours to his work and lose the delights of the sportsman, the athlete, the man of affairs. He has his compensations of which the others know nothing. It is to everyone to adjust the balances in his own case, to measure gains against present and future loss. Even as in the Ass' skin the hero had to choose between the appeal of society and the sweetness of unsullied devotion—between supreme satisfaction and death—so every one must choose every day, and, as Goethe says: "Every choice is for eternity." There is commerce in everything in life. "Virtue alone is its own reward."

This has been aptly expressed by Lowell in Sir Launfal:

*"At the devil's booth all things are sold
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold,
For cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with our whole soul's tasking,
'Tis only truth that is given away,
It's only God may be had for the asking."*

Young People and Religion

THE WORLD could not get along very well without social reformers, but they become rather annoying when they begin to indulge in lamentations. One of the causes of their worry

just now is the fact that young people are failing to take interest in religion. It is said that seven out of ten young people in the United States get no religious instruction at all, and that of those who do receive it a good many do not take very kindly to the treatment. Probably things are not so bad as that in Canada, but we may assume that the standard is about the same. Is it something to worry about?

In the first place it does not follow that because people do not get general religious instruction in home, school or church that they are outside the sphere of religious influence. Religion is not a thing that can be taught. It must be caught. There are many homes in which parents do not lead in family prayers and in which there is no "grace before meat." Yet in these homes the conduct, the language, the attitude of the parents is a continual sermon to the children. It may indeed be that children, who are quick to recognize real values, set little value upon forms and words and time-honored exercises, but they are ready to perceive and give credit to religion when it is expressed in fair dealing, good temper, honesty and unselfish sacrifice. Similarly, if the instruction given in Sunday School is not always appreciated it may be because it smacks of insincerity or unreality, and the same may be said of the theological discourse, by custom called a sermon. Yet young people are vitally interested in life and they are more than ready to respond to religious appeals made in the right way. It is because the wrong way is taken that there is declining interest. People may as well learn that what would go fifty years ago will not go today. It is not that children do not reverence truth, but that many parents and teachers do not reverence childhood. If young people get a fair chance they always respond gladly.

There are, however, great sections in which the homes set no religious standards, in which there are no churches, no ennobling literature, no moral influence. Unless the churches as responsible for the spread of religious truth face this problem conditions will grow worse. It will be useless to think that the churches can exert a good influence merely by sending preachers where preachers are needed. Unless those who profess religion give proof of it in social, industrial and political life, mere profession will not get far with young people.

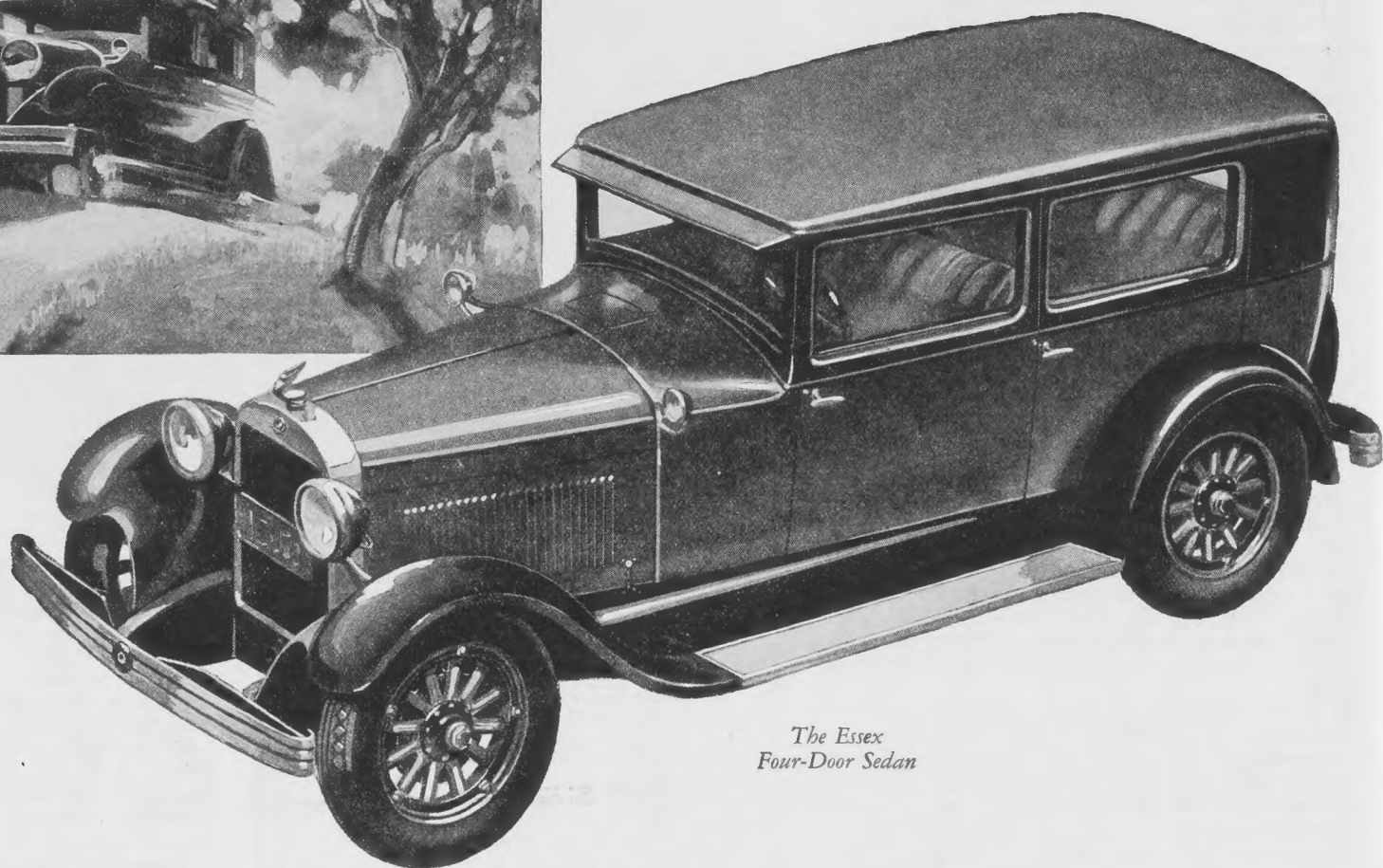
Good Advice from Mr. Hoover

CANADIANS are willing to learn from those who have a virile message to give, no matter what may be their nationality. They will then take to heart the words of Mr. Hoover in his speech in Tennessee. In a journal devoted to life in the home nothing could be more suitable than these phrases:

"I wish to remind you of something which may sound humble and commonplace, but it vibrates through every hope of the future. It is this—the unit of American life is the family and the home. It is the economic unit as well as the moral and spiritual unit. But it is more than this. It is the beginning of self-government. It is the throne of our highest ideals. It is the source of the spiritual energy of our people. For the perfecting of this unit we must bend all of our material and scientific ingenuity."

"For the attainment of this end we must lend every energy of the government. I have before emphasized that the test of our government is what it does to ensure that the home is secure in material benefit and comfort, what it does to keep that home free from bureaucratic domination, what it does to open the door of opportunity to every boy and girl within it, what it does in building moral safeguards and strengthening moral and spiritual inspiration."

"From the homes of America must emanate that purity of inspiration only as a result of which we can succeed in self-government. I speak of this as the living action of government in the building of a nation. I speak of it as the source from which government must itself rise to higher and higher standards of perfection from year to year."



The Essex
Four-Door Sedan

Looks and Acts like a Costly Car *because it's built like a costly car*

The only Essex point in common with cars in its price field—is price. There is little in either appearance or performance to distinguish it from many a costlier car.

In size, it possesses the advantage of compactness without sacrifice of passenger quarters or riding comfort. It steers as easily as any car you have ever driven. There is a quickness and nimbleness in its motor action that will make some costlier cars you have driven seem slow and sluggish. These qualities are lasting.

With whatever costly car detail you compare Essex you will be impressed by its high standard in design, material and workmanship. The eye is delighted by the general appearance, the touch by those qualities that reveal first-rate materials, and the sense of enjoyment by the smooth, effortless operation of the car. It is admittedly one of the easiest riding cars on the road—it is without doubt the most economical to own in first cost, upkeep and operation.

Many exclusive and patented features contribute to these Essex advantages—among them being its high-compression Super-Six motor, which to our belief is the most powerful and efficient automobile motor of its size in the world.

\$885
and up

f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

Won't you examine and drive the Essex, whether as a prospective buyer or as one interested in knowing why it is the choice car in its price field as proved by sales?

ESSEX SUPER SIX



BRavo TORO!



By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In this third article on Spain, Mr. Dickie treats of the country's national sport; makes clear and vivid the struggle in the arena where the bull has not a chance. To explain bull-fighting to those who have never seen it is a true and severe test of a writer's ability. The splendid series of action photographs will further assist the Western Home Monthly readers to appreciate the thrill and horror of the spectacle.

IT IS fête day in Toledo, Spain. The great religious procession of the morning, the march of the military, the band playing in the square—all are finished. The Plaza del Zocodover, that centre of all the town's activities for 900 years, is almost deserted. The sun is slanting far to the westward. Through the Puerta del Sol (The Gate of the Sun) long lines of people are streaming toward the Corridas del Toros—toward the bull-ring. For it is fête day in Toledo, and now the last, the greatest spectacle of this day is to be enacted there in that vast brick enclosure upon the sanded floor of the great oval from above which rise tier on tier of stone steps like a Roman amphitheatre. It is fête day, and in the bull-ring eight magnificent bulls, the finest products from the great farms of Spain will nobly charge their many tormentors, charge and charge again, and go down to death bravely in this vast arena where there is no pity, where there is no mercy, where there is nothing but death for the bravest of bulls.

For three long years in preparation for this day there has been reared far out upon the plains of Andalusia these grand animals for the slaughter. High at the shoulder, short of legs, compact, supple, rapid, with legs of sinewed steel, strong-jointed, keen of eye, horns long and sharply pointed, hearts of high courage—such are the bulls brought to fight. There on the great immense pastures, the ganaderias, these beasts have roamed wild and free. Those that come at last to the ring are carefully selected. Animals which when tried charged furiously, showed themselves always game. Upon the great farms during their growing years the beasts have been subjected to a process of elimination. The faint-hearted, the slow of perception, the downright cowards, all have been culled out.

Several days before the fight the chosen bulls have been loaded into special travelling boxes on wheels which are lifted on the railway cars. Then the last stage of the journey—the "chiquero," a dark roomy stall beneath the bull-ring; and waiting for their final gesture, a defiant and enduring courage in face of varied tortures, a going down in to darkness face to the enemy, of fighting a good fight with never a chance of winning. Such are the bulls of Spain!

A toast to them, my friends—a toast to the bravos toros!

Continued on page 6



A view of the passe de mulato.



The bull gets the horse.



The "matai, the kill."



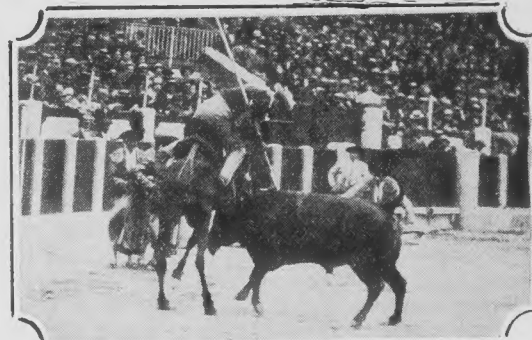
Setting the banderilleros.



The bull gets the banderillero.



The ignoble finish to a brave warrior



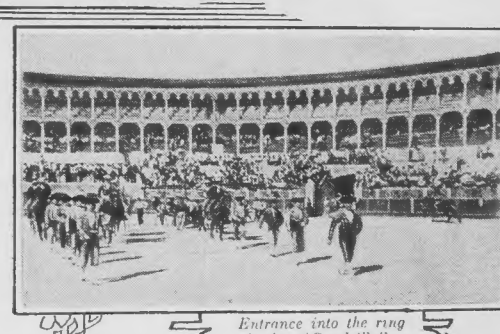
The picador meets the onrush of the bull.



Setting the banderilleros (leaping clear).



The matador or espada, playing the bull before the kill. This is called the "passe de mulato."



Entrance into the ring of the "Cuadrilla"—the procession of the bullfighters



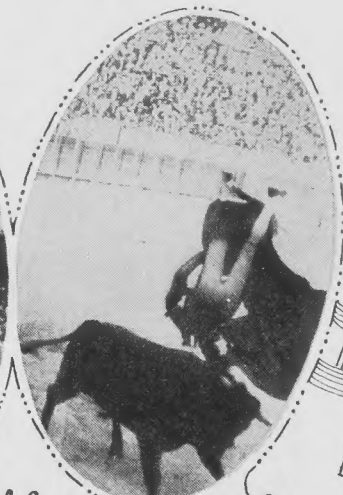
The cape wielder gets caught.



The bull tries to escape by climbing over the fence



VILLALTA—A noted matador in costume.



Another view of a cape wielder thrown by the bull

THE hour is five-thirty. The unclouded sun is slowly climbing down. Half of the arena is in shadow, half in sunlight. *Sombre* and *sol* (dark and sunny) these sides of the arena are named. And a ticket in the shadow costs you just twice that of one in the sun. But when you know the power of that Spanish orb on a summer day you pay the higher price, if you have it.

The whole arena is packed. For hours previously many men and women have vainly sought tickets. Now the disappointed ones are wending their way back to the town. They are hard, these stone seats. They are small and without backs. The feet and knees of the person above press against your back. There is only one slight relief against the unyielding stone. While the audience is gathering, boys and men parade up and down the aisles laden with paper-covered pillows stuffed with confetti, selling these at eight cents the pillow. If you are wise you will purchase two.

Above the last stone tier is a railing and the boxes of the wealthy, roofed in from the sun. Over the railing *senoritas* have draped gaily colored shawls, which set off the more the dark and smiling faces, the high combs of red and white and black and the mantillas of similar colors which adorn hair that has not yielded to the craze to "bob." One box, separated by partitions from the long corridor of open ones, is set aside for royalty and the great men of the town. Today the young Prince and one male companion occupy the box.

Into the arena comes riding two men in black velvet suits, with boat-shaped hats and a long white plume adorning each. Their horses are sleek, and prance slowly about the ring. The band plays a lively tune. These so-impressive horsemen in their seventeenth century costume are the *alguazil*.

They approach beneath the royal box and crave permission to begin the "*corrida*." This is given. They ride away out of the ring. A bugle sounds. The entrance from the *paseo* is thrown open and into the ring comes marching the whole array of men and horses and mules which make up the gaudy yet somehow oddly impressive parade of the bull-fighting crew. To the

bestride! Ah, they are a sorry lot. The bones show on their hips; their ribs are painfully apparent. Over the head is wound a cloth which makes them blind in one eye, the side that is turned later toward the bull. But of recent times the spectator cannot fully grasp how pitifully lean and old are these steeds, for their whole side (the side that is to be turned toward the bull) is now covered with a very thickly padded quilt, a sort of armor, which, though not impervious to the sharp horns of the bull, does save the horses on a great many occasions. This armor is the newest thing in Spain, just recently put into use by a royal decree. One would like to think that this was done from humane motives. But I greatly fear it is to save money on horses. At the same time this decree went into effect in the summer of 1928, the custom of thrusting burning darts into bulls who failed to keep fighting, was ordered stopped.

The procession passes around the ring. From the whiffletrees drawn by the three sturdy mules a strong chain extends. It makes a long deep mark in the sand. Soon it will enwrap the horns of the vanquished and dead heroic bull, and the three mules will strain at the traces as they draw from the ring an inanimate mass that but a quarter of an hour before was all fire and fury and zip and go. Such are the thoughts of the stranger. But not of the crowd. They do not deign a glance at the mules and their red-coated drivers. They gaze with admiring eyes upon the two marching lines led by the *toreadors*. In these two lines are sixteen men in tight-fitting suits of green and silver and gold, the *toreadors*, the cape-wielders, and the *banderilleros*.

The members of the "*cuadrilla*" (the procession) halt before the royal box and receive the keys to the "*toril*." The muleteers, the mules, the *picadors* and the *alguazils* depart. The *toreadors* and the

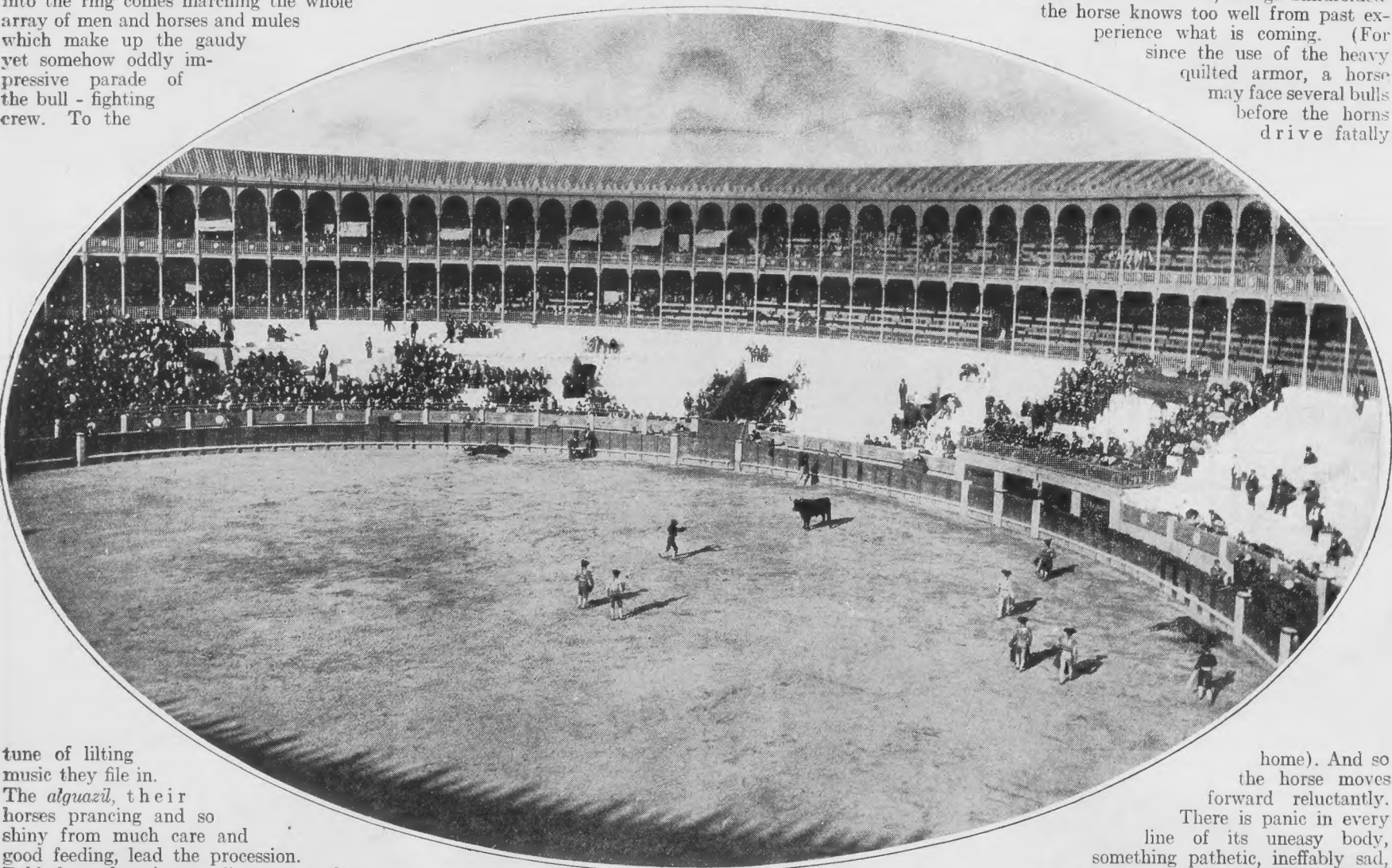
an endeavor to quickly stay his progress, the beast goes sliding. He whirls. Another cape draws him on. Around him are five capes. Now the man in the green suit is playing him. Now the one in silver. Now it is the one in gold. A shout goes up from the crowd, for this is Villalta, the favorite *matador*, or *espada*, the killer of bulls whose time is worth four thousand dollars a day. And this is no ordinary day, for no less than eight bulls are to be killed before the sun has set; eight bulls whose value probably totals three thousand dollars more. It is an expensive form of entertainment, this bull-fighting. There is at least one satisfaction—about half the profits go to hospitals and the poor.

Now Villalta, the favorite *matador*, the great *espada*, draws the bull with clever cape work to the shady side of the ring. One must be Spanish, or one must have seen many, many engagements between man and beast in such a ring to fully appreciate the daring, the dexterity, the agility, the coolness, the amazingly exact judgment of this man, and his kind.

This is a fête day. And perhaps because of this, perhaps because of the warmth of the crowd's greeting, Villalta does something unusual. He plays in turn all three parts, "*chulo*," (cape wielder) *banderillero*, and *matador*.

Again and again Villalta draws the bull to him. It passes so close that the onlooker catches breath for the horns seem certain to pierce that slim body in its so-garish golden uniform. But the crowd is fickle, quick to tire. Their yells take on a different tone. Sensing this, the fond darling of the moment ago draws back to the fence. The bugle has sounded for the coming of the *picadors*. Three horsemen ride into the ring, and take up positions close to the fence, dividing the space of the circle equally between them.

The first *picador* drives his spurs into his horse, this poor beast blindfolded of one eye, the eye that is turned toward the bull. Yet, though blindfolded the horse knows too well from past experience what is coming. (For since the use of the heavy quilted armor, a horse may face several bulls before the horns drive fatally



The bull ring, Madrid, seating 14,000 people

tune of lilting music they file in.

The *alguazil*, their horses prancing and so shiny from much care and good feeding, lead the procession. Behind on foot in two lines come the *toreadors*, the cape wielders, the *banderilleros*, and then ten horsemen, the *picadors*, with long lances at their sides. And last three mules drawing a whiffletree, followed by six men in bright red coats.

Now as the procession crosses the sanded arena and turns and makes the circle of the bull-ring one sees that the horses of the *picadors* are strangely different from the sleek and lively steeds of the *alguazils*. This is but natural, for the beasts which carry the gentlemen in the boat-shaped hats and so-imposing velvet costume are meant to give a grand effect. But the animals which the *picadors*

wielders of the capes stand close to the high wooden fence. A gate swings open. The first bull bounds into the ring. From four thousand throats come varied noises. The bull stops. He gazes about wondering. All is so strange to this great beast who all his life had roamed upon those silent plains. Ahead of him flashes the rose-red of one of the magnificent capes. He charges. His lowered head strikes this yielding wall of color. Surprised, and in

home). And so the horse moves forward reluctantly. There is panic in every line of its uneasy body, something pathetic, ineffably sad, too, that for all its fear it still obeys the will of man. Step by step the horse approaches the bull. The *picador* is near enough. He leans forward in his high-backed saddle and drives the spear home into the shoulder of the bull as it charges. But all his weight, all the instant agony of the pointed steel avails not to stop the onward rush of the *toro*. Its low-held head smashes squarely into the padded side of the horse, and flattens it to the ground as though it had been a thing of cardboard rather than a thousand pounds of solid equine flesh. The *picador*, too slow to throw clear his leg,

Continued on page 79



And here before his very eyes was an armed party of them, sprung from nowhere out of the dust of the plains, riding their dashing ponies and firing thunderously from the saddle at something along the trail

Moccasin March

By Samuel Alexander White

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

JO FORREST HEYD, sitting on the banks of the Red River, his surveyor's figures on his knees but his eyes look-out across the endless Manitoba plains as he waited for his half-dozen men of the survey chaining along the Stone Fort trail, the Land of Promise that had lured Selkirk's crofters did not look like a land that might blaze forth any instant with the fires of conflict. To his eyes it was a land of peace with its hardy settlers going about their peaceful business. Yonder under his far-focussed gaze a string of Red River carts creaked slowly along the trail to Fort Garry, while here on the river highway a fleet of flat-bottomed boats came toiling to the same destination. On land or river the heroic shaping of their own destinies and the epic making of the West seemed the dominant desire of pioneer hearts, yet, nevertheless, Heyd knew, that like sparks in the prairie grass the embers of disruption smoldered and threatened.

For the vast corporation of the Hudson's Bay Company that had held the West in thrall for two hundred years was no more, surrendering its power and its charter to the Government in the East under the magic bond of Confederation. It was now October of the autumn of 1869, and upon the first of December all the immense Northwest Territories that the Company had overlorded so grandly would be transferred to Canada. That is to say, it would be, if the fiery Métis did not write history differently in flowing red blood. Descend-



ants of the original partners of the Northwest Fur Company, sons of the *coureurs du bois*, half-breeds, quarter-breeds, buffalo hunters and plains rangers of the West, they claimed the land as their own from their fathers before them and swore that no agreement between the Hudson's Bay Company and Canada should sell it over their heads.

That their words were not idle words Heyd had seen enough of their activities to know. With his own eyes he had marked them arming all through the Red River settlement. With his own ears he had heard them vow that the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor McDougall, already on his way from Ottawa and due at Fort Garry by the Pembina Trail, should never cross the Minnesotan border to enter the West. And here!—by the shade of Selkirk, here before his very eyes was an armed party of them, sprung from nowhere out of the dust of the plains, riding their dashing ponies and firing thunderously from the saddle at something along the trail.

Shoving his surveyor's figures into his pocket, Heyd leaped to his feet and clambered up the slight rise of the Red River's bank. His men were foremost in his mind. The men must be chaining over

there where the Métis were firing. Was it possible that they had clashed? It might well be, for there had been threats of late, and Heyd was in the act of rushing across to the point where he had left them when he saw the men themselves, dragging their chains and instruments after them as they came at a crouching run over the dip of the river bank.

"What in condemnation do those Métis mean"? he demanded of the breathless six. "Did they fire on you deliberately?"

"Not at us, but over our heads," volunteered one of the men. "To stop our work, you see. They blazed away with their ugly buffalo guns and yelled for us to get out of that. It was time to get, so we got."

"So that's their game, is it"? Heyd growled savagely.

He swung around on his heel, facing trailward again, and now as the loping horses came closer he identified the riders as a band of buffalo hunters. Of the three yearly hunts these men had been away on the summer hunt chasing the herds over two hundred and fifty miles to the westward and now at autumn they were returning to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts on the Red River to dispose of their meat and outfit anew for winter slaughter.

That their foray had been successful the laden carts in the rear attested. Heyd could see that they were heaped high with pemmican, dressed skins, tallow, dried meat, sinews and hides.

"But who leads them"? he asked of his men. "Whose buffalo outfit is it"?

"We don't know," answered the spokesman with humorous truthfulness. "We didn't wait to see."

"There's a girl in the lead," Heyd pointed out, his eye noting the female figure that rode far to the front.

"She's not one of them," the chainman explained. "She rode out from that little farm on the river yonder, sighted the band and turned this way. She was waving her hands as if in warning. Strikes me she's friendly."

"By jove, she can ride, eh"? enthused Heyd. "Look out, men, here, she's reining up."



MOUNTED on a splendid buffalo runner worth two hundred dollars on the plains, she launched and stopped before him like an arrested thunderbolt, the horse pulled back on its haunches with its forefeet spurting stones and dirt in his face. True daughter of the Métis, she swayed lightly before his admiring eyes, her slender, supple form garbed in waist of bead-fringed flannel, gray corduroy skirt and silk-worked moccasins. Her head-shawl had slipped back off her head onto her shoulders, revealing full yher face and her hair, hair more golden than the prairie daisies; a face far fairer than the prairie snows. Heyd marvelled that exposure had not touched her head onto her shoulders, revealing fully her vast outdoors. Either she was one of those persons not susceptible to sun-rays or else her head-shawl afforded complete protection when drawn up. There was, moreover, the grace of a Grecian goddess in her poise upon the horse, a Grecian beauty in her features strongly chiseled yet tender and touched with a magic glow that seemed not to flash so much from her sapphire eyes as to ex-hale from her snowy skin. Especially that strange light that invested her features like a halo glinted along the arches of her eye-brows, the swell of her sumptuous cheeks, the curves of her poppy-red lips.

Face to face with Heyd she had stopped, and, speaking his estimate of her inwardly, he spoke it audibly before he was aware.

"The spirit of the plains personified," he characterized softly. "True daughter of the Métis, indeed."

"Of the all too few loyal Métis," she amended smilingly. "And step-daughter of Robert Dufrost, the most loyal of them all. Of the Métis in life and costume, but of blood pure white, sir."

"You don't need to tell me that," Heyd assured her quickly. "I can see it at a glance. I met your step-father once at Fort Garry. Perhaps he will remember Forrest Heyd."

"Indeed, yes, and that is why he rushed me out in a warning while he looked to his arms. He said you were in charge of this party and that yonder band," waving a hand towards the advancing buffalo hunters, "was in charge of Frederick Garrault. I rode out a little way to make sure. It is Garrault, and if you know anything of him you will know that he is bent on trouble when he fired a volley over the heads of your men."

"I know something of Garrault," nodded Heyd, staring at the dust-whirling band with grim eyes. "And in case of trouble, hadn't you better ride back onto your own farm land, Miss Dufrost?"

"Only in company with you and your men," she

stipulated. "My father has no love for Garrault. His land is not open trail-land as this is. You understand? We are loyal Métis and we offer you shelter over our boundaries. Quick, before Garrault's band cuts us off from it."

With a strange thrill in his blood Heyd seized the mane of the horse with one hand and bounded along by her side, his men pounding at his heels to the spur of the buffalo hunters' cries.

"Sanctuary, eh"? he laughed, looking up into the girl's wonderful face which the wind of their going was whipping to color. "It would be hard to refuse it from you, Miss Dufrost. But, remember, only so far as it does not compromise you or your father."

Close ahead of them lay their goal, the farm of Robert Dufrost, a narrow four-mile strip of the parish fronting on the Red River. Heyd caught sight of the heavily thatched log house at the water end, with a clay oven and a large pile of poplar poles beside and, farther back, the outbuildings and sheds behind. Also he could see Dufrost himself running down the line of the boundary fence, speeding to meet them where the rail-and-post barrier ended at the hay field comprising the rear portion of the farm. Swift as a Blackfoot ran Dufrost, gliding on his moccasins, his long, blue, brass-buttoned coat fluttering in the wind and his

"Just the thing, Dufrost," accepted Heyd, breathing deeply from his run as he caught up the buffalo gun. "We wouldn't have reached it only for Miss Dufrost. The credit goes to her."

"True," Dufrost nodded, his bronzed face, plains-chiseled, sombre-eyed, lighting with tenderness as he looked at his daughter. "Catherine's horse is swift but here," facing prairie-ward, "are ones almost as swift."

Heyd, his weapon upraised, wheeled with Dufrost to find Garrault's band upon them. At the fence the score of riders halted suddenly, Garrault in the front rank, his horse's chest almost touching the threatening muzzles of the two guns.

"That's as far as you ride, Garrault," warned Dufrost. "This is my land and if you put hoof on it you'll never hunt buffalo again."

Garrault, sinewy-built, swarthy-skinned, clad in fringed buckskin, sitting his mount bareback with the ease of a Sioux and with Sioux blood showing in his eagle face, looked down into Dufrost's eyes and grinned impudently.

"My first parley is not with you, Dufrost," he returned. "It is with Heyd. There may be no quarrel in the end. I do not know. Only, he is in charge of this party and he must withdraw his men and not cut up our hunting grounds into townships or we will smash his instruments into the dust."

"I'm in charge, all right, but Colonel Dennis at the Stone Fort is chief of the survey and I take in or withdraw only at his orders," flashed Heyd. "Just lay a hand on one of my instruments and I guarantee my bullet will beat Dufrost's."

A flood of savagery filled Garrault's face.

"Son of a dog, you will call away your men."

"Spawn of the Sioux," Heyd sent back, they won't move a step."

Garrault reared up his pony, and Catherine Dufrost caught her breath in suspense not unmingled with exultation at the defiance of her father and Heyd. She knew her father's iron spirit of old, and Heyd was a grim ally for him. Looming tall, he stood in knee-laced boots of tan leather, his powerful frame bulging the brown duck trail garments he wore, his felt hat tipped forward to shade his face from the horizontal rays of the setting sun as he sighted along the buffalo gun. The sun glinted from the steel into his features for a moment, and Catherine saw the set face illumined with the sunset colors. His face fairly glowed; golden-cheeked, bronze-jawed, his white teeth pearl-fired, his gray eyes like pools of flame transformed to a hue of purplish ash, deep determined eyes expressing the space of the illimitable distance that they had gazed on always. She saw for an instant, before the face was shaded again, and it struck her as the symbol of a new era to come. It was the face of the pioneer. Heyd was the pioneer, the foreloper from the East which she and her father, as loyal citizens, hoped would come marching westward in the stride of

empire to sweep Garrault and Riel and their crowd of half-breed malcontents from the Promised Land.

This was their hope, but a precarious hope if Heyd symbolized its fulfillment or defeat, for over him reared Garrault waving his hand for his riders to charge alongside. Catherine knew that in another second two guns would thunder and a volley

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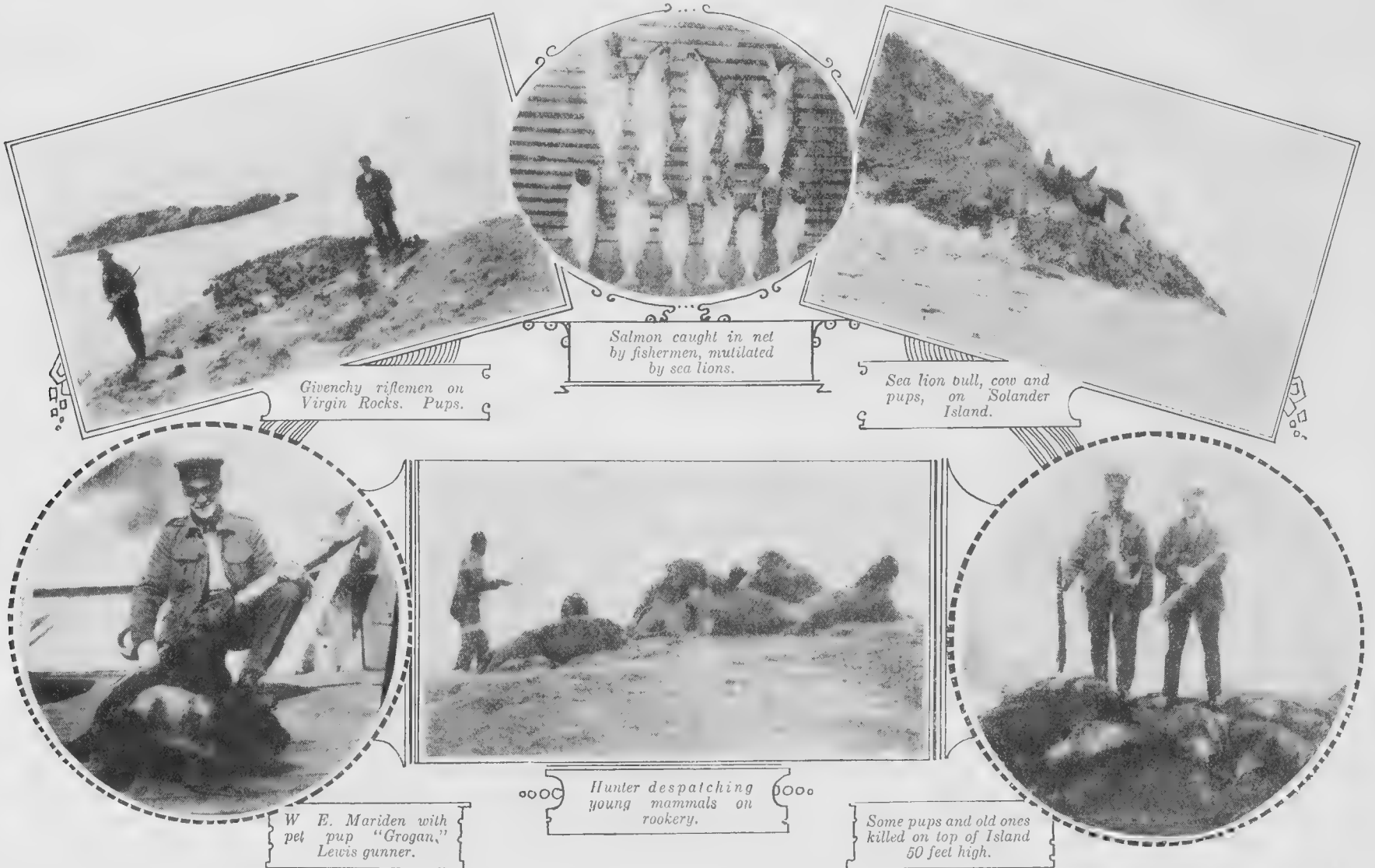
One moment the camp stood there intact and the next moment it was gone—blotted out bodily before their eyes

dark otter cap flapping on his head. In his right hand he carried his own rifle, in his left an extra buffalo gun which he thrust out to Heyd as the latter's party burst round the end of the fence line with his daughter.

"Here's a weapon, Heyd," he cried. "Use it if they cross my boundary. I was afraid for a moment that you wouldn't reach it."

Shooting Sea Lions

By Philip Winter Luce



A POWER launch chugged its way slowly through a bed of kelp off the coast of British Columbia. Astern, fifty feet or so, it towed a lifeboat manned by six navel reservists armed with rifles.

Three miles away the Federal Government Fishery Patrol Cruiser Givenchy rode at anchor, its bulk looming faintly through the dirty drizzle of rain. Three miles is as close to the virgin rocks as a careful master wants to bring a big ship on those rare occasions when a big ship is on that waste of waters.

Swinging freely on a lamp-bracket, a Lewis gun pointed its death-dealing muzzle over the side of the power launch. Sighting the weapon at an angle of about forty-five degrees, W. E. Maiden, secretary of the Fraser River Fishermen's Association, prepared for action.

Sprawling on a ridge of flat-topped rocks were hundreds of flabby, grotesque, sea-going mammals. From a distance these looked like giant slugs with guinea-pig faces adorned with ferocious whiskers. They flopped and crawled and rolled; they grunted, wheezed, barked, yapped, and roared; they stood up, stretched their thick necks and blinked inquiringly at these strange invaders of their remote rookery.

These monster mammals (known to scientists as *eumotopias stelleri*, after the discoverer of the species in 1740, but generally called sea-lions) watched the approach of the boats with more curiosity than fear. Sea-lions have not yet learned to beware of experts with machine guns and rifles. It is only a few years since the Givenchy set forth from Vancouver for the first organized raid on the British Columbia rookeries in an effort to reduce the number of sea-lions that are killing salmon every year valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Cast off," came the order from the launch.

The tow rope was hauled in. Bill McLeod slipped his rifle under a seat, seized a pair of oars, and steadied the lifeboat. His fellows crouched against

the thwarts, all ready for action, eyes fixed on the restless herd on the rocks.

Suddenly the Lewis gun spat forth its murderous hail of lead straight into the thickest group on the topmost ledge, then swung slowly to the right, to the left, then to the lower ledges.

For a moment nothing was heard but the staccato bark of the gun. Then a hundred amazed, enraged, wounded sea-lions roared in their agony as they slid and stumbled down the rocks. Hundreds of others, still unhurt, took up the cry of defiance until it could be heard on the fisheries cruiser three miles away.

It is the instinct of land animals to run away from gunshots, but this does not apply to sea-lions. The members of the Givenchy expedition had not reckoned on this, but they realized it two minutes after the machine gun sent forth its first murderous message.

Every adult sea-lion rushed straight for the nearest water!

Into the jaws of death they charged, straight through the hail of lead from Lewis gun and rifles, slipping, stumbling, scrambling forward to the safety of the sea. The herd converged in a narrow swale and then fought and struggled forward to the edge of the ledge from which they dived in almost solid formation.

"Pull away for your lives, boys!" shouted boatswain Jack Shepherd.

Pull they did! Their progress through that tangled kelp was maddeningly slow, but every foot further from the advancing horde was an added margin of safety. It is wise to give an angry sea-lion plenty of space.

The brute is not anxious to fight. It is only when cornered that he will turn on a man, but he can be dangerous without being aggressive. A collision with a small boat means the wreck of the boat and the probable drowning of the occupants, for a full-grown sea-lion has the bulk of a cart-horse, the strength of a bull, and the clumsiness of a boar.

As their mates strained at the oars Riflemen Baker and Scott kept plugging away at such big bulls as came dangerously close. Great red splotches stained the green water as brute after brute wallowed in his death-agony or snarled and snapped at some streaming wound, then dove and swam farther out to comparative safety.

One huge fellow, half swimming, half galloping on the surface of the water like a foundered horse taking hurdles, headed straight for the stern of the rocking lifeboat. Quite probably he did not notice the obstacle in his way before he was almost upon it, for a machine-gun bullet had furrowed his forehead and blood was streaming into his blinking eyes.

Then, instead of diving below the kelp as his mates were doing all around, this bull spread out his hind flippers to their greatest extent, drew in a great wheezing breath, threw himself on his haunches, and leaped fully six feet in the air.

The sun, forcing a feeble ray through a stray break in the low clouds, threw the sea-lion's shadow across the nearest sailor straining frantically at his oar. His face blanched.

"We're goners!" he yelled.

"Pull harder!" shouted the boatswain.

The men, already doing their utmost, threw their last ounce of energy into a valiant effort which they fully believed must be their last. Above them loomed the great tawny beast about to crush their boat under by sheer weight. All around the crimson sea was alive with snarling, pain-crazed sea-lions.

Cool and steady in the moment of imminent danger, Baker and Scott flung up their rifles and fired point-blank at the creature's head. Both bullets ploughed deep into the little brain.

The great bull flung his head sideways, gave a convulsive shudder—then toppled over backwards.

The men of the Givenchy were safe, but they pulled to the edge of the bed of kelp before resting their oars. One such narrow squeak was enough,

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As Lizzie descended sniffing, Annie slipped to the head of the stairs. She heard the bustle preparatory to departure

"ANNIE, you better leave that mendin' and stir up a batch o' biscuits for supper. Joe just phoned he's bringin' comp'ny home. Ain't that just like a man, with the baby sick, and this wash-day, and all? That stove ain't drawin' good. You better clean it out before you put your biscuits in. I'm goin' out and ketch a couple o' chickens. I declare, I'm goin' to give Joe a piece o' my mind for this! I'm that tuckered out that I could lay down and die, and instead o' that I've got to cook dinner for company."

As Lizzie's weary, whining voice trailed off in the distance, Annie folded her sewing, rose, and went to the kitchen. Her thin-lipped mouth was set in a grim, straight line. She considered that her brother-in-law needed a piece of somebody's mind for this and other things. He never seemed to know when he was getting a piece of poor Lizzie's, for she whined so continuously that he had developed a sort of spiritual deafness to her complaints.

Annie was twelve years older than her sister and had mothered her since babyhood. Lizzie had been a delicate child, and Annie had always spared her the heavier work. At twenty the younger girl had married big, strapping Joe Perry. She had been a frail, lovely, wild-rose sort of girl. Now, at twenty-eight, she looked forty. She had borne six children and was expecting another. She had washed and ironed and cooked and baked and scrubbed until the years of toiling beyond her strength had transformed her from a creature of elfin charm to a mere querulous voice.

Annie was an unpaid servant in her sister's home. She was an unprepossessing spinster of forty. From the time of her mother's death when she was fifteen, she had cared for her three brothers and Lizzie. She had given up her life to them, but her sacrifice was not referred to with the sympathy and regret that is usual in such cases. It was inconceivable that she would have had any life of her own under any circumstances.

"Annie might as well be doin' that as anything else," the neighbors would remark. "She's a born old maid anyway."

Almost since infancy she had resembled the traditional caricature of the school teacher, angular, sharp-featured and prim.

Had Lizzie's need of her been less imperative, she would have hired herself out to some of the farmers' wives in the vicinity, for her position was not an enviable one. She antagonized the children and they were impudent to her. Joe considered her snoop and thought she put ideas into Lizzie's head. But perhaps the worst of all was Joe's one-legged brother Lem, who owned half the farm and lived with them. He was the possessor of a fearful sense of humor, and an uncanny power of reading her very soul. Even Annie from time to time had had her little hopeless, romantic dreams. Not matter how deeply hidden she believed them to be, Lem could always discern them, and let her know that he had done so by demonstrations of sly, terrible mirth. The fact that any spinster could run so true to form was a source of never-ending amusement to him.

He had been a wild fellow in his youth, but the accident which had maimed him had sobered and embittered him. He had been "riding the rods" and had fallen beneath a moving train. He was picked up minus a leg and part of a hand. It was said that he was drunk at the time, but he seldom drank nowadays. He was a fat-tish, red-faced man of forty-five, with little trace remaining of the good looks that were said to have once been his.

On the evening in question, he stumped into the kitchen on his wooden leg to find Annie with her bony hands in a bowl of dough. He was in facetious mood. "Ain't you dressed yet, Annie?" he inquired. "You better hurry up and get into your party clothes. And be sure and roll your stockin's. This feller Joe's bringin' home is a good-lookin' young bachelor about your age, and they say he's been lookin' for a wife for years, but ain't been able to find one purty enough to suit him. You didn't have no date with nobody else for to-night, did you, Annie?"

"You mind your own business," she snapped. "The Lord knows the samples of men I see around this house ain't sech as would make me feel I'm missin' anything. I wish't you'd carry out them ashes."

"Sure, Annie, sure! I'll do all I can to hurry things along so you can get through and start puttin' on your war paint."

Lem passed Lizzie coming in with the chickens. When he was out of hearing, Annie asked in a casual tone: "Do you know who 'tis Joe's bringin' home?"

"Yes, it's his cousin Hugh Baker from Indiana. You know he's a brother to them two Baker boys that come through with their wives last winter. There's a big family of 'em. Hugh's the oldest, and he sorta raised 'em like you did us. All the rest are married now. Hugh ain't never married, but I s'pose he will now that his ma died. Joe says he sold the farm last week and he's come out here to look around."

"How long's he goin' to stay?"

"I dunno. Two-three days, I guess. I declare, I dunno how we'll entertain him. He's a right smart, educated feller. He went to college a couple o' years—up to the time his pa died. Studied farmin'. I sent little Jim over to Stover's to see if Effie could come over to supper. She's kinda young for Hugh, but she's purty an' she's been to college, so I reckon she can talk

to him. Joe and Lem, they never talk about nothin' but crops, and I reckon you and me'd set there and never open our heads."

Annie said nothing. In fact, there was nothing to be said. The idea of herself in the role of entertainer to a college-bred bachelor seemed as ludicrous to her as it would have seemed to anyone else. She never dreamed of blaming her sister for not giving her a chance at the eligible guest. She knew that the idea had never occurred to her. Lizzie thought of Annie as a mother rather than as a woman with human hopes and desires. Annie, for her part, would have died rather than admit her humanity.

As she dressed, she wondered if she dared loosen her hair a little over her ears, but she thought of Lem and quailed. She arrayed herself as usual, but the sight of her long, sallow face in the mirror sickened her. She slipped down the back stairs to the pantry and returned with a cup of beet-juice. This she applied discreetly to cheeks and lips. She felt that the change improved her wonderfully. If she only dared loosen her hair—She would! What did Lem's ridicule amount to? She would do more! She hunted up Lizzie's long-unused curling iron and frizzed her hair about her face. She unfastened her high collar and turned it back at the throat. She decided to dispense with her glasses. She needed them only for close work, anyway. She gave herself a last searching glance in the wavy mirror. It seemed to her that she appeared better than she ever had in her life. Of course the man would not look at her anyway, but there was satisfaction in the knowledge that she had done her best.

WHEN she came downstairs, she found them assembled in the parlor. The guest had arrived. She saw a tall, slightly stooped figure with graying hair. The eyes looked a little tired, she thought, but very kind, and they gazed out upon life with a kind of wistful eagerness.

She looked resolutely away from Lem, but she was painfully conscious that he was staring at her. She could picture the amazed mirth upon his countenance. She could scarcely acknowledge the introduction to Hugh, so flustered was she by Lem's abominable presence.



Presently Hugh's voice reached her above the rest "Where's Miss Annie?" "She's stopping with the children" replied Lizzie

But at the dinner-table she was able to forget her tormentor entirely, for marvelously, her efforts to beautify herself seemed to have borne fruit. Hugh was paying attention to her! Effie chattered gaily and he responded with grave politeness, but it was Annie that he addressed most often. He was interested in her! He was seeing her, not as a wizened spinster of forty, but as a woman of ripened experience, who had something more valuable to give a man like himself than Effie's mere girlish gaiety and prettiness.

As for Effie, it was evident that she was growing bored. She considered Hugh a distinctly elderly man, and could not understand why she had been asked to waste an evening entertaining him. She was the only one present who felt that the task should have been left for Annie. The prospect of the evening in Lizzie's dreary "settin'-room" seemed to stretch out before her interminably.

Presently she had an inspiration. She mentioned that a movie was being shown in town that night which she had heard highly recommended. She began to like Hugh, for he immediately took the hint, and suggested that they all go.

When they rose from the table, Annie went at once to her room and began to put on her wraps. It had not even occurred to Lizzie that Annie would go. She went in search of her to give her some final instruction about the children, and found her with coat and hat on. Lizzie stopped, speechless with amazement.

"Why—why, Annie!" she finally gasped. "Where are you goin'?"

Annie's face was set. She had expected this and was ready for it.

"I'm goin' to the show. Where'd you s'pose?"

"But—but Annie, we can't both go. What about the children? And the baby sick—and the dishes ain't even red up."

"I'm goin', Lizzie. I ain't been to a picture show for eight years. You and Joe been three-four times since I got to go."

Lizzie dropped into a chair and began to sob weakly.

"I didn't think you'd do me like this, Annie. Joe's goin' to be mad as anything if I don't go."

"Joe'll get over it. I work just as hard as you do, Lizzie. I don't get no pay for what I do, nor I don't expect none. But after all, they're your children and your dishes. Leave me pass. I'm goin'."

"I declare, Annie, I believe you've gone crazy. I never seen you act like this before. A body'd almost think you was stuck on Hugh—"

Annie clapped her hand over her sister's mouth.

"Shut up!" she hissed fiercely. She removed her coat and hat.

"Go on. I'll stay," she said flatly.

"I—I'm sorry, Annie, but you know how Joe is. Maybe tomorrow you could go—it's Saturday—there's an afternoon show—"

"Go on."

As Lizzie descended sniffing, Annie slipped to the head of the stairs. She heard the bustle preparatory to departure. Presently Hugh's voice reached her above the rest.

"Where's Miss Annie?"

"She's stayin' with the children," replied Lizzie's voice. "There's Joe drivin' up now. We better get started. It'll take us a good hour with the roads like they are."

Annie clutched the balustrade tightly. Hugh's voice came up to her again.

"Why, that's too bad—about Miss Annie. I wouldn't have suggested this if I had realized that she couldn't go with us. Lem says he isn't going. Couldn't he look after the children?"

"No, he couldn't. The baby's sick, and then there's all them dishes to do. Annie don't mind."

Hugh said no more, and Annie heard the front door slam behind them. The sound of wheels on the driveway told her that they had driven away. It didn't matter now. Nothing mattered.

"He cares! He cares!" she whispered.

She felt herself swept away on tides of glory. She did not analyze what was happening to her, nor upon what slight foundations this amazing new happiness was built—just a little courteous attention and a word or two of concern, while her starved heart filled in the gaps to fit its needs.

She descended the stairs and commenced to clear away the dishes.

"Well, Annie," shouted Lem, "it's too bad you didn't git to go after gittin' all fixed up so purty. You like to knock my eye out when you come in—and Hugh, I seen he was a goner from the start."

She scarcely heard him. As she put away the food, and scraped, washed and dried the intermin-



Suddenly a voice directly behind her started her to her feet. She found herself facing Lem—the bugbear of her life

able dishes, her heart was full of dreams. She saw herself washing dishes in a little kitchen in a little house—but only two of everything. Without any volition on her part, the dream spread and grew. She saw herself lovingly tending the little house—sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, hanging curtains. But there was no drudgery in it now—only love and joy. The two who peopled the house she did not picture. The house itself seemed the embodiment of the whole dream—a little shrine with two niches, both veiled.

She was vaguely conscious that Lem was shouting jocosities at her from time to time, but his voice conveyed no more meaning to her than the rustling of the leaves.

The kitchen work done, she took up the fretful baby. As she sat rocking him, Lem appeared at the doorway. His voice and presence at last broke in upon her reverie.

"You're an awful fool, Annie," he said.

She flushed darkly and was about to utter a bitter retort, but he interrupted her.

"No, I don't mean about the way you was dolled

up tonight. I mean about stayin' home and doin' other people's work. If you wanted to go to the show, why didn't you go?"

She looked at him suspiciously, but he seemed serious.

"And another thing, Annie," he continued. "About Hugh. I wouldn't go ridin' for no fall if I was you."

"That's some more of your business, ain't it?" she cried furiously.

"It ain't none of it any of my business," was the indifferent reply. "But think it over, think it over."

He sauntered off, leaving her in the state of pent-up fury that was his normal effect upon her.

She was still sitting up with the baby when the others returned. Lizzie relieved her at once, a little guiltily, perhaps. They had dropped Effie off at her own home. Hugh stood in the doorway looking out at a lovely autumn night. He turned and spoke to Annie.

It isn't late, Miss Annie. Wouldn't you like to come outside for a few minutes and get a little fresh air?"

They strolled down to the orchard and sat down upon a little bench that Joe had built for Lizzie in the early days of their marriage, when she still had time occasionally to sit down and rest. Hugh outlined the plot of the movie for her and then they fell silent. Finally he spoke again:

"I was sorry you couldn't go, Miss Annie."

"Somebody had to stay."

"Yes. It's usually you, isn't it?"

She looked up quickly and found his eyes fixed upon her in infinite kindness.

"I know something about your life, Miss Annie. I know how it has been lived for other people. It seems a pity that some lives must be spent carrying the burdens of others. Our own might be just as heavy, but they would seem lighter."

Annie's eyes suddenly filled with tears. She tried to wink them back, but they overflowed.

"What could I do," she sobbed. "After Ma and Pa died, there wasn't nobody to look after them children but me. It was like bein' caught in a trap."

"That's it," he agreed. "Caught in a trap. That's what happens to some of us. It happened to me, too, you know, but when the trap finally opened, I walked out. You don't seem to realize that your trap is unlocked, too."

"How does it feel," she breathed, "to be free?"

"Not the same as being free and young," he replied, "but it's better than captivity."

"I'd be afraid," she said. "I don't believe I'd know how—to be free."

"That's the pity of it, Miss Annie, for people like you and me, where freedom comes too late. When it arrives, too late. When it arrives, we don't know what to do with it.

The courage and adventurousness of youth are gone. There's the sense of futility—What's the use of it now?—Why not stay on in the rut? I felt that way too, but I made a supreme effort and wrenched myself out of it. I sold the farm, packed my belongings, and here I am."

But I—I have nothing to sell and nowhere to go."

"Perhaps so. But isn't there anything that you have wanted to do all your life that you might do now?"

Annie flushed.

"Mebbe. But it'd take more than just bein' free to make it come true. Anyway, my trap ain't unlocked. Lizzie needs me just as much as she ever did."

"No, she doesn't. Lizzie is a grown woman with an able-bodied husband. You have taught her to depend on you, but if you were taken away, she would get along. Do you know, Miss Annie, I have learned to think that a sense of responsibility is a terrible misfortune? The people who get along best in the world are those who are a little hard.

Continued on page 42

Tawdry Town

By Jean L. Hinds

Illustrated by Newton Brett

TAWDRY TOWN stretched for many blocks along which street cars jangled and swayed as if in haste to be away, but the very heart of the place was in the line of old garments that hung in front of Levinsky's second-hand clothes store.

Levinsky's was squeezed in between a Chinese delicatessen and a Ukrainian book shop and was across the street from Lorna's boarding place; directly across, so that the view from her window was eternally that row of sordid scarecrows.

Sometimes the ragged motley changed; a sleazy skirt gave way to a frayed coat; a decrepit shawl to a dusty gown, but four articles remained day after day, week after week. A slattern of an old green petticoat, limply indifferent to its bedraggled flounce; a shabby, grey-black silk hat; a pair of black satin slippers, garishly beaded but sadly run over at the heels; and, in the centre of the row, a satin ball gown whose ivory shade time could but enhance but whose gold lace was sadly tarnished.

The other garments elbowed and pushed and slapped at each other with futile, silly rage or linked empty coat sleeves in maudlin fellowship — like the people who lived in Tawdry Town. But the satin gown hung in cold indifference, holding itself aloof though compelled to dwell among them — like Lorna.

Of course, no matter how aloof she was, she couldn't help hearing the Rocco family downstairs. Mrs. Rocco banging into the fruit store, which occupied the front of their house, to wait on a customer, and yank young Johnnie and Dominick away from the grapes with threats to wring their necks. Rosa Rocco saying peevishly: "Shut up, Papa! We've all heard about how you were going to be a priest when you met Mamma, a hundred times. An' for Pete's sake don't be round the livin' room in that sloppy old bath-robe when my boy friend comes over." Mr. Rocco beginning to bewail his ungrateful children Mrs. Rocco returning to side with Rosa. Rosa suddenly agreeing with her father. Then nobody agreeing with anybody else but all of them shrieking their most intimate affairs to the stars in a lightning mixture of Italian and English, until Tony, the only quiet member of the family, requested them wearily to "cut out the racket."

Yes, it was hard to keep aloof, but she had managed it until tonight. She had said: "Good-morning" and "Good-evening," and "No, thank you, Mrs. Rocco, I don't care for a cup of coffee," and "I'm sorry, Rosa, but I can't come down this evening. My art work keeps me so busy. I have to work every night if I want to make real progress at school."

Some of the students lived at the art school, as Lorna had planned to do until she found that the cost was just fifty dollars more than she could possibly afford. Then the directors of the school had recommended this room. They made it their business to keep a list of such rooms, clean, cheap, and within walking distance, for even carfare saved meant much to some of the students.

It was a good room for the price, but when you are accustomed to a big country house and roomy stretches of prairie and the calm, unhurried faces of old acquaintances, sometimes you just couldn't stand it.

Tonight had been one of those 'sometimes.' So when dark-eyed young Tony Rocco had happened

to meet her on the way home and had asked her to go to a dance, she had impulsively consented.

The open-air dance hall at Riviera Amusement Park had been hot and crowded. Scores, hundreds, of strange faces, strange to Lorna, strange to one another. Nobody seemed to know anybody else and nobody seemed to care about anybody else. No one she had ever seen before in all that crowd except Tony, and after they had been there for a short time, two girls from Tawdry Town: Martha, the daughter of the little old man who kept the Ukrainian book-shop, and Nella, her chum. The two were there, unescorted, dancing together and apparently finding it very amusing to collide vio-

to join them, and she felt a cold rage at herself for ever mingling with these people.

The ivory gown still drew back from the others. Under the glaring street lamp the beads on the black slippers flashed with a brilliance like that of the many cheap rings on Martha's coarse, rough hands, and the green petticoat flounced with a meaningless gayety of a piece with Nella's flimsy too-pink dress. And that debauched old roue of a silk hat, tipped rakishly to one side of its hook as if hiding one half-closed eye.

Suddenly Lorna had begun to draw. She couldn't remember fumbling for materials, placing them and her student-lamp so that she might work and at the same time look out of the window, but she realized they were there and that she was sketching rapidly.

First a rough outline of Levinsky's. Then the row of sorry garments posturing ludicrously in front of it and the sorrier humans posturing ludicrously below them.

How easy to draw! How quickly the pencil transferred the ugliness of Tawdry Town to paper! Or perhaps it was because the fierce resentment in Lorna's heart found expression that the hours flew like minutes, for it was dawn before she had finished. Long before, Tony had escorted the girls to their corner and strolled home. But Lorna's imagination found it easy to keep them in place, to vivify their attitudes until the picture was finished.

At last the final pencil stroke was made and underneath she printed in ragged letters, "Tawdry Town." A tattered assembly, limp coats hung in drugged stupor, empty sleeves twitched furtively, old shawls spread secretively to hide ugly sores, while the green petticoat and the satin shoes danced with terrible, incongruous gayety.

And under these stood their human prototypes, two girls, one lounging against the wall, sensual indolence in every line of her young body, the other swaying up and down on her toes in perpetual senseless motion, and a boy, his hands in his pockets, his cap worn at the same angle

on his head as the old silk hat hung on its hook. It was a street where sinister things, evil things lurked. A street where shift-eyed shadows drew back into the darkness. A street where ghouls walked.

LORNA sat in the principals' office while he studied her picture. The office wasn't at all business-like but large and homey-looking. On the side wall was a reproduction of the "Angelus," hung just where the sunlight would strike it every afternoon about four o'clock. It was ten past four now and Lorna had come in to the office when the principal had summoned her at four. All those long minutes she had been waiting, deliberately looking away from the "Angelus" while he kept his eyes on her picture.

At last, to her relief, he looked up quickly. "How old are you, Miss Turner?" he asked.

"Twenty." Maybe he was going to say her work was surprisingly mature. Instead he remarked: "Too bad things look like this to you." But a moment later she thought he must have imagined that remark, for he was brisk and pleasantly business-like and saying:

"This is the cleverest piece of work that has ever been done by one of my pupils. I presume you are



Faster and faster swirled the music and faster and faster twirled Mrs. Rocco, until she almost collapsed in a purple, puffing, but still beaming heap

lently with her and Tony whenever they could.

Sometimes other couples bumped into them in spite of the fact that Tony guided her skillfully. When this happened the others would either ignore it entirely or mutter a negligent "Sorry."

She had begun to remember those old square dances with all the jolly, friendly boys she had grown up with, and how everyone had made an accidental collision an occasion for great merriment. And then, though it was only ten o'clock, she had asked to be taken home.

Martha and Nella had been on the street car coming home, giggling and nudging each other in delight when Tony smiled and took off his hat to them. From their actions it was evident that the cheap little creatures imagined it might annoy her to have Tony notice them. Tony annoy her! Martha and Nella annoy her! Any of the tawdry dweller in Tawdry Town annoy her!

She turned disdainfully away and answered Tony's remarks with the briefest monosyllables until finally the street-car lurched to a standstill in front of the Rocco home.

Now, standing in her room, gazing out of the window, she saw Martha and Nella linger in front of Levinsky's and Tony saunter across the street

to be congratulated. Doubly congratulated, for I have some news for you, rather a pleasant surprise, no doubt. The editor of the "Carnival" was calling here at noon. You know the paper?"

Lorna nodded breathlessly. What could the editor of the "Carnival" have to do with her? She had often seen the magazine at news-stands, a slim, clever, ultra-sophisticated affair. The principal did not keep her long in suspense.

"Then you are probably familiar with the type of stuff it publishes. The editor has offered to buy your "Tawdry Town" for fifty dollars. Will you sell?"

Fifty dollars! Her passport out of Tawdry Town! "Oh, yes," she gasped, "yes, indeed, thank you. Oh, thank you, so much."

It was disconcerting the way he brusquely turned to business matters. "This will need a little retouching as I'll show you. You must have it ready for the first of the week." And Lorna found herself politely ushered out of the office.

The city paper published a weekly column concerning the art school and its students, and, in the next evening's edition, Lorna's success was announced, so all during the following day she was the heroine of her classes.

And, coming home, she entered Tawdry Town with a light heart for the first time. She usually let herself into the Rocco house by the back door and slipped noiselessly up to her room, but tonight, as soon as she set foot inside of the kitchen, she was forcibly halted by Mrs. Rocco, resplendent in mauve satin with the purple silk piano scarf draped around her shoulders, and wearing a gorgeous brooch and earrings whose brilliance paled before the sparkle of their wearer's evident excitement.

"Mees Turner! My Tony, he bringa the paper! He tella me you—you artist now, yes? You sella fine picture! I make the surprise for you." She left Lorna to indicate the kitchen in a sweeping gesture.

Nella and Martha and Rosa had just come out of the dining-room where they had been setting the table. Mr. Rocco's inevitable flowered dressing-gown was retreating up the stairs, Tony was coming in from the fruit store bringing with him the little old Ukrainian with a violin under his arm. Rosa's boy friend stopped watching the coffee to grin at Lorna companionably.

Tony, seeing her surprise, explained bashfully: "I show Maw that piece in the paper about you and she—well, she thought we might have a party for you. I said you were pretty busy and—"

"You no can worka all the time, Mees Turner,"

Mrs. Rocco interrupted. Sometimes young peoples they got to play. Tony, he say maybe you no lika the party. I say I think yes. You no can worka too hard, no?"

She paused and all

Tony Whirled Lorna round the table and even out through the fruit store



the others looked expectantly at Lorna. There was a little silence. They were smiling like delighted children who have just given their teacher a Christmas present. Involuntarily she smiled back. "Why—why, thank you! It's awfully good of you all, I'm sure."

She got no further. Mrs. Rocco darted to the stove and said that the coffee was ready, Mr. Rocco appeared wearing his well-preserved business suit, Nella and Martha and Rosa and Rosa's boy friend began carrying chairs into the dining-room and, when they found they had too many, carrying them out again. Tony led her to a place at the right hand of Mrs. Rocco. Everybody sat down and everybody talked and laughed.

Mrs. Rocco explained that she had cooked two kinds of everything, the Italian way because Mr. Rocco wouldn't eat anything else, and the other way because Rosa said Mees Turner wouldn't like the Italian way.

Mr. Rocco told the story of how his meeting with Mrs. Rocco had changed the course of his life and managed to finish without being told to shut up. This time it appeared that he had not intended to be a priest, but an artist, like Mees Turner.

And, during the course of the dinner, Nella, who had been strangely quiet, asked her if art school cost an awful lot because she had a little brother who could draw like anything.

Then, after supper, Rosa's boy friend put a new record on the gramophone and pulled Rosa away from the dishes to dance, while Tony whirled Lorna round the table, into the kitchen, and even out through the fruit store, and she was so laughing and excited she didn't notice passers-by staring at them.

After the dance Mrs. Rocco insisted that the old Ukrainian play his fiddle while she did the tarantelle. The rest stood around the walls while she stepped to the lively strains. Faster and faster swirled the music and faster and faster twirled Mrs. Rocco. The house shook threateningly at every step but she kept on and on until she almost collapsed in a purple and puffing, but still beaming heap. Lorna joined in the applause as she had not joined in anything since she used to make merry at the square dances at home.

"Now, Miss Turner, won't you show us your picture?" Tony's soft voice came unexpectedly. We've been awfully anxious to see it."

Immediately all began to demand that Lorna produce her work. Rosa, laughingly, made them sit in two rows, "like a show," and wait while Lorna went up to her room.

When Lorna took the picture from the drawer she had to force herself to look at it. It was an actual physical shock to see the creatures she had created, the creatures who were supposed to represent these people downstairs, who rejoiced in her success and were waiting to admire her work—the work the principal of the school and the editor of "Carnival" judged so clever. She wondered how she had drawn it and knew she could not do it again.

She pictured herself showing it to the Rocco family and their friends and tried to imagine their admiration. But she couldn't do it very well. All she could visualize was a little bewildered disappointment, a hurt look in dark eyes. Hurriedly she thrust it beneath a book, ran downstairs and stood before them.

"I'm sorry," she said evenly. "It was a mistake. I should have told you before. When I took my picture to school today the principal told me the editor had decided he didn't want it. I tore it up. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

There was a moment's silence, then a cry from Mrs. Rocco, easily interpreted, in any language, as rage. At first Lorna felt it was against her but from the torrent of words that followed she soon



Gazing out of the window she saw Martha and Nella linger in front of Levinsky's and Tony saunter across the street to join them

understood that Mrs. Rocco was denouncing the editor for an "old fool," "a big-a mutt," and much more which she could not understand. Then she felt herself gathered to a broad bosom and her head was buried in the purple piano scarf while she cried as she had not cried since the night before she left home.

When his mother gave him a chance to speak Tony said: "Gee, that's tough! Never mind, Miss Turner, lots of good stuff gets turned down. Gee, Maw, I guess she don't feel like havin' this gang around. Tell 'em to beat it."

When the last one was gone Mrs. Rocco crooned. "You poor lil' girl, you all excite. Never mind. Some day you big artist. Then you laugh. Now you resta and don't you care."

She almost carried Lorna up to her room and left her with instructions to "No cry no more. Go an' sleep."

Instead Lorna went to the window. The street lamps were not yet lit and the lights that were beginning to show in some of the store windows merely warmed the grey dusk. Somehow the green petticoat seemed no longer brazen and slatternly but gay and young and pretty. Its flounce was barely lifted in suggestion of a curtsy and the old silk hat was getting ready to be swept off in courtly acknowledgment. The little black satin shoes pirouetted bravely, their gallant brilliants shining so that you really didn't notice the run-down heels.

And the satin ball-gown! In that dreaming, soft, half-light its gold lace was no longer tarnished and the ivory shade glowed with the faintest suggestion of rose, like the ghost of a blush. Nella, on her way home, stopped to look up at it and timidly touch its folds and it clung to her work-roughened fingers.

Tawdry Town was no longer tawdry. It was a street of dim mysterious glamour where old dreams walked. In another moment Aladdin might come slipping out from between the Chinaman's and Levinsky's and go shuffling up and down the street in his flapping slippers, hunting for his lamp and perhaps finding it—in Tawdry Town.

Lorna groped for her picture and, without looking at it, tore it into tiny pieces.

MEDUSA'S HEAD

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

(Final Instalment)

TWO quiet-looking men occupied the car next morning, one acting as chauffeur, the other in the tonneau. Mr. Wells would have been called "Dr. Wells" by any student of physiognomy, without the least doubt; his glasses turned into a pince-nez, his formal and old-fashioned cut-away coat, his black bag, the stiff moustache that transformed his mouth, would have made an assisting nurse out of a woman who looked the part much less than Coggeshall.

They drove in silence through the city, out of it, into the suburban district of New Jersey. Each was plunged in his thoughts. The two men, as the trees and fields appeared, spoke briefly of their color and freshness, but the woman sat pale and silent, nerving herself, obviously, for some coming shock or strain.

At length they turned in to a gateway and curved along a winding drive.

"You've got that whistle, Coggeshall?" Mr. Wells asked suddenly.

"Yes, sir."

"In case anything prevents me from using my own, blow it as hard and as often as you can. I really don't think it will be at all necessary, you know, but come right along, both of you, in case. These people aren't out for murder. They're badly scared, as it is. If Wentzel knows where she is, this will settle it, I think. Do you know him, Coggeshall?"

"I've seen him once, sir."

"But not Schaffner?"

"No, sir, never."

"All right. Remember your names. And mine. You might just say 'doctor'—it's easier."

"Yes, sir, I'll remember."

"You're not frightened, Coggeshall?"

"Yes, sir, but it doesn't matter."

The man in the tonneau gave a short laugh.

"That's the stuff, Miss," he said. "She'll do, Doctor!"

They drew up before a comfortable, rambling country house with several outbuildings, one of brick and two of corrugated metal. In front of a square brick tomb, windowless, stood a large sign: *Explosives! Keep away! On another, No smoking; this means you!* warned the careless. But the main house was like any other, only perhaps a little less tidy and comfortable.

The doctor stepped out briskly and rang the bell, his attendant at his side.

"Dr. Schaffner?" he asked of the grey-haired woman who opened the door. "This is Dr. Jarvis. I have brought a nurse with me."

"Oh, yes, sir," she said in fatigued, listless voice, "he'll be down. If you'll excuse me—just step in. I know he expected someone—" She left them in a vaguely furnished hall, half office, half sitting-room. Open doors to the left and right showed dark linoleum floors; a gas range stood oddly in what would have been the drawing-room; opposite, two long kitchen tables covered with dozens of little square pans filled a possible library. A strong, pungent odor floated out of a back room, from which an elderly man in a black rubber apron peered curiously at them, a glass pipkin in one hairy hand. He looked to be a Hungarian. Only the steady drumming of a pump in the cellar broke the stillness of the place.

As they stood staring about them, steps sounded on the stairway and Dr. Schaffner came down, leaning frankly over the banister to get a quick

sight of them. His square, blond face, angry at first, and plainly startled, broke into an irresolute smile.

"Why! It's not . . . What do you want?" he said abruptly, striding toward them. His face twitched nervously; his eyes searched the room behind them.

"Dr. Jarvis," said his guest, in a pleasant, low voice. "I found Miss Lingstrom could get off last night, after all, and some friends

of mine were coming down this way, so they brought us. I thought you'd be pleased if we made a little time."

"Yes, yes, indeed. Dr. Wentzel will be delighted," said Schaffner. "I—I—this was rather a surprise, Doctor. Friends, you say? I had—we had planned to meet you—but no doubt it's all right."

He extended his hand and Dr. Jarvis shook it heartily, though it was as cold as a fish and nearly as limp.

"The doctor is upstairs," he said. His rooms are there, you know. Will you come up, and the nurse, too? I—I should like to talk to the nurse a little, before—before—"

His voice faded out as he preceded them up the stairs. An open door at the top showed a room lined with shelves filled with hundreds of blue glass bottles, with here and there a brilliant

ruby flask. The floors were all matted with dark, serviceable linoleum and the walls were painted a durable muddy gray.

At the end of the hall a door opened, and the woman who had let them in looked out for a moment, then closed it.

"The doctor is engaged for the moment," said Schaffner, stifling a sudden, uncontrollable yawn and pressing his hands over his eyeballs. He is with our patient. He will want to talk to you himself, and meanwhile I will give Miss Lingstrom a little idea of the case. It is a very peculiar one, Miss Lingstrom, and I wish to be quite sure that you—"

Suddenly they became aware of an excited voice behind the door at the end of the hall. A man with a pronounced German accent was explaining something angrily.

"But yes! But yes! I tell you, yes!" he shouted. "Led me eggsplain to you, for heffen's sake! It is not money—If you gave me a mill-i-on, I could do no more! Gan no voman have batience, effer?"

Schaffner went hastily up to the door and, knocking gently four times, opened it.

"Jarvis is here, doctor," he said softly. "Go in there, please," he added, turning to Coggeshall and pointing to a door on his right. Turning to obey him, she felt Mr. Wells' hand pulling her skirt, and as the door opened and a pale, plumpish man with red, inflamed eyes advanced to them, she was swept past him, close to Mr. Wells, into the room. An angry growl from the men and a rush were checked, together, by the maid's wailing cry.

"Oh, Mrs. White! Oh, Madam! is it really you? Oh, what, what happened?"

"Look out, I've got you covered!" cried Mr. Wells warningly, one hand in his pocket. "What's

all this, Professor? What have you done to Mrs. White?"

The plump man turned a confused face on his assistant.

"But who is this?" he asked huskily. "Here is not Jarvis! I have neffer seen this man!"

"He said he was Jarvis," Schaffner replied sulkily. "God knows who he is! But it's just as I told you, Doctor, you can't do this kind of thing. I warned you it was a mistake. Are you from Mr. White?"

"Mr. White is ill in bed," said Mr. Wells briefly. "I want to know whether Mrs. White wishes to return to him or whether she is here by her own desire. That's all. And I want her to tell me so, herself."

Only Coggeshall's sobs were heard in the room behind them.

Dr. Wentzel fell backward into a chair outside the door. He sunk his head in his hands, and muttered something in a low, husky voice. Dr. Schaffner shrugged his shoulders and leaned against the wall.

"Nobody has any pistol here," he said, his face twitching slightly. "And there's no reason for shooting you, if we had. If you want to see Mrs. White, go in and look at her!"

Perhaps Mr. Motherwell was justified of his much-discussed flair; perhaps he was not. In any case, after one look at the two men, he deliberately turned his back on them and went into the room. He did not even turn his head when Schaffner came in slowly after him, and pulled up the two dark Holland shades, one after the other. A strong flood of morning light poured in, showing the old-fashioned walnut bedroom furniture of the eighties, the hastily arranged toilet conveniences, the worn carpet of what was evidently a makeshift guest room.

By the side of the clumsy double bed Coggeshall knelt, her head buried in the bed-clothes. She was sobbing quietly, but quite uncontrollably. Motherwell's eyes, fastened on the bed, spread wide apart in frank amazement and horror. Inscrutable, usually, of feature, his mouth hung open weakly, like any street starrer's.

THE face of the woman who lay on the bed showed inflamed and sunken eyes, tightly closed, in a face so drawn and white that the skin appeared faintly greenish in comparison with the linen pillow. The cheeks and forehead were lined with numberless fine wrinkles; the lips were hardly colored. But the dreadful part of her, the thing that held the eye shocked and fascinated at once, was the hair that framed her face. For it poured and waved over the pillow, a shining flood of emerald green! Like vivid, swarming snakes it coiled and curled around her, and between the tendrils of it her ashen, pain-lined face was set in a mask of despair—the mask of Medusa, he thought, with a sudden shudder, as the horrid likeness jumped to his mind. He had seen that very head, carved to the scale of a coin, so lately; he had held it in his hand and disliked it, even as he marvelled at its beauty. The eyes of this woman were closed, but he knew well that, open, they would only heighten the hideous resemblance.

The emerald hair was not dull and lifeless, like seaweed, but vivid and glistening, strong and thick at the roots, planted low around the forehead. Its glossy strength seemed to have sucked all the vitality of the body from which it grew. It was a nightmare of perverted beauty, a mockery of woman's charm.

"Good God, Schaffner," he muttered, "what's the matter with her?"

"I don't know," the other answered simply. "Wentzel doesn't know. Nobody knows."

"Can't you— isn't there anything?"

"He's been working on it since Wednesday—he hasn't slept six hours. Nobody in this country can touch him; he begins where men over here leave off. Who can help him? It's too awful. Is that a maid of hers?"

Motherwell nodded, his eyes fastened on that dreadful mask-like face.

"I see she's got hold of her hand. It probably put her to sleep for a bit. Or else it's the bromide—we've had to keep her down with something. In



Keep on Smiling

By William Thompson

*What's the use of moaning
When the sun don't shine,
A sighing, and a groaning,
Like the storm wind in the pine?
The sun is just up yonder
And will soon be shining through;
Keep on smiling, and be happy,
That's the thing for you to do.
Have you heard the robins moaning,
When the sun begins to rise
From its bed of golden glory
In the garden of the skies?
Have you heard of wrens and skylarks
At the dying of the day,
Having grouch and tribulation?
No sir! They're not built that way.
So just follow the example
Of the robin, lark and wren.
Keep on smiling when its raining
For the sun will shine again.*

my opinion she'll kill herself, if she gets a chance, and we can't let it happen here. Someone has to be with her every minute, of course, and the old woman is all in. Wentzel can't keep up much longer and I shall fall asleep in my tracks pretty soon. I could go to sleep now, standing up! Come out here and I'll tell you about it—are you a doctor, by the way?"

"No," said Motherwell.

"Not that it matters much, really. He knows more than most doctors, you know. Only we felt—I felt, for he's lost his head completely, Mr.—"

"Wells."

"Yes, Wells. I felt that we simply must have some alibi—some certificate, you know—something—"

He yawned heavily.

"Keep a good watch on her, will you?" he said. "I'll be within call. Come this way, will you, Mr. Wells?"

They went softly across the hall. In the chair where they had left him sat Professor Wentzel, his head sunk on his chest, snoring.

"Leave him there—he's been working standing up, not to yield for it," Schaffner whispered. "I'd better explain to you, anyhow."

They sat down in a dim room full of electrical appliances, great disks in glass frames, a chain with a metal head-piece, long, prong-like wands on standards.

"I've been with the doctor seven years," Schaffner began, "ever since he came over here. He told me all about it, so that if anything ever happened to him, I could go on with it, you see. He knew her first in Paris, twelve years ago. Her hair was a dark auburn then, and beginning to go gray. She wasn't even pretty then, he said, except that she had regular features and strange greenish eyes. But no color, and not attractive at all. He was only an operator and artificial hair-worker in a little shop in Paris, and he happened to be the one to wait on her when she came in to consult about her hair—she couldn't afford to let it go gray, you know. She said they all did in her family. She was a kind of pupil teacher in a convent. Poor as a rat, of course. He did pretty well for her and she used to come in now and then.

"He's a great man, you know, Wentzel. Way back in those days, even, he was studying every minute, nights and Sundays, working out his formulas, reading, experimenting—he's just one of those born ones. He'd rather work than eat.

"Well, he hit on something, one day, and he wanted to try it on somebody, so he offered this Miss Lee to make a regular red-blonde of her if she'd take the risk. She

agreed, and he brought it up a few shades, to begin, and after that they got it where he wanted it—pretty nearly as where you saw it last, I imagine."

Motherwell nodded.

"It's been used, of course, enormously since. But it never has had, in all these years, the wonderful results it had on her. He can't understand it. Nobody can. It's something in her constitution. She isn't like other people. She seemed to take it right into her system, he says, and it affected, gradually the whole pigmentation. He says her eyebrows and lashes changed. I know her complexion has. He injected it, finally, hypodermically."

He nodded for a moment, but went on with an effort.

"You see, Mr. Wells, ordinary dye takes evenly, without lights and shades. There's a uniformity—it can't be helped. But in her case this wasn't so. Each hair varied in its own length. He's never understood it. He thinks there's a great deal of free sulphur—"

He yawned and his eyelids drooped.

"Yes? Sulphur?" Motherwell prompted.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. It doesn't matter, that part. The point is, she turned into a tremendous beauty. It was very much remarked, of course. He sold that formula to the biggest specialist in Paris and got enough to set up a little laboratory and do nothing but consultations. He was always interested in explosives, and the coal-tars, you know, are all—"

Yawns stopped him.

"So then White met her, and she finished him at first sight. He came to the school to see some friend's child, I believe. She came straight to the professor and offered him five thousand a year to work in New York and take care of her. Of course he accepted. What does he care where he works? He took me on as assistant, and he's made a great name for himself among the chemists and inventors, the professor has. She's his only patient, you know. Not only did he promise her, but he doesn't want to touch that sort of thing, of course. We have all we can do."

He paused, and turning to a little electric grill, lifted a coffee-pot from it and poured himself a cup, handing another to his guest.

"It seems to keep me going," he said.

"Now—where was I? Oh, yes. Something's been happening to her. We think now it was taking the cure at White Sulphur, maybe. She wanted to lose

some weight. And she admits that she went on one of those terrible diets women read in little books—you know? Awful. Anyway, there's no doubt that the hair lost lustre and her skin got a queer color. He changed her diet and strengthened the formula a little (he's always had a special one for her—the trade never had it) and she looked a little better, but the hair got streaked and yellow-looking. He could cover that up, of course, but naturally she was getting worried.

"Last Wednesday there was a grayish tinge to it, she thought; more a sort of shadow than a color, she expressed it, and she lost her nerve and dashed over to our place and read him the riot act. He's told her often and often that she must be calm and keep everything 'in equilibrium,' as he calls it. He swears the mind has a great deal to do with the way the hair takes his formulas, you know, the professor does. Always has. Well, I wasn't there, but I feel assured that she got him pretty rattled, himself. Anyway, he told her he would give it a light bleach, if she wished, and refresh the whole thing all over again. He explained that it couldn't be absolutely guaranteed, but that he was reasonably sure of it. She was very anxious to try it, and he did it in a little inside laboratory we have there. It's a nervous job, you know—a seventeen volume bleach, and the tint and the rinse just so many minutes apart. You can't take any chances."

He took another cup of coffee.

"The water was pulled off," he went on in a lowered voice. "Somewhere in the building they began to use it, you see, and there's never enough pressure in those old places. The whole thing hung fire. He was nearly crazy—the color setting every second. It was almost auburn, he says, and he couldn't rinse fast enough, and didn't dare show it to her. So he did something he's often and often done on test hair—artificial—and sprayed on a very light bleach of his own that nobody has. Do you know anything about permanganates?"

"Nothing," said Motherwell.

"I suppose not. It doesn't matter. He sprayed it and put her under the rinse—and it turned light emerald green in eight seconds! God knows how. She fainted and he had a hard time with her. Must have. He was all alone. Of course he had to get her out here—and there is where he lost his head. If only I had been there—surely, as I told him, there were ways—she could have called her husband

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But the dreadful part of her, the thing that held the eye shocked and fascinated at once, was the hair that framed her face, for it poured and waved over the pillow, a shining flood of emerald green.

Harvesting Experiences in the West

By Westerner



"Pass the cow Reginald!"

"HEY, you fellows! Don't let the sun burn your eyes out. Shake a leg there!" It was this *reveille* which aroused a green Englishman from a deep sleep, and he opened his eyes and gazed at the stars overhead, wondering vaguely where he could be. Stretching out a hand he touched straw outside his blanket—and then he remembered. He was one of a threshing crew.

It was still dark but in the eastern sky the coming dawn was beginning to herald itself in pale silvery streaks. A few yards away he could discern the light that came from the window of the cook car, and on the chill air was borne the stimulating odors of coffee and bacon and fried chuck. Quite close at hand the dim outlines of the threshing outfit were visible and some of the crew were already astir. Reginald (which really was his name) had ridden out here with the boss rather late the night before.

"I say, where do we sleep?" he had asked one of the other chaps, when he had seen the size of the farmhouse.

"Hotel Al Fresco," the other had returned with airy nonchalance. A reply that had left the newcomer vastly puzzled, for in all that stretch of prairie nothing much was to be seen but a sky-line. There was plenty of that, however.

They had bedded down in the straw stack, and now dim forms began to emerge from their respective burrows and to shake themselves free of the clinging straw. The teamsters were throwing oat-sheaves to the whinnying horses, and by the light

numbed with the cold and buckles and straps were not easy to fasten. Breakfast consisted of oatmeal, bacon-and-eggs, fried chuck, stewed fruit, bread, and scalding hot coffee, and it was consumed almost in silence and certainly with a degree of haste.

"Pass the cow," one of the men said to the Englishman, and at the bewildered look on the latter's face the whole table burst into laughter.

"Come on! Hump yourselves, boys!" the boss then called and the crew straggled outside to be assigned its various tasks.

Reginald's mind was a blur of odd impressions. What amazing novelties there were to be encountered in this new land! These offhand-mannered Canadians and their strange language, the puzzle of dollars-and-cents money; the vast distances; the lack of trees; the wind—"so strong you can lean against it," as his pal Alf had said—and then the number and variety of foreigners a chap had to associate with. Why, just fancy! Here were Russians, Swedes, "Norwegies," Germans, a couple of Indians, and even a race known as "Bohunks," of which Reginald had never heard. Talk about your tower of Babel. The boss had to talk pigeon English to one lot, Cree to the Redskins, and "hunkie" to the others. But Reginald wasn't given much time to ponder. The boss led him to an unharnessed team that stood at the bundle-racks and showed him how to hitch up and drive. They drove off to the stooks and the boss demonstrated the loading-up process. The sun had now appeared and work started off with a bang. The engineer whirled the flywheel of his engine, and the teams began to supply the feeder of the separator, which presently gave out a deep and continuous hum.

The Englishman watched with fascinated interest. Sheaf after sheaf was tossed head-first onto the feeder, which in turn sent them speeding into the machine, while from the stack a steady stream of golden straw was flung high into the air, slowly building up a straw pile. Meanwhile the separated grain travelled up the elevator and fell into the hopper, which dumped quickly as soon as the scales-beam tipped at thirty pounds. One grain-tank was below the grain-spout always and the teamsters stood by, watching the flow of wheat filling up the

wagons. Reginald now had to drive to the feeder, and being on the belt side of the machine he was afraid to approach too close. He tied up his lines, then awkwardly stumbled over his load. Nobody laughed, or even appeared to notice, for which he was grateful. He tried again and did better. But the first bundle he pitched missed the machine and fell to the ground. He had better luck as he continued, but work as he would he couldn't seem to keep pace with the chap on the far side. Before his load was off two loaded racks were lined up behind him. The three-tined fork he used weighed as though made of solid iron. The palms of his hands burned. Before he knew it he was all out in a sweat, and panting like a steam dredge.

There was a knock off for the mid-day meal, then back to hard labor again. This time the separator man gave him a hand and showed him how he might work faster with less exertion. He hadn't got the right grasp of the fork before. At intervals he quit forking and took to pitching bundles to rest his hands, which now were badly blistered.

Friendly voices occasionally called out a witticism such as: "Cheerio, old top! How do you like throwing prairie bouquets?" The sun was beating down hard by one o'clock and coats and vests and sweaters were thrown off one by one. Work didn't cease till long after Old Sol had dropped below the skyline.

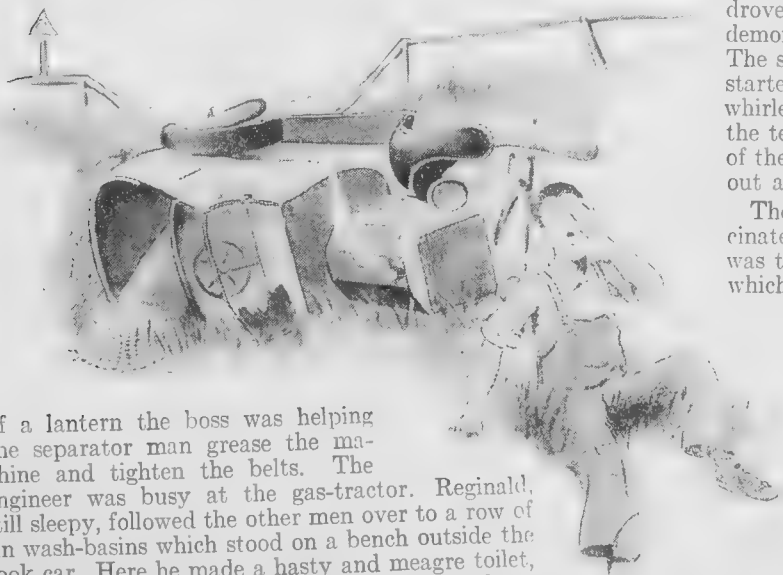
One of the chaps beckoned Reginald over to a straw stack, under cover of the general dispersion, and pulled a bottle of beer from a hidey-hole. With a furtive wink he cracked off the top and took a long and satisfying gulp.

"Here's to four bucks well earned," he said, wiping his lips across his shirt-sleeve. "Have a pull, Lord Whatasport?" And Reginald did. He was feeling the need of a bracer, all right.

"I say, are we really going to get four?" he inquired anxiously. "Some of the chaps that I know were promised that much but only got two." And he repeated certain rumors he had heard of a trek back to Winnipeg and a demonstration of the malcontents. He recalled one dissatisfied and vindictive youth who had declared he'd "bloody well write the London pipers about it." There was another chap whose chief complaint with Canada seemed to be the fact that there was no tea served at four o'clock!

"Oh, we'll get it, all right—our boss is a white man," the Canadian assured Reginald. "Even if he is a Scotchman," he added by way of qualification. The horses were watered and fed and then the crew sat down to supper by the genial light of oil lamps. This was a leisure meal and consisted of

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He had jumped just in time

of a lantern the boss was helping the separator man grease the machine and tighten the belts. The engineer was busy at the gas-tractor. Reginald, still sleepy, followed the other men over to a row of tin wash-basins which stood on a bench outside the cook car. Here he made a hasty and meagre toilet, and afterwards while waiting for the breakfast horn he stood watching the teamsters hitch up—a ceremony that was not accomplished without a certain amount of shouting and swearing. Fingers were

The Antiseptic Value of Odors

Contributed by William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

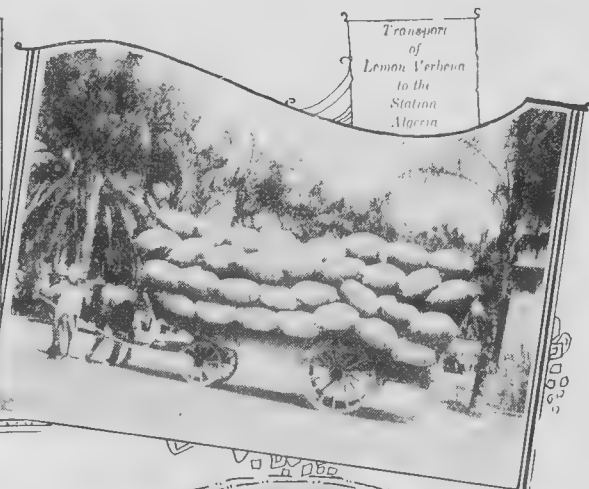
Translation from the French by Ch. Groud



Distilling rose geranium for perfume oil — Algeria



Gathering orange blossoms for perfume, near Cannes, Riviera, France.



Transport of Lemon Verbena to the Station — Algeria



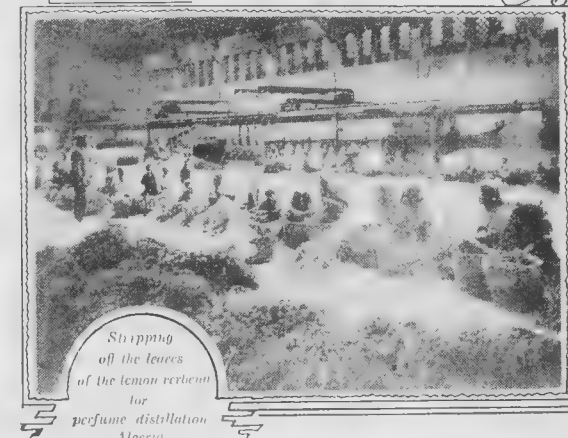
Pomade Vats
Perfume Factory — Grasse, France



Gathering jasmine for manufacture of perfume — Grasse, France.



Flowers of the Ylang-Ylang and the perfume oil in bottles — Nossi Be, Madagascar



Stripping off the leaves of the lemon verbena for perfume distillation — Algeria

principal substance constituting black rouge; soot was used to tint the eyelashes; white lead and sometimes white chalk formed the basis of face enamel. Vermilion, carmine, and Tyrian purple, entered into the composition of red rouge for cheeks and lips. The products and instruments of make-up were put into the coffin with the body, and have been found also in the tombs of the Sahara desert. The Hebrews spread on their bodies fragrances such as myrrh and aloes. Their women dyed their hair a golden red with henna and this is today practiced by the natives of Samoa.

Scent is often mentioned in the recitations of Homer; he spoke of odoriferous wood, perfumed liqueurs and essences. Ancient physicians employed many essential aromatic extracts. Hippocrates used them against the plague; Solon and Socrates tried to suppress the use of aromatics which to many were considered abhorrent and vulgar. A Greek scientist prior to 500 B.C. wrote a treatise on perfumes. The Greeks specialized in employing each substance:

Menthol for the arms.

Palm oil for cheeks and breast.

Pomade of marjorum for eyebrows and hair.

Essence of ivory for the knees, neck and also for their midnight frolics even the essence of roses.

Extract of vine leaves for lucidity of spirit.

Extract of white violets to stimulate digestion.

In fact, perfumery and pharmacy are more or less akin.

The Osepe of Athens was a pomade with base of lanolin. It was used to eradicate wrinkles on the face and also in the dressing of wounds. There were writers who deplored the use of this unclarified oil of wool. The Romans used perfumed oils to massage the body—helenium, pomade of lamentum, and soap of bean flour. The soap of the Gauls was a composition of the grease of kid and ashes of the beech tree, with, as a fragrance, cinnamon or spike-nard of Persia. Among other ingredients used to compose pomades by the scientists were: extract of leeks, myrtle, cypress, myrobalan, saffron and violets.

THE art of perfumery was perpetuated by the Orientals, but without making any progress. It was an Arab of the tenth century, Avicenne, who invented distillation and who applied it to the production of essence of roses. Perfumes formed an important part of the merchandise exported by the Venetians and Genoese. The art was very much in favor with the Florentines and perfumes were distributed throughout Europe during the epoch of the Crusades. The gallant knights-errant offered to their ladies perfumes from Arabia as souvenirs of their adventures and expeditions.

A charter granted in 1190 A.D. to the master perfumers of Paris by Philippe Auguste was con-

OF ALL vocations the perfume industry is perhaps the most ancient. Odors attracted the attention of primitive man and incense obtained from burning certain woods and resin was the first homage rendered to divinity. It was consecrated and used only during religious services; its use for any other purpose was considered sacrilegious. In the Temple of Heliopolis the evening offering (Kuphi) comprised not less than 16 different fragrances.

Man allured by the perfume of flowers sought to produce an odor more lasting. Numerous manufacturers existed in Alexandria. Their first materials were in the main grown in local territory but were also imported from Arabia and Judea. The Egyptian priests preserved the secret of preparing incense employed in religious ceremonies as well as the substances which served in embalming bodies; these preparations they sold to rich individuals. The caravan which brought Joseph as a captive to Egypt was engaged in carrying perfume from Persia.

In the rouge employed by the coquettes of that period white lead has been found which, at that time, could be obtained only in India. Israelite women used a great many cosmetics and perfume. We find the same practices among the people of ancient civilizations, notably the Carthaginians. Sulphur of antimony (common antimony) was the

firmed by John Without Fear (1357), by Henry II of England calling himself also King of France in 1426, and by Henry III in 1582. Louis XIV renewed it and enlarged it in 1658.

During the Middle Ages, as today, perfume and cosmetics were sold chiefly by merchants who carried combs, brushes and toilet articles.

When Catherine de Medici came to France under Francis I she was accompanied by a great number of Italians, among them was Rene the Florentine, a well known manufacturer of perfumes. An excessive use of enamel, rouge, pomades, perfumed gloves, etc., was in vogue. Diana de Poitiers for several years was able to preserve her reputation for beauty only by the use of cosmetics. The wife of Nero diluted rye flour in perfumed oil, then applied this paste on her face to constitute a veritable mask which she kept on during the day and evening. Before retiring she removed it by washing her face with milk.

A reaction occurred under Henry IV, and cosmetics were less in favor. Anne of Austria, who was a belle and a coquette, again restored their popularity. It is said that Louis XIV detested perfume, but we find that he took pleasure in seeing it composed by Martial, a perfumer of renown of whom Moliere speaks in the "Countess of Escarbagnas." His court, however, made a veritable abuse of these embellishments.

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A Manitoba Duck Hunt--Indian Style

By Hamilton M. Laing

OCTOBER is the month that brings to the Manitoba prairies that period of the year which may be briefly designated as shooter's heaven. For October ushers in those first sharp night-frosts and tingling, sparkling mornings when in the bright sunshine the sharp-tailed grouse cackle from the poplar tips. It calls the trumpeting gray goose and yelling white wavey out of the North to go stringing back and forth from lake to field over the faded yellow plain. It's October that draws greenhead's northerly legions on whiffing wings to the plainland lakes and marshes, and to the fat living of the grain fields. In short, this is the month that brings a 30-day paradise for the man who has blood in him that responds to such stimuli—the lover of a gun and opportunity to use it out under the autumn sky.

Greenhead's legions were stubble-feeding with a vengeance. They had been at it for over a month, and for the man who has interviewed mallards on the fields I need say never another word on the subject. For the brother who has not, it may be said that in certain sections this best-loved of ducks goes afield to glean his living on the stubble. He makes two meals a day, just as the geese do. There is no seasonal regularity about him. He may stubble-feed early in the season, or late, or not at all, or even all season—September and October. In this matter he is a law unto himself. But when his legions have once formed the habit he is worth cultivating, for though we may have differing opinions as to what constitutes the acme of sport afield, it is a certainty that in the realm of Canadian small game hunting, stubble-shooting in a goodly flight of greenheads constitutes the upper crust, the very cream of the sport.

SATURDAY was to be the day, but the fates were against me, for on Friday Frat dropped off the train. The other three of our quartette who were wont to make greenhead unhappy over his breakfast also came into town in the old democrat, and when the four of them pulled out after the yearly reunion, it was in the direction that spelled disaster for the field-feeding mallards. But it spelled disaster otherwise, for brotherly love is supposed to know no bounds, and now I was gunless. Frat had the custody of my game-getter. A supreme concession this, I maintain, for a shooter.

Under such circumstances one must either rent a gun or borrow one. Good guns may seldom be rented, and anyway, such guns have a pernicious tendency toward getting themselves scratched or disfigured and raising awkward complications at settling time. Yet one hesitates to borrow. Plainly, however, it was up to my friend S—.

He had a gun and didn't shoot. A few months previously he had shown me his weapon—a double-barreled fowling-piece of English make, also of ancient lineage plainly, yet so perfectly preserved, apparently, as to suggest that it had just come from the maker. I hesitated to borrow such a gun. Not only was it an expensive arm made by a celebrated London firm—it had cost fifty pounds sterling, was beautifully finished and engraved from

butt-plate to sight—a very aristocrat of a gun—but it was a veritable heirloom. It had been brought to Canada by S—'s father in pioneer days. Yet he offered me the use of it, and now I decided to borrow.

So it was settled! I would make an expedition afoot and travel light, Indian fashion. At 4 a.m. on Saturday old Orion and some of his apparently misplaced brother constellations found me hiking it south toward the marshes. The only ducking apparatus I carried was my newly-acquired gun and two boxes of shells. Besides the ammunition, the capacious pockets of my shooting-coat held a mighty lunch. My destination lay four miles from town, and past experience warned

me that usually it was a greater distance on the return. I wore knee-trousers and spiked walking shoes. Altogether it was to be a travel-light expedition—Indian hunting.

Fortune seemed still against me. A lovely moonlight lay upon the plains, to continue till daylight, and I knew well that greenhead's procession to the fields would commence and end before the dawn, and this would preclude all possibility of our meeting—legally. For this is a trick of his. When the moon is strong in the morning he aims to be settled on the stubble long before sunrise. I knew also that the main army of these

whiffle-winged tribes were feeding to northward and out of reach of walking-shoes, and that I must content myself with the chance of meeting some small flights moving about between the marshes or feeding to eastward.

THE morning was almost dead calm. A slight frost glistened on the withered grass in the hollows. The air was so keen, so full of life-stirring properties that a four-mile hike would almost have been sufficient reward in itself for this 3 a.m. rising. The hay-flats fell behind. A coyote sang his dawn-songs off in the distance. A horned-owl boomed in the poplar woods near at hand. Then soon I left the main trail, cut through a narrow ridge of sandhills where a northern hare or two, startled, went off stamping heavily at their old trick. Then I came out upon the hay-flat and skirted the lonely marshes—a marsh and slough chain that stretched away to southward for miles and connected with Oak Lake in the westerly distance.

A hay-stack at intervals stood visible in the moonlight, and at one of these I sat down to await the daybreak and enjoy the strange loneliness of the marshes. For it is simply grand to get into these lands of reed and rush when one can feel that he is alone with them and their denizens. A slight air at times presaging the dawn rustled the dead white-top grass and set the nearby rushes whispering harshly. Sometimes it played around the stack, and faint Aeolian airs came from a protruding hay-tuft. The moonlight air was full of silence, yet a silence with an undertone. From everywhere across the water behind the dark rushy fringes rose a gentle chatter and intermittent gabble of

duck talk. Now and again a mallard duck, with the insistence of her loquacious sex, lifted her voice in a noisy "Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!" beginning vociferous and

crescendo and then dying out almost to a whisper. The marsh folk never seem to sleep, and they were especially noisy now that dawn was near. At intervals a patter of webbed feet sputtered noisily on the water.

Then I heard it: "Whiff-whiff-whiff-whiff-iff-iff"! A hundred yards ahead at the edge of the bay in the lesser slough, a big wing was taking its wake-up stretch and exercise. It was a goose-wing, I knew. No other could sing that tune. Just below the point of the little scrub-crowned knoll—for I had spotted that "Whiff-iff" exactly—a flock of geese were roosting on the mud margin. The water was low, and they had come ashore in the night—a goose loves to roost thus—and now they were awaking and preparing to depart as soon as the moonlight turned to dawn. Such, at least, was the story I built from the slender evidence of that "Whiff-iff." Then I started out to verify it.

Of course these birds were protected at this hour by the law, but like a small boy playing with a bonfire, I simply had to go as close as I dared. I would do an Indian act in the grass, I told myself—sneak up close and wait for daylight. So I started. In front of me was a little dip with a bare spot where the trail cut through. In spring it was a channel between the sloughs. Even yet a tongue of water reached up from both sides and this channel was a flight-way—my objective and intended station at sunrise.

I bent double and slipped across the hollow, reached the far side and then crouched down into the shorter grass and gingerly snaked off in the direction of the seductive wing. At that moment, from the edge of the hollow, at the water's edge, a mallard drake with a noisy flutter sprang into the still air and let go with a mighty "Quack!"—a warning full of deadly conviction—an accusation that seemed to rasp out a signal to every ear within a mile. Another and another duck followed, each yelling "Thief!" Two or three more sprang up at the other side of the gutway, each trying to out-noise the other. The game was up.

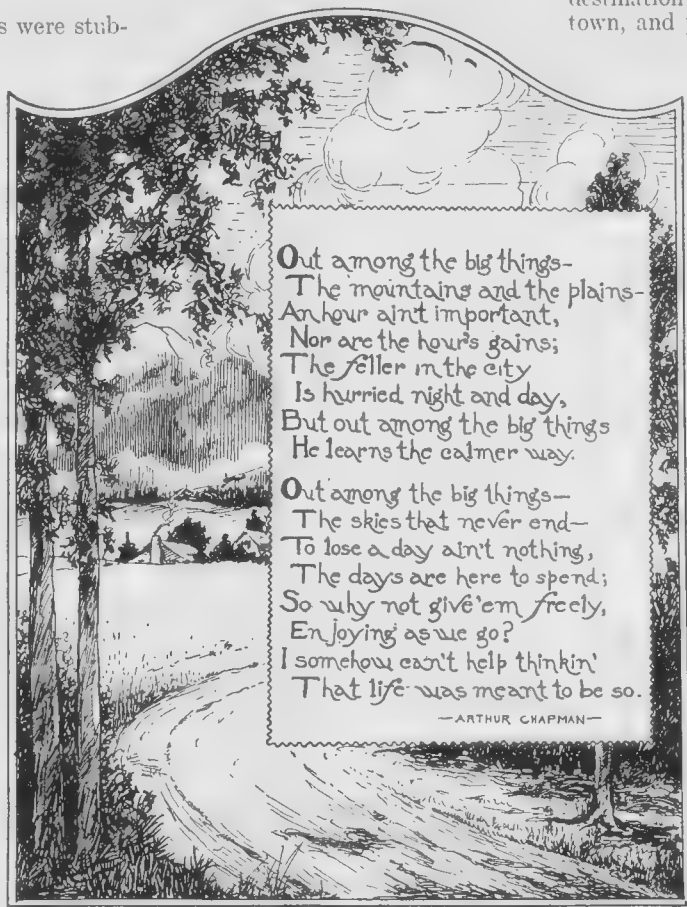
"Hw-ruk"! said a goose on the mud flat—that low call of a wary old sentinel wawa that in literal translation means: "Boys, let's get out of here"! Then pandemonium seemed to break out in marshdom. There was a thunderous flapping of wings and a blast of goose-trumpets, and dimly I saw twenty or thirty Canadas rise from the mud, skim the water and lift against the reddening east and disappear in the dawn sky.

It was the signal. The whole slough world seemed to bring its head from under its wing. From far and near rose a pattering of webbed feet on the water, here and there and everywhere, and every few moments whiffing wings passed overhead. It was possible to listen and "spot" the various centres of population on the slough chain. So resonant was the air that the rattle of the water under the impact of kicking feet seemed audible at half a mile or more.

It was possible also to distinguish other things too. The mallards rose with sudden abruptness. The prolonged pattering rushes came from other feet—canvasback flocks rising in their clumsy way to bear off to the distant lake after their night feeding among the pond weeds. Each whiffing draught that passed overhead stirred me as only such things can. Now and again a string of greenheads burst into view for an instant, visible in the light that was half moon and half dawn, to disappear as quickly toward the north. The pattering rumpus lasted but a few minutes, yet I knew that during that time many hundreds of greenheads had left the water and were trailing off in sinuous strings through the moonlit darkness, to come down on far-off wheat lands to northward.

So I chose a strategic spot along the gutway and waited for sun-up. The east became red and yellow, and bye-and-bye the moonlight gave place to dawnlight. A simmering row of geese arose far off on the distant lake. A few belated crows left the sandhills and crossed the yellow sky. A covey of sharp-tailed grouse on a nearby knoll cackled and boomed and set up a bit of a dance. The sun

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*A washday message
to every woman
who has ever bought a hat...*

YOU'VE learned what it is to find a *bargain in value*. A hat whose style, materials, and smartness make it well worth a bit more—a bit you are glad to pay because of the extra satisfaction the right hat gives you.

Buying soap is a far cry from shopping for hats—but, in soap, too, you are well repaid for seeking out a *bargain in value*.

And a bargain in value is just what Fels-Naptha brings you—a bargain in *washing value*. What do we mean by that? Extra help to make your washing easier! Two active cleaners instead of one! Naptha, the dirt

loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt remover, combined by the special Fels-Naptha process in one golden bar.

You can tell there is plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it. Naptha that joins hands with the rich golden soap. Working together, they get your clothes thoroughly, refreshingly clean with less work and effort on your part. They give you a cleaner wash more easily, whether you use machine or tub—hot, cool, or lukewarm water, or when your clothes are boiled.

That's the *extra* help that has made millions

of women say "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." It's *extra* help that you'd hardly expect to get from any other washing product, no matter what its form. So buy wisely. Take advantage of this *bargain in value* and get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today. The 10 bar carton is particularly convenient.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1928, Fels & Co.



"I wonder what has happened to your follow up, Spanish Joe?" queried the officer

His Bit for Canada

By Val. J. Roche

(A Story of a Boy's Idealism and a Rum-running Episode)

Illustrated by M. C. Tower

C RIMSON and gold—the snow-crowned peaks of the "Lions," Vancouver's granite sentinels, ablaze with the glory of a dying day in early fall.

The Pacific, mood for once in keeping with its name, reflecting the beauties of the fiery sky, and lapping the Point Grey shore with little gold-topped wavelets, breaking with a soft murmur on the broad stretch of sandy beach, almost at the wheels of Colin Cameron's invalid chair.

Twelve-year-old Colin had watched just such sunsets as this every evening during the wonderful two weeks of vacation, never tiring of their varied beauty.

Tonight, however, he sighed regretfully, realizing that this wonderful succession of days was fast drawing to a close, and that with the coming of the morning, his father, "Big Jim" Cameron, would lift him carefully into the auto, together with their tent and camp equipment, and there would follow the twenty-five mile drive along the Pacific Highway to the little headquarters of the British Columbia Provincial Police at Aldermere in the Fraser Valley, where "Big Jim" was stationed as sergeant in charge.

The invalid boy had become a prime favorite with the other campers. His frank, intelligent face and candid brown eyes, which always seemed to join his lips in a lovable and ready smile, attracted not only adults, but youngsters of his own age; which was surprising, for carefree youth in the heyday of health and happiness is prone to shrink from contact with physical disability.

Their attentions were, it is true, too often boisterous from the viewpoint of a sick child; their remarks sometimes tactless in the extreme, as witness that of Billy Young, a rough-and-ready youngster of Colin's own age, who, while attending school

in nearby Vancouver lived in one of the summer cottages dotted here and there along the shore.

Billy, arrayed in all the glory of a school cadet uniform, had broken upon Colin's contemplation of the sunset in order that the latter might see and admire before the khaki was discarded in favor of the costume Billy wore mostly during the summer months, namely—a woollen bathing suit.

"Say, Colin," he called, "don't you wish you could go to the cadet camp at Sidney with us? I'm going this year for the first time."

"Besides," he continued with a burst of confidence as he halted by Colin's chair, "Major Smith said on parade this afternoon that we were just as much a part of Canada's military organ—organ—I've got it—military organization—as the regular soldiers, and were not going to Sidney on a holiday, but to do our part for Canada. Don't you wish you could be a Canadian soldier too—Colin—huh?"

"Why Colin, what is wrong, are you sick?" queried Billy suddenly as he peered into his friend's face.

Colin was, but the sickness was not of the physical variety.

As often happens with those on whom the burden of bodily affliction is laid, Colin's spirit was virile and strong, and Billy with unwitting but cruel harshness had touched a very sore spot.

Probably through his enforced watching of the loveliness of nature around him, both here on the

sea shore and at his Fraser Valley home—and earth has nothing fairer than the natural beauties of Canada's Pacific gateway—the boy had nourished in his staunch little heart a very deep, very real love for his birthplace, and more than anything else it was his ambition to achieve something for Canada.

So, try as he would, the happiness faded from Colin's eyes, his lips compressed as with a spasm of sudden pain, and somehow the afterglow of the sunset and the darkening sea became a misty blur; but he managed bravely to steady his voice.

"No, Billy, I'm all right. You certainly look fine. Yes, I sure wish I could do—my part for Canada."

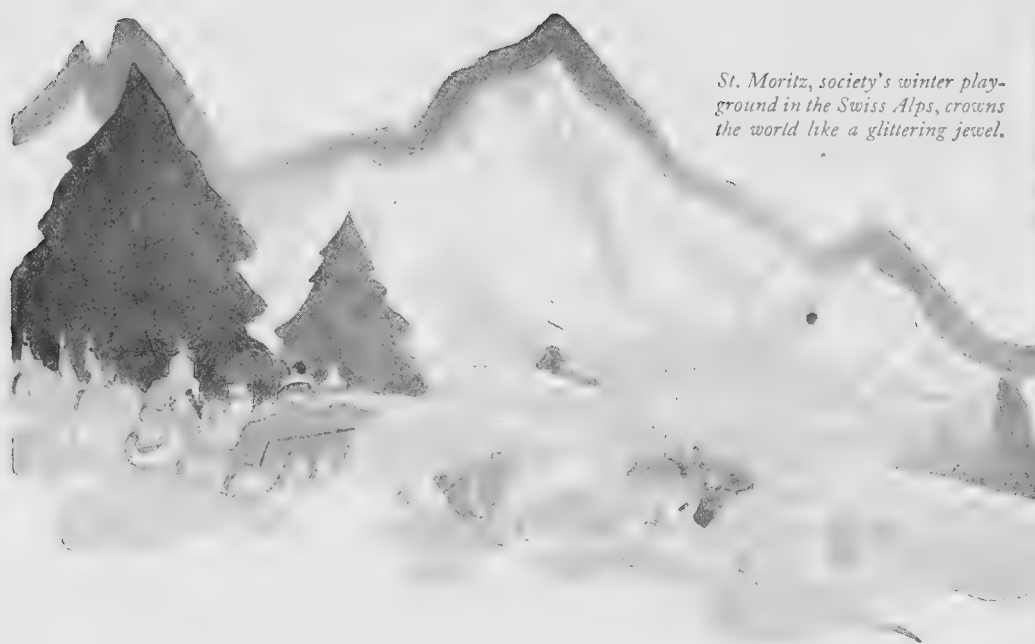
Then because the knowledge that perhaps he never would be able to do that "part" was borne upon him with relentless clarity, two frail hands stole up until they covered his face, and the flood-gates of his sorrow opened—Colin wept.

Poor tactless Billy, now thoroughly scared, not to say bewildered at the turn events had taken, and forgetting the dignity of progression, demanded in the wearer of a cadet's uniform, hurried off as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him in the direction of the tent which housed the Camerons, in the hope of finding Colin's father and having him deal with this untoward happening.

A LITTLE space must be devoted to Colin's father, because he figures quite prominently in this narrative. Indeed it is possible that had the boy not idolized his father, and the latter reciprocated his affection to the full, events might not have turned out as they did on that night when—but to recount the events of "that night" would be to anticipate the climax of this narrative.

"Big Jim" Cameron was of that type of Canadian so typical of Canada itself; who, bronzed,

Continued on page 86



St. Moritz, society's winter playground in the Swiss Alps, crowns the world like a glittering jewel.

THE MARQUISE DE POLIGNAC

*animates Europe's most brilliant
Winter Play-ground*



EVERY season at St. Moritz, a piquant and striking personality is the Marquise de Polignac. Her sparkling charm and verve make her an acclaimed favorite in this colony of cosmopolitans who, in a setting of snow-clad Alps, seek their pleasure under azure skies and ardent sun.

Madame de Polignac, an indefatigable sports-woman, spends her day in chic sports attire, skating, skiing, "bobbing" in the sun-drenched snow. And at night she turns into an *elegante* of the sophisticated world, and dances till morning in *grande toilette*.

Fascinating though it is, this life of sports by day and formal functions by night makes terrific demands upon a woman's skin. The contradictory delights of blazing sun, sweeping winds and exhilarating cold coarsen the skin—burn it black. Yet the Marquise de Polignac

manages to keep the texture of her complexion clear, fine, smooth.

When asked how she achieves this perfection, she replied:—"The cold, dry air would draw and chap my skin unless I carefully protected it and kept it soft and supple. For myself I prefer Pond's Two Creams. They give swift, dependable results."

BUT it is not only at St. Moritz that the Marquise finds Pond's indispensable. "When I motor in the Midi, or the Basses-Pyrénées, Pond's serve me equally well," she continued. "In these warmer countries I also use Pond's Skin Freshener to tone and liven up my skin."

"And when I am in Paris these three guardians keep my skin smooth and firm and white. In fact," she concluded, with a flashing smile, "I have got the Pond's habit completely."

And this is how Madame de Polignac uses her invaluable Pond's:

First—for thoroughly cleansing she spreads Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck twice a day and when retiring. *Second*—with Pond's new fairy weight Cleansing Tissues she re-

The Marquise de Polignac, the former Miss Nina Crosby of America's "Four Hundred," married into an aristocratic French family of equal prominence today as in the time of Marie Antoinette. Here she is ready for a day's skiing wearing a chic Vionnet costume, hatless. Madame de Polignac adores the dry invigorating mountain air full on her face. But although her skin is thoroughly tanned, she keeps its texture fine and smooth, using Pond's Two Creams for their "swift, dependable results."

moves the cream, carrying the dust with it.

Third—she dashes on the Freshener—Pond's tonic which leaves the face feeling gorgeously fresh. *Fourth*—she lightly applies Pond's Vanishing Cream before she powders—a film of perfection like the frosted bloom of untouched grapes.

Follow, yourself, Pond's four steps to beauty. They will keep your skin exquisite—fresh, clear, fine.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—For a generous trial package of Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

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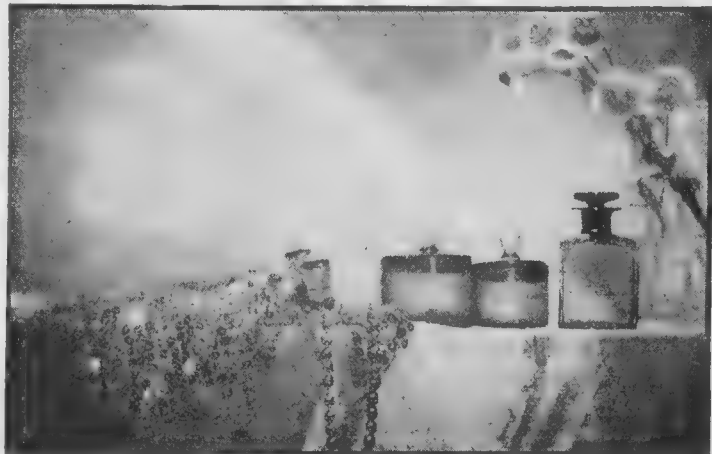
City _____ Prov. _____

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Madame de Polignac, who spends two months of the winter season at St. Moritz, the popular winter resort of fashionable Europe, dances as gracefully as she skis. Her lithe, slim figure moves through the ballroom with distinctive charm. With her sincere grey eyes, her well poised head and her clear, sun-tanned skin she is a striking example of a fine type perfected.

On her dressing table the Marquise keeps Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener in choice green jars. You can buy Pond's in the familiar containers at all department and drug stores.



The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Concrete

ARTICLE No. 4—The fourth pocket manual of the common commodities and industries series, published by Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto, deals with another very important Canadian industry—concrete and reinforced concrete.

This manual is written by Mr. W. Noble Twelvetrees, a past president of the Society of Engineers, and contains eleven chapters, freely illustrated with photographs and diagrams. A ready reference index aids the reader in turning to points of interest, and a separate index of illustrations and charts is provided.

The chapters include such titles as the origin and history of commerce; raw materials; proportioning concrete; mixing concrete; depositing mixed concrete; moulds and shuttering; surface treatment of concrete; concrete blocks and moulded products; physical properties of concrete; reinforced concrete; and concrete shipbuilding.

According to the author, concrete was first produced by the hand of Nature in the form of rock, older by countless ages than any of the manufactured products commonly designated materials of construction.

Concrete was next produced by man, who in this, as in other cases, has always been ready to copy the processes of Nature, the form of artificial rock, or stone, described as concrete having been widely used for many hundreds of years, and being employed in the present day more widely than ever before.

Derived from the Latin word, *concretus*, meaning grown together, compounded, hardened, the term concrete might be applied with equal appropriateness to natural stone, and to its artificial equivalent.

As there are many varieties of natural stone, so also there are various kinds of concrete. In the latter, the inert material, or aggregate, may consist of gravel, fragments of broken stone, or any hard and durable substance, cemented together with lime, hydraulic lime, Portland cement, or some other kind of cement, water being added in every case to set up the chemical action necessary for the setting of the cementitious material.

The author remarks that the precise antiquity of concrete cannot be stated, but it is interesting to know that portions of concrete buildings have been discovered in Mexico and Peru, dating back to prehistoric times. That the ancient Egyptians were thoroughly familiar with the material is proved by a fresco in the Temple of Ammon at Thebes, depicting hieroglyphically the making and use of concrete in the year 1950 B.C.

Honesty

A MAN and a boy, so the fable goes, were walking along in a quiet street, when the former bent down and picked up a glove.

"There is nothing like honesty, my son," he remarked, as he placed the glove beside some railings.

A hundred yards further on, they encountered another glove.

"Goodness me!" ejaculated the man, as he picked it up and tried it on, "if this is not the neighbor of the first one—and just my fit. Hurry back, Jack and fetch the other."

This demonstration of honesty hardly accords with the views of some of our great writers:

An honest man is the noblest work of God.—Pope.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth.—Shaftesbury.

It is necessary in this life—at first honesty; then usefulness, which follows nearly always, for they cannot be separated.—Palmieri.

There is no terror in your threats; for I am armed so strong in honesty that they pass by me

as the idle wind which I respect not. — Shakespeare.

Money dishonestly acquired is never worth its cost, while a good conscience never costs as much as it is worth.—J. Petit-Senn.

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty.—Lavater.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe but he that is honest.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.—Shenstone.

Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny, when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid: then shalt thou reach the point of happiness and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown: then shall thy soul walk upright nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—Franklin.

What to Study

NO. 7—Why study physics?

"Some years ago," writes R. L. Sandwick, "a student of mine was obliged to seek a change of climate for his health. He went to Hawaii and found work as a laborer upon a large sugar plantation. Two years later he paid a visit to America, having become, in the meantime, manager of the plantation. You will be glad to read the story he told of his success.

Soon after he reached Hawaii, a mill for crushing the cane was erected on the place. The erection of this machinery proved a task beyond the abilities of manager and foreman; and no expert machinist was at hand. My young friend had studied physics in the high school, and his limited knowledge of mechanics, derived from that study, was enough to enable him to understand and direct the work. To the reputation for ability thus earned, he owed his promotion from day laborer to manager.

Two other highly successful men who are engaged in electrical manufacturing business have told the author that their successful careers were opened to them by the study of high-school physics. The wonderful work of Edison has been in the domains of physics and chemistry.

Aside from any vocational value that physics may have, it is the key to the interpretation of a vast number of everyday happenings. The swing of the pendulum, the projection and fall of the bullet, the rainbow's hues, the flash of the lightning and the crash of the thunder, the steam-engine, the telescope, the microscope, the telephone, the telegraph, the phonograph, the wireless, the X-ray, boiling water, congealing ice—manifestations of energy in ways too numerous to mention here—are all beautifully explained in the laws of physics. This study, like chemistry, has accomplished great things for the comfort, health, and happiness of mankind."

Keeping Fit

WORKERS in outdoor occupations have probably less trouble in keeping fit physically than clerical workers and those engaged in inside labors. The fact that during the past year the English Channel has been swum by a girl typist as well as by a male clerk, has revived interest in the question as to whether it is possible for office workers to keep in first-class physical condition.

Mr. E. H. Temme, the London insurance clerk, who proved his quality of physical fitness and endurance by conquering the Channel, has, in this connection, some interesting remarks to contribute.

From what he states, it is apparent that such fitness cannot be attained and retained without some sacrifices, and without devoting a large portion of spare time to open-air exercise.

The first essentials are to be a teetotaller and a non-smoker. On the question of food, he says: "I choose simple dishes. I eat as much fish as I can get. I also like steaks, and I rarely touch any other kind of meat. I consume a great number of eggs. My liquid foods are water and milk and I have a great liking for fresh fruit."

On the question of exercise, he states: "I don't indulge in mechanical exercises and drills. These always strike me as a bore, and unless an exercise can interest the mind as well as the body, it seems to me to defeat its own end. Take your exercise happily. Do the thing you most like to do, whether it be tennis, golf or walking. Gardening is a fine exercise. I have a little plot of land and spend most of my spare time there. After a long day at the office, I find it a wonderful relief to do something with my hands. Legs, arms, trunk, every part of the human frame is gently exercised in tending a garden.

Some evenings I prefer a walk. A steady twelve miles in the evening means a big deposit in the bank of health. Only it must be steady. Every morning, I walk to the station, and this I advise every fellow to do, no matter how far it may be. It tones up the body and gives one a contented mind. On these lines I manage to enjoy perfect health all the year round."

It will thus be seen that an office desk or a typist's table need not be a barrier to fitness if one goes the right way about it and leads the simple life with plenty of open-air exercise.

To What Purpose?

THERE is a story of a man who once appeared before his king, informing him that he could perform a most extraordinary feat. Then he set a needle in a wall a few feet away, the point facing him, and proceeded to throw boiled peas with such accuracy that each impaled itself on the needle's point.

The story relates that the king was so impressed that he had a servant bring a large bag and bestowed it upon the performer. The subject opened the bag eagerly, expecting to find treasure, but instead found only peas.

"Such extraordinary skill must be encouraged," said the king.

There is a moral in this story. There are things of importance to be done in this world, but impaling peas on a needle is not one of them. Of course, you and I never waste our time on such occupations, but let us be sure we are not wasting it on something just as useless.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 16—Telegraph Inspector.

Duties: Under the direction of the General Superintendent (Telegraph Service), to inspect and report on telegraph and telephone service in the provinces designated; to do inspectional work in other provinces when required; to make surveys for new lines; as needed, to supervise the construction and maintenance of submarine cables and to direct the operations of a cable ship; in such instances, to act as wireless operator of the cable ship; to make reports and handle correspondence pertaining to telegraph service; and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications: Education equivalent to high school graduation; at least three years of experience in telegraph construction work; thorough knowledge of telegraph, telephone, and cable construction and maintenance; preferably ability as wireless operator; necessary knowledge, technical and practical, to proceed on a cable repair job; ability to test cable, locate fault, leak, break or interruption of any kind on such cable; thorough knowledge of cable splicing, etc.; supervisory ability.



STYLE

WHEN it comes to style in motor cars—and today style is all-important—all the world looks to Body by Fisher. For Fisher is the authority, the leader, tried and proven; the chief source and center of beauty in motor car design.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

Cadillac • LaSalle • McLaughlin-Buick • Oakland • Oldsmobile • Pontiac • Chevrolet

A Memory Gallery of Pictures

By Frank Yeigh

ALL the pictures are not hung on the walls of homes or galleries for the few to feast upon; the world is one vast picture gallery for those who have eyes to see, and no corner of the world's area holds more, or more beautiful ones than Canada.

For nature is, after all, the great artist, producing canvases ever new with each recurring day and night and change of season. Everyone has such a memory gallery, the originals of which, having once been seen can ever afterwards be reproduced at will, with closed eye but alert memory and imagination.

What does your gallery hold? This is mine, or rather a few samples only of its contents:

NIAGARA at midnight: The wonder hour of the turn-of-the-day finds the river road deserted of its ebb and flow of human life. Wierdly pale is sky and land and water, under a hesitating moon; ghastly is the rushing flood as it leaps into the abyss of foam. The silence of the moment accentuates the thunder-notes of the cataracts twain, and the ear more easily distinguishes between the range of notes that make up the deep-throated diapason. Peering into the canyon, only the mid-stream can be traced of the tortured waters that look strangely sinister in their resistanceless downward sweep. Lifting the eyes from the depths, the evanescent spray soars skyward like a pillar of cloud until upper-air currents catch and scatter it over one's head, where the particles, seen through the spectrum of the electric lights, look like snowflakes suspended in mid-air. The passing picture is almost overwhelming in its immensity and awesomeness, the senses are staggered with it all, and relief only comes when human companionship is re-established.

A PICTURE of a long-past year, and day, and of the twilight hour of the day, down Quebec way. Thousands have gathered on the Plains of Abraham to celebrate the tercentenary of the ancient gateway city, the voices of the multitude rising in a climatic crescendo with the singing of "O Canada"—sung as only our French-Canadian neighbors can sing it. The make-believe soldiers of the pageant, reminiscent of Cartier and Champlain, Wolfe and Montcalm, had marched away to their tents, the bands of real red men had disappeared into their tepees until the historic battlefield was left to its own ghosts. Every western-facing window in the tiers of houses on the Levis shore of the St. Lawrence caught the rich effulgence of the sinking sun, as if on fire, creating a pyrotechnic scene of marvellous brilliancy. Gradually the city roofs on the east faded into the gloom of darkness,

leaving only the citadel walls strikingly outlined against the sky-line that appeared to end with the Isle of Orleans, steeped in dark blue. Such is the surviving mental scene, and if only sound could be caught and held in a picture, then one would add the ringing of the vesper bells, near and far, creating a melody of such harmony, in the hour's stillness, as never to be forgotten.

A SUN-DOWN scene in Algonquin Park. A little lake, one of the hundreds within its boundaries, is resting quietly after the wave disturbance of a windy day. The last bird is nesting for the night, the last nature sounds are gradually silencing,

other than the haunting cry of a lonely loon, which is revealed by a bar of light to be making its way to its refuge. A red sun, unobscured by a cloud, sinks slowly behind a forest on an oval-shaped isle, followed by a color display of the whole color chromatic scale, running from old gold to old silver, from flaming arrows of light to subdued shades of delicacy as only nature can produce. The basin of the tarn fills "plumb full of hush to its brim," the hilltops alone catch the final fires of light—then the stars, and night—a worthy scene for memory's gallery.



Connaught Tunnel

A NOTHER sunset canvas in the memory gallery. This time it is witnessed from a city street instead of a northland solitude—from Portage Avenue in Winnipeg. Life abounds as the evening migration sets in from office and shop and factory to more distant homes. Motors make an unbroken procession; street cars have their hectic crowded hour, and sidewalks are thronged with the rest. But it is not this abounding life that creates the abiding and reflecting scene. The wonder is in the western sky—a canvas as large as the canopy of the heaven, with an unobstructed view of an ineffable and inspiring panorama of prairie sun-setting.

The wind had been in an angry mood all the day, wrecking its temper on battalions of storm clouds until the last shred of black had disappeared. A strange peace had settled on the face of nature, as the sun had the whole world to itself. What pageantry of glory flooded the upper realm, what fountains of gold poured forth from gigantic chalices, what kaleidoscopic changes in a moment of time in colors and shades and shapes, from bars and ribs of exulting light to fanlike emanations from the great glowing central furnace of light! So this city-prairie picture has a front line in my gallery.

SO HAS the companion one, by way of contrast, with an Alberta storm, as seen from a prairie trail. Suddenly into the inverted bowl, swelling to

inconceivable dimensions when viewed from the plains, crept from the mystery land of clouds a dark fragment no larger than a man's hand. If there is such a creation as a cloud magnet, this stray visitor must have been one, as it attracted others from out of the ether. With a speed not to be measured by man-made clocks, a circle of the western sky was darkened with the ever-growing mass of cumuli, which cast a blight over the fair earth. An outpouring of sunshine soon gave way to ominous shadow. On the storm rushed to the accompaniment of a wicked, raging wind as if its companion in turmoil, then it broke! And what a breaking it was, as all its furies were unleashed, the reservoirs poured down their floods, jagged flashes of lightning cut athwart the black mass that now blocked out the whole visible world of sky and light to the tune of the gale, while the thunder rolled in tempestuous echoes over the treeless earth and the bare rounded hills. Every wild thing disappeared to its own shelter, the gophers to their underground chambers, the birds to their secret corners, while the range cattle huddled close together for protection. It was all over in a flash of time as the storm hurried southward to its own ultimate oblivion, after having spent its rage. But the picture survives as an overwhelming exhibition of nature's fury.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN picture, held in a frame of rock and canyon cliffs. It is a composite canvas created by a night run from Field to Banff in the cabin of a giant mogul locomotive. Peering from the little window, the shifting scenes in the darkness will never be effaced from a tenderfoot's impressionable memory. The experiences of plunging into blackness, heading for an obstructing cliff, rounding it on a curve that made the whole train rock and sway, gave birth to successive thrills, and fearsome ones at that. The white-capped crests of the Kicking Horse River kept the train company as a streak of dull silver in the gloom of the trees and the upper heights. It all made a tremendous picture in totality, with a strangely moving finale. As the long Express made its sinuous way on the down-grade from Lake Louise, and the sky caught a distant reflection of the lights of Banff, the eye was caught and held by a ball of fire on the summit of Mount Rundle. Was it a signal fire, of distress or otherwise, from some stranded mountain climbers? Wondering at the strange sight, the solution came when a full moon peeped over the crest-line of the peak and flooded the valley of the Bow with its silvered light, and once again drove the darkness back to its hiding-place in the hills.

A NOTHER Alpine etching. A tiny tent gleams vividly in the gloom of night in Paradise Valley, a mere speck of white in a world of darkness. A candle-light call comes to a coterie of amateur Alpinists, lined up for their first ascent, under a trusty guide. An hours tramp over a trail that was only sensed rather than seen, until emergence above the forest and tree-line led into another world illumined by the ever-recurring miracle of a sunrise. Hours of the upward way, a toiling, testing way, over snow and ice, around bulging rock walls, with a sheer drop thousands of feet below, across yawning bergschrunds, until the summit of Mount Aberdeen is reached. Straddling a ridge pole of the Rockies, as narrow and pointed as a roof, a vision of the top of the visible world was unfolded. Facing northward, Lake Louise had shrunk to the dimensions of a pond; gazing westward Mount Victoria gleamed white in the noonday sun, with a more distant and enthralling view of Mount Sir Donald in the neighboring Selkirks. To the south, Mount Temple lifted its lordly bulk to an even higher altitude than where we stood, while an Arctic gale tried to hurl us back to the valley bed. The incomparable picture included hundreds of miles of peaks, of range on range leaning against the heavens, of deep-hearted valleys streaked with rivers and lined at their bases with green forest fringes. Who could ever forget such a vision splendid?

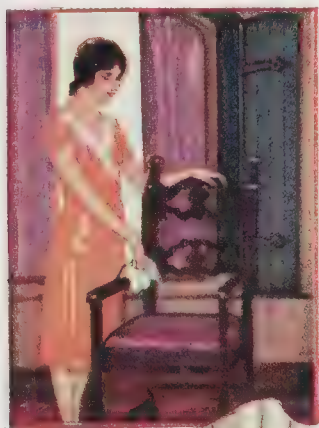
A CHANGE of scene: from a world of the open air and the doming sky to a realm of night. The startling transition is made by a few steps

Continued on page 38



Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in both paste and liquid forms. They are equally effective in increasing the charm of your home.

Polishing furniture is much easier when you use Johnson's Liquid Wax. One simple operation banishes all finger-prints and soil, producing a dry, gleaming polish that never becomes soft and sticky.



For Automobiles



WAX-polish Your Floors this Quick Easy Way

THE floors easiest to take care of are wax-polished floors. Dust and dirt do not cling to them—foot-prints do not show, and unsightly traffic spots can be quickly touched up without going over the entire surface.

Architects and interior decorators specify wax-polished floors because they are so much more artistic and beautiful. Besides, they save hours of floor care and eliminate costly, bothersome refinishing.

Johnson's Polishing Wax renews any floor, old or new—whether soft or hard wood, linoleum, tile or composition. It enhances the beauty of every finish—varnish, shellac, lacquer, wax or paint. It removes all soil and grime instantly, easily and completely.

Simply apply a thin coat of this wax—then let the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher burnish it to gleaming, wear-resistant beauty. Nothing

could be easier! There is no stooping or kneeling. No messy rags and pails. No soiled hands or clothing. And it's so quick! With this wonderful appliance, you can wax-polish *all* your floors electrically in the time it takes to do a single room by hand.

You can RENT a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day at your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store. The rental charge is very low.

Or, BUY one for exclusive use in your own home. The price, reduced during this year from \$48.50 to only \$35.50 is a small investment indeed when compared to the work and hours it will save and the joy your beautifully waxed floors will give you.

Johnson's Paste and Liquid Polishing Wax are sold by grocers, dealers and department stores everywhere. Order some today.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD. "The Floor Finishing Authorities" BRANTFORD, CANADA
Vancouver - Winnipeg - Toronto - Montreal

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE OR LIQUID . . . CLEANS · POLISHES · PRESERVES · PROTECTS

13 Delicious Soups are created for you by CLARK'S Expert Chefs

Half the secret

of a successful meal is a good start! To satisfy that first hunger and stimulate the appetite there's nothing like a delicious invigorating Clark Soup—goes to the right spot, and saves marketing, "fussy" preparing, cooking and fuel. Simply add equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and serve.

Try This Tip

To give body and flavour to made-over dishes and simplify their preparation, add quantity required of any Clark's Soup without diluting. Contents should be removed from tin when opened and will keep for days in covered bowl.

W. CLARK
Limited
Montreal, Canada
Establishments at
Montreal, P.Q., St. Remi, P.Q.
and Harrow, Ont.



Serve Clark's Soups Often—

Prepared from "Canada Approved" meats and the finest of fresh vegetables cunningly seasoned, rich in essential vitamins—they afford economical nourishment and save the more expensive main dish! Delicious with toast or crackers for a satisfying light lunch, supper or the children's tea

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Cooked "just right" and flavoured to perfection—Beans at their best! A satisfying, hearty dish that builds up energy and vigour, costing about 3 cents a plate—ready to heat and serve.

CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP

Clark's "Northern" Tomatoes, a special variety perfected in the Clark Nurseries famous for their firm flesh and delicious taste, lend body and flavour to Clark's Tomato Ketchup and other Clark Tomato products.

CLARK'S

SOUPS

"Let the
Clark
Kitchens
Help You"



An endless variety of unique dolls may be made in this simple manner

Novel Dolls for Christmas

May be Made Entirely from Crepe Paper and Wire

By Dorothy Wright

You may make these fashionably slender little dolls in an almost endless variety. Gay, tiny flappers, stately Colonial maids concealing bottles of bath salts under their flowing skirts, a jolly clown, or a colored Mammy. Children will be delighted with them, and when made for grown-ups, to accompany simple inexpensive gifts, or as party favors, they are always appreciated.

The dolls are fascinating to make, too. And you may introduce bits of cotton for "furs" and "hair," and cut out bits of colored paper and paste them on for the features if you feel you cannot draw the faces with ink.

If you make one doll, any number of others may be made, and many original ideas for dressing them may be developed

Material Required

To make the charming little doll with the muff, shown in the center of the illustration, you will need the following materials: Crepe paper the desired color for the dress; White crepe paper; Wire, known as No. 15; Spool wire; Paste; Cotton.

Head

To make the head cut a piece of white crepe paper two and one-half inches square. Paste this into tube shape with the grain of the crepe. When thoroughly dry, stuff the center with cotton, and tie together tightly at the top and bottom with spool wire. And now mark in the features of the doll with India ink, painting the cheeks with a dab of rouge or crayon. (See fig. 1.)

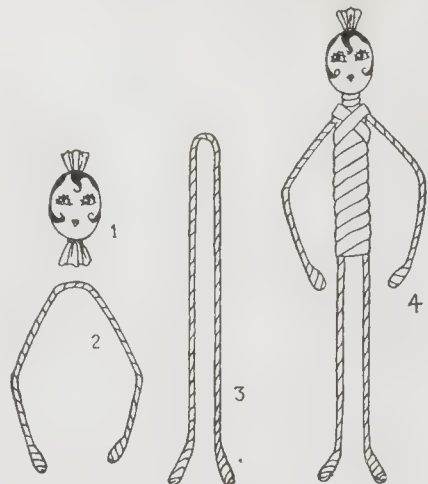
Legs and Arms

For the legs cut out a piece of No. 7 wire 18" long. Bend back each end $\frac{1}{2}$ " to form a loop, which will be the foot. Start with a strip of crepe paper cut $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide across the grain. Put a little paste on the end of the wire, then place the strip of paper on it diagonally. Turn the end down over the wire, and holding the wire with the right hand, twirl it around and around. At the same time guide the paper with the left hand, slanting it downward and stretching it so that it will wrap the wire smoothly. Fasten the end neatly with a bit of paste. Double the wrapped wire through the middle and turn the feet up into position. (See fig. 3.)

Make the arms in exactly the same way as the legs, using a 10" piece of wire.

Body

To make the body cut a piece of crepe paper $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5" for padding. Fold with the grain to a width of $\frac{1}{2}$ " then double through the middle. Place this padding between the bent wires of the leg section, and then place the head on top of the wire



and padding, and fasten all together with spool wire. Place the center of the arm wire at the neck crosswise, and with a 10" strip of spool wire fasten the arms in place, winding the wire around the body and under the arms, and around the neck, to hold all together securely. Now, wrap the body with a strip of crepe paper to cover the wire, and make the body the required size. Bend the arms into shape. (See fig. 2.)

Dress

To dress the doll cut and gather a strip of white crepe paper the required length for a petticoat. Fasten around the waist



with spool wire. Make the dress skirt in the same way, but slightly fuller. Then wrap the body smoothly with a strip of crepe paper the color of the skirt, wrapping over the top of the skirt to make a neat finish. Roll several balls of white cotton, and paste them to the bottom of the skirt. For the muff and neckpiece, roll the cotton softly around the neck and arms.

When the skirts are in place, the lower edge may be fluted, if desired. To flute means to stretch the paper slightly across the grain to give a ripple effect. Begin at the left and hold the edges to be fluted between the thumb and forefingers, and push the edges away from you with the left thumb and pull forward with the right forefinger. Stretch the paper slightly between the thumbs and forefingers, pulling it rather than twisting it. Continue in this manner until the amount desired has been fluted

Hat

For the hat cut a piece of crepe paper long enough to go around the head and 6" wide, the grain of the crepe running the 6" way. Double this through the center across the grain, and place the short edges together. Gather up the raw edges and fasten tightly with spool wire. Paste to the doll's head and adjust by pulling into a "tam" shape. Finish with a soft ball of cotton at the top. The doll is now ready to be attached to the top of a box with spool wire, or to be used in any desired way.

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Out of Obscurity Comes Statue to Honor Lindbergh and French Fliers

By Francis Dickie

Ironical and Sad is the Unknown Story Showing the Strange Working of Fate Through Which an American Came to Buy Neglected Masterpiece to Adorn Le Bourget Field in Memory of Great Events in Aviation

THE most amazing story, one queerly connected with both the history of aviation and the world of art, a story ironical and a little sad, is centered around the beautiful monument raised on the aviation field of Le Bourget of Paris, France, to the honor of the three air heroes, Nungesser, Coli and Colonel Lindbergh, during the month of May on the first anniversary and at the spot of departure of the ill-fated French plane the "Oiseau Blanc."

The monument is symbolical. It shows a woman in a graceful attitude of flight, a woman as a conqueror of time and space. It marks for ages a glorious period in the history of aviation; and it marks the friendship between the United States and France. But very great as are these two things, the monument stands for still more—it rears aloft representative of a prophecy in sculpture, a veritable "Jules-Verne-like" prediction in bronze of man's triumph of the air.

Herein lies the amazing part of the story, for this monument raised in May 1928 to the three pioneers, was created no less than fifteen years ago by the then little known French sculptor Gustave Michel, and at that distant time, when aviation was far from the perfection it has reached today, he called his monument "The Conquest of the Air."

Like the great French writer Jules Verne, who nearly half a century ago predicted in his writing many of the scientific marvels which are now every day realities, Gustave Michel was a prophetic dreamer.

For several years Gustave Michel brooded, seeking a subject that would fittingly embody the science of aviation. He completed his masterpiece in 1913, and in time to display it at the great annual art exhibition, the Grand Salon at Paris.

His symbolic figure at once created attention. Thousands thronged to see his work, and admired. Yet, by some strange fatality in spite of all the acclaim it received, no one came forward to purchase it, to make his own this finest work of the artist's life.

Wherein lies another amazing feature surrounding the fate of this monument which later was to be hailed by the great men of two nations; chance alone saved it, so that fifteen years later it should come forth to mark a great period in the history of flying upon that field where Lindbergh in the first perfectly successful flight from North America to Europe.

When the Grand Salon of 1913 came to an end, the sculptor Gustave Michel, disappointed and a little sad at the failure of his work to sell after receiving the plaudits of the multitude, returned it to his studio. But he had much other work gathered here, to which he kept adding. So presently he found it necessary to move his masterpiece "The Conquest of The Air" to the dingy confines of storage in the atelier of a Paris Bronze firm, a second ironical stage in the statue's unusual history. And here in storage among hundreds of other objects it lay neglected. The thousands of people who had looked upon it at the 1913 Salon, and hailed it as a great work, forgot its existence. The sculptor Gustave Michel gave up hopes of ever realizing upon this work into which he had put so much thought and time and work. The years slipped away, and middle age stole upon the statue's creator; then in 1924 came death, and so, like many other artists, he was robbed of knowing the eventual triumphant acknowledgement that his work was great.

His figure "The Conquest of The Air" slumbered on in storage. In the year 1926 in an endeavor to raise a little money



Gustave Michel's masterpiece "The Conquest of the Air."

for the widow of the sculptor a member of the storage firm approached Mr. Sidney Veit, president of the Paris Chapter of the National Aeronautic Association of America, with pictures of the statue suggesting the sale of this in

America, the proceeds to go to the sculptor's widow.

About this time the queer workings of Fate brought to Paris Mr. Robert Jackson, a business man of Concord, New Hampshire. He saw one of the pictures and purchased it. Yet at the moment no further thought came to him in the matter. He sailed away again to America.

Then came that day of May 21st, 1927—the most outstanding day in all aviation history when Lindbergh landed on the Bourget field.

In a far away Concord, New Hampshire on that day as Mr. Robert Jackson read the cabled news, association of ideas turned his thoughts to the picture he had purchased when in Paris the year before. He hunted it up; studied it intently. As he did so there dawned upon him the brilliant idea which was to bring from obscurity a great work of art, the statue by which Gustave Michel 15 years before had striven to predict this conquest of the air achieved by Lindbergh, a conquest toward which Nungesser and Coli had bravely paid with their lives. Immediately Mr. Jackson cabled an offer to buy the statue and offer it to France as a tribute to Nungesser, Coli and Lindbergh. Permission to place the statue on the exact spot on Le Bourget field from which the French fliers had taken off was given by M. Painleve Minister of War. A pedestal 12 feet high was designed by M. Carrere and executed by M. Barbedienne. The dedication statement:

"To those who attempted and to him who accomplished, Nungesser, Coli and Lindbergh," was by M. Flandin former Minister of Aeronautics and president of the Aero-Club de France.

The statue was unveiled by Miss Sarah Jackson, daughter of the donor, in his presence. The mother of Nungesser and some of the most representative men of France and America attended. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, in making the presentation address said in part:

"This monument breathes a fervent hope as well as pious recollection," and points the way toward the future as much as it marks the triumphs of the past."

He might well have added that the raising of this particular statue was among the strangest stories in the world of art; that it proved great art will reach men in spite of hampering circumstances; in this instance a work of art specially designed to meet an occasion that

was to take place fifteen years after the work was created, though the artist himself in life was to reap no fame or money.

But the Ambassador and those who gathered to see the unveiling of "The Conquest of The Air" had no knowledge of the queer inside story connected with the statue, the story within a story, so to speak a little tragic, a bit of ironical, a story told by no newspaper, one known only to a few people in the Montparnasse quarter where artists dwell or gather to talk of an evening over a cafe table, and where they are forced at times to express wonder at the queer ways Fate occasionally takes with the fine artistic achievements of their kind. And here it was in a quiet corner your correspondent learned how out of obscurity came this statue that today honors Lindbergh and the two French fliers, and now it is all set down for readers also to ponder upon the mysterious workings of unknown forces which cause such happenings so passing strange.

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Mary Matheson

*Seller of Dreams—did you say?
Yea, I will buy.*

*Dreams I have sought for a day
Oft soared on high*

*—Left me in dust and dismay
Longing to die—*

*Come and your glories display—
Hope may draw nigh.*

*Seller of Dreams for thy ware
Is much to pay?*

*After the heat and the glare
Of the long day*

*Oft has my heart in despair
Fled from the fray*

*—Whispering beware, oh beware,
Fearing to do and to dare—
Potter refusing his clay!*

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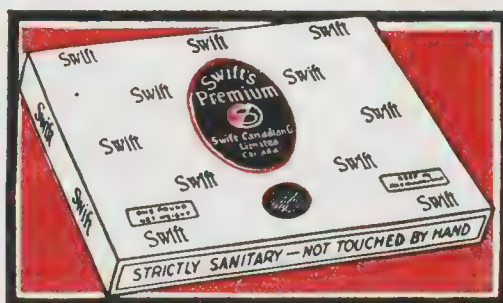
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DODGE BROTHERS

NEW SENIOR SIX

When Baptiste's Rations Stopped

By William Bleasdel Cameron

BAPTISTE LAROQUE came to Fort Ellice during the winter of 1869-70 in the retinue of Captain Macleugh. That was the ghastly smallpox year, and the officer had been dispatched by Ottawa to the help of the terror-stricken plains-Indians being decimated by the disease. Besides vaccine, the captain carried in his medicine chest some very good whisky.

He stopped only overnight at Fort Ellice, but overnight was sufficient for Baptiste Laroque. Laroque had reached the Hudson's Bay Company post single, but when next morning the party resumed its westward way, Baptiste went on as a married man. Between two suns he had acquired a wife. She was young and not unprepossessing as to looks, but her morals were nothing to write home about. Still Laroque, who was big and muscular and had killed a man, seemed satisfied with her.

Two days later Laroque turned up again with his wife at Fort Ellice. He had, he explained, left his employment. Le capitaine, said Laroque, had been drinking the night before and they had quarrelled. He took objection, he further elucidated, to one man making love to another man's wife. Especially a brand-new wife.

The halfbreed's attitude, Matheson, the Company officer in charge of Fort Ellice, admitted, sounded reasonable and he might have the work he sought.

A fortnight later Matheson came to William Mackeye, his clerk, with a red face and a rip in the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Stop Laroque's rations," he said acidly. "He's through."

He strode off without vouchsafing any explanation, but Mackeye learned something when he wandered over to the carpenter shop in the late afternoon.

"Laroque, he's choke de boss." Flammand, the head carpenter, volunteered the information. "Laroque, he's sit on de bench and smoke, w'en Monsieur Mat'eson arrive in and see him. 'De Comp'ny pay you for work, not for loaf,' he's tell dat feller. 'You t'ink you're goin' take all winter pour make few wheel?' he enquire for ask."

"Dat feller Laroque he's sacre bad man." Flammand's head gyrated solemnly. "He's jomp on de boss and grab hees neck. We pull him off. Oui, un diable for le sure, cet homme!" Again the foreman shook a foreboding head.

Mackeye wondered why Matheson, a strapping Scotsman, had allowed the big halfbreed to choke him, but he felt no burning curiosity about the matter.

Mackeye, then a youth of eighteen, was the son of William Mackeye, a commissioned officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had entered the service while his father had been the factor in charge of Fort Ellice.

One of his duties was the issue twice a week of rations to the employees.

Next afternoon being the half-weekly ration date, young Mackeye assembled the piles as customary, except that there was no provision for Laroque. Before sounding his call, however, he placed two shells in the breech of a twin-barrelled shotgun and stood the loaded weapon behind the door in the partition which made two rooms of the provision store. Then he blew his summons.

Doors opened in the houses across the square and women in moccasins with bright parti-colored shawls about their heads, Laroque's wife among them, emerged and trooped over to the provision store. All received their rations and departed, until Laroque's wife alone remained.

Mackeye looked up. "Nothing for you today, Julie," he said. "Laroque's rations are cut off."

"So?" She looked at him archly. "I do not know for why is dat. He do somet'ing, Laroque? Maybe jealous 'bout somebody?"

Mackeye raised his shoulders. This was a new angle.

"Maybe. I don't know. Any man with you for a wife, Julie, I think might be. Anyhow, he'd be a bigamist. A bigamist, Julie, is a man with two wives."

The girl's black eyes sparkled mischievously. She murmured: "Mukwyana-cis, you are a nice boy."

"Yes, I know." Mackeye was busy

with his ration list. "Do you think we'll have an early spring? It seems almost a pity, Julie, that you're not going to get any rations, doesn't it?"

Laroque's wife stood for a long minute speculatively contemplating the youth, then she turned with an audible sigh and quitted the provision store.

Mackeye, while he kept a watchful eye on the square of the fort outside, straightened up the place. Presently he saw Laroque leave his log abode and step briskly in his direction.

"I've come for my rations," the halfbreed announced gruffly, entering the store.

"Nothing for you, Laroque." Mackeye was curt. "I've orders to stop them."

Laroque lifted a saturnine face, framed by the straight black hair falling upon his shoulders.

"Oh, but I have to eat."

Mackeye nodded. "Yes, I expect so—no argument there, Laroque. But not at the Company's expense. I can't give you any rations."

Laroque gave a hitch to his leggings. "In that case, I'll help myself."

"Not while I'm in charge here, you won't, Laroque."

"Non?" The halfbreed favored the youth with a commiserating smile. "And who, garcon, is going to prevent me?"

"I am."

Laroque's dark brows lifted comically. "You?"

Mackeye was regarding him with an unwinking eye. "Yes, me."

Laroque threw back his head; his face opened in a loud guffaw. He stepped toward the provisions.

"Stop, Laroque?"

The clerk stood in the partition doorway. He had reached behind him suddenly and Laroque was gazing into the black muzzles of the gun in his hand.

"You're a bluffer, a bully, Laroque, and I'm just a boy. I couldn't do anything with you with my hands, of course, so I have to take other methods. This is a good gun, Laroque, and—make no mistake—I'm ready to use it."

Laroque stared. The hand holding the gun, he could not help but observe, was disconcertingly steady.

Mackeye went on: "You think you can run this post—act as you please. You're wrong. You killed a man, didn't you? And you're proud of it—your terrible reputation—servants here all scared of you. But I know all about that and I'm not scared of you, Laroque. Any coward can sneak up on a man from behind and kick him to death. Now, one of the things I undertook to do when I signed my contract with the Hudson's Bay Company was protect its property. That's what I'm doing, see? And if you think you can help yourself here, go on—try it."

The halfbreed continued to stare. That leveled gun—it looked dispassionately and damnably business-like in the grip of the youth behind it.

"Lay a finger on anything in this shop, Laroque, and off goes your thick fat head!" Again Laroque felt the sting of that prodding tongue. "If you don't believe it, the road's open. And I'm waiting."

Laroque made no move.

"Well, if you've decided you don't want anything here, I've given you all the time I have to spare. I've work to do. You can go."

Laroque went.

Hunger is a great leveler. He was back in the shop next day, announcing, very humbly, to Mackeye that he would like to go to work again. Mackeye considered. At length he said:

"Promise you'll behave yourself, Laroque, and I'll see if I can persuade the chief to give you another chance."

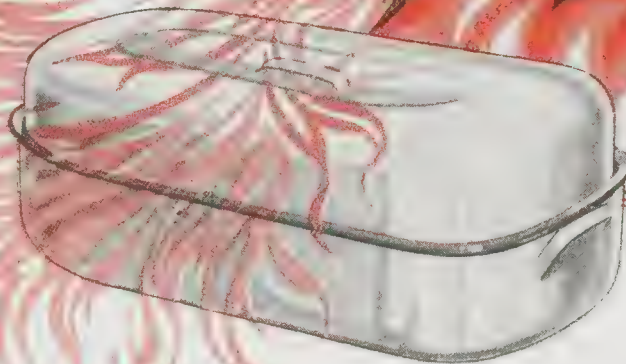
Laroque promised. Next morning, rations having been issued to him, he was again fashioning wheels—furiously this time—for Red River carts.

Julie was receiving her allowance on next ration day. "You're a nice boy," she told Mackeye in her cooing tones. "Laroque, he do not seem to be jealous any more."

"Perhaps not," responded the youthful trader. "I'm not posted. Remember, though, Julie, I told you that, with you for a wife, any man would be likely to be a bigamist. Your partner on the hearth? Why, old Lady Trouble, of course."

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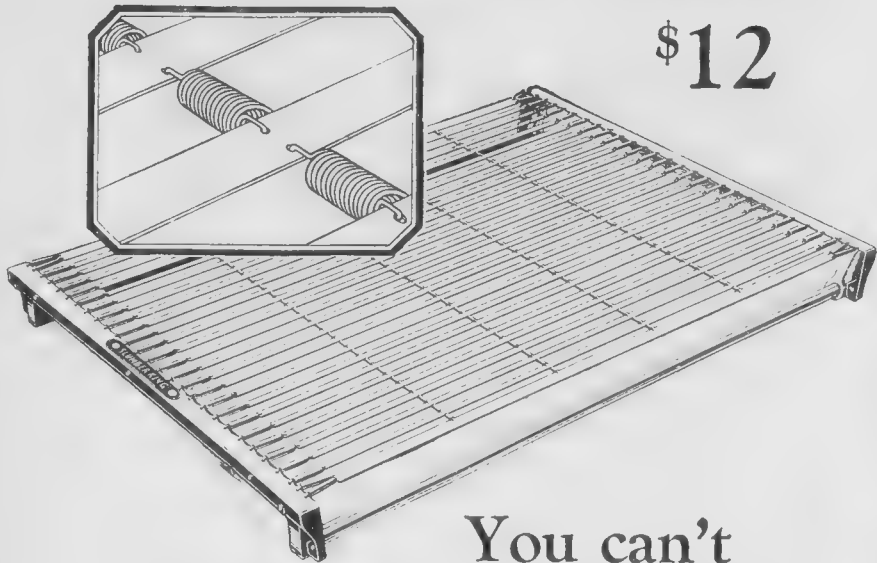
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BEDS - MATTRESSES - PILLOWS

Miss Cora Merrett, Adventurous Schoolma'am

She Lives With the Indians 'Way Up North and Likes It

By Grace Melrose



A Family of Cree Indians, Saskatchewan

THIS is the story of Miss Cora Merrett, a young woman who teaches school in a Cree settlement on the north shore of Cumberland Lake in the hinterland of Saskatchewan. Her nearest neighbor of white complexion is almost ten miles away. Until she came out to the Canadian West about two-and-a-half years ago she had spent her life in London, England, and in Manchester and other large cities, so that the story of her success is but additional proof of the proverbial adaptability of the city girl to the ups-and-downs of strange living and of her ability to win out against tremendous odds. And this girl loves her work.

Miss Merrett's address is Bud's Point, one of those far-flung outposts of empire about which we frequently read as we sit in our comfortable armchairs but regarding which most of us have but the vaguest conception. Her own explanation of its location is given as follows: "I'm ninety-five miles from The Pas, in summer. In winter-time I'm forty-five." Then, this seeming to require further elucidation: "You see, in summer we have to follow the winding water route but when the snow is on the ground a trip from The Pas can be made directly 'cross-country and over the lake by dog-team or snowshoe. This cuts the distance in half."

The only previous experience she had had in Canada before taking this Indian school a year ago was a short spell of teaching in a prairie school at Abbey, Sask. When first she went to the far north her little "teacherage" wasn't ready, so she was obliged to spend two weeks in the home of an Indian family.

"It was a most thrilling experience," she admits. "It was quite a large shack but was divided into just two rooms, one upstairs and one down. They gave me the one above all to myself, but one of its drawbacks was that it didn't have a door and often when I'd be writing at my desk I'd be aware of somebody nearby. With a start I'd turn round to find that one of the redskins had come silently in and was gazing at me with great curiosity! They never think of knocking of course. I was a long time getting accustomed to this friendly spying. One night I woke up with the strangest sensation. I fancied I heard weird noises near at hand and that someone was on the stairs leading to my doorless room. I got quietly up and placed a bowl of water down on the floor in the doorway so that anyone entering would be sure to tumble into it, but somehow I dropped off asleep again without anything untoward happening. In the morning the bowl was just as I had left it. So I put my fears down to nerves and imagination."

When she had moved into a shack of her own, however all her fears left her and she never locked her door at all nor took any precautionary measures other than the most ordinary. She wanted her pupils to feel free to call on her at any time, to bring her their problems, and to make a friend of her, all of which they do. In fact Miss Merrett admits to being social service worker, public health nurse, and guide, philosopher and friend to these people, in addition to her stated capacity of schoolma'am. She says she is a sort of mother to the whole community, being in turn mothered by her Indian friends. When she goes for a walk they stand in the door of their shack and watch her and she knows that if she shouldn't turn up within a reasonable time they'd send a search-party out after her. They have a care of her that is very appealing. Not exactly a loveable people they have nevertheless an admirable trait of loyalty.

The Indians at Bud's Point are all trappers and fishermen, and as a general thing every spring the whole village moves away for two months to the rat swamps. This past year for the first time in history the braves went off alone on this rattling expedition, leaving the squaws and papooses at home so the latter would not have to lose any schooling. The settlement is composed of about eight families of non-treaty Crees.

NOW, the ambition of the average teacher is to have her pupils attain scholastic honors. Not so Miss Merrett—at least she doesn't place that requirement first on the list.

"If I could only get them converted to living in decent homes," she says, with a little sigh, "I should feel well repaid. Their living conditions are unspeakable and t.b. is prevalent amongst them all the time. If I could just get them to open the windows of their shacks I wouldn't care about anything else much," she declares. "Whole families from the grandparents down to the tiniest babies live together in the one room, and I knew of one cabin where a man in an advanced stage of tuberculosis was living in the single room, about twelve feet square, with fifteen other members of his family. It is the more astonishing that none of my pupils so far has shown signs of any glandular trouble, though in winter when their diet is poor they do get peaked-looking. I keep a close watch on them."

"What do these Indians eat?" she was asked.

"I'm sorry to say that their dietary is very poor all the year round. Vegetables aren't grown up there—though they could

Continued on page 76

Unbroken Slumber—All Night Long—

GONE are the hurt and discomfort of the ugly little cold he caught! No fear now of the racking spasms of croup or the keen torture of earache that might have developed!



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This livable sunroom in the residence of Mr. Robert Mills of Hamilton, Ont., is replete with comfort and charm

The New Sun Room-Living Room

THE sunroom-livingroom—just an expansion of the sunny livingroom—has won its definite place in the planning of the new house and the alteration of the old one. A big room, of which one whole wall, or the greater part of two walls and even three, may be devoted chiefly to windows, it plans to ensure sunshine at every hour of the day. For all but actual midsummer, our climate in most parts of Canada makes that a very desirable thing to do; and for those warmest weeks—the shaded side of the house is the one we seek anyway, in the daytime, and in the evening, with all its well-screened windows open wide, the most elusive little breeze will be drawn into the most comfortable of rooms, justifying it a hundred-fold.

Very often, this delightful type of room finds place on the second floor, and in many of the new houses, it is making use of the space over the garage. Sometimes this brings it to an irregular level, reached with charming effect from a landing part way up the stairs. This plan frequently adds such a room to the old house, when a garage is built on.

Wherever it finds place, first floor or second, or in that fascinating territory described by Christopher Robin, in Mr. Milne's poem, as being "neither up nor down," the sunroom-livingroom is planned for the very last word in comfort. Its windows are close-fitting, but easily opened and fitted with fine-meshed screens for summer, and if

By Katherine M. Caldwell

the severity of the winter demands it, with double windows for the zero months.

Radiation or other heating, must of course be ample. And, if at all possible, a fireplace should be one of the main features of the room. A big hearth, if the room is large—with dogs if the blazing pine-knot and its like are to provide the fuel, or a basket if you will burn coal. If gas or electricity were used, I should be at considerable pains to find a grate that would closely resemble a real fire; these are quite successful in imitating the ruddy glow of a bed of anthracite.

The furnishing of the fireplace merits its own consideration. If it is a big one, heavy grate fittings will carry out its substantial and important atmosphere. Iron, steel, brass, copper, and bronze are all equally suitable, and each material can be found in either large or small size furnishings. Some of the metals are beaten; those with the hand-made, that speak of craftsmanship, are by all odds the most attractive.

Fenders are low or high, as you will. Some of them sweep up at the ends, toward a cushioned stool. Others have a cushioned seat the full length of the fender.

Fuel boxes are of covered type, handsome in hand-hammered brass, copper or iron; of scuttle

shape, and I saw in one of the shops a big iron scoop-like one for wood, which greatly caught my fancy. Its shape followed that of the more familiar flat basket of heavily woven reed, which is always attractive to hold wood for the fire, and which is frequently lacquered in one of the bright colors used elsewhere in the room.

THE floor in such a room can be as variously treated as the fireplace. More often than not, it is hardwood, sometimes laid in a marquetry design. Tile is seen, too—but more often, the tile-effect linoleums are preferred. I have recently gone over the new patterns that would lend themselves to the making of a handsome floor in such a room. Outstanding amongst these are the embossed linoleums. These come in the combinations of these squares and oblongs that enhance the handicraft effect. The colorings are admirable—the warmly-glowing terra cotta (that is one of the most valuable of reds for furnishing purposes) greys, sand and brown tones, greens, two tones of the color being used, with fine effect. One pattern has tiles of terra cotta, red-brown and grey-green combined, a soft blend that makes a splendid floor for the decorator to build on. These embossed linoleums are the most costly, averaging about \$3.25 a square yard. Closest to these in effect, come inlaid linoleums at \$1.50 and up per yard, in tile patterns

Continued on page 52



The "MILANO"

Newest of Knechtel Bedroom Suites ~
Inspired by the Talent of Southern Europe



SKILFULLY blending the charm and grace of the Latin influences in furniture design, alive with the beauty of bygone centuries—this new Knechtel "Milano" Bedroom Suite, in modified Spanish-Italian design—will add an air of old world dignity to your home.

The subtle artistry of design, exquisite beauty of finish and the sound, enduring construction, are representative of the Master Workmanship of Knechtel Craftsmen.

The wood used in the "Milano" Suite is walnut. Fronts are finished in beautiful hand matched figured butt walnut veneer, charmingly decorated with mahogany overlays

and genuine marquetry inlay. Top drawers are panelled in Carpathian elm burl. Drawer bottoms are of durable mahogany veneer. Chamfered posts with split fluted turnings, decorative carved moulding, and hardware to match, give added beauty to dresser, chiffonier and vanity dresser.

The distinctive appearance and pleasing charm of this newest Knechtel suite will merit your approval, just as its moderate price will agreeably surprise you.

Clip this advertisement and consult your dealer, or write us direct for further information.

KNECHTEL
Quality Furniture
Good both Inside and Out

For over 60 years the House of Knechtel has been building fine furniture, and today this firm stands as the largest manufacturers of furniture in Canada.

Knechtel Bedroom Suites are available in a wide variety of popular modern designs, proportioned and finished to match any scheme of room decoration.

THE KNECHTEL FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED, HANOVER, ONTARIO
"Makers of Quality Furniture since 1864"

More women believe in Del Monte quality every year—because they find the flavor and goodness they want in every can!

*And in your list of
Good-Things-To-Eat
—don't forget these
Del Monte Varieties!*

FRUITS FOR SALAD

A good fruit salad, for instance, is a "jewel" in any meal! And a "jewel" that shines doubly bright when there's no extra work of preparation! Just open a can of DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad, and you have—all cut and packed together—5 of the finest fruits you ever tasted.

RIPE OLIVES AND OLIVE OIL

And don't overlook DEL MONTE Ripe Olives—particularly if you want this tempting relish at its best. Noted for their nut-like flavor. Or DEL MONTE Olive Oil—rich and clear, pressed from the same full-ripened fruit.

CATSUP AND CHILI SAUCE

Quality condiments, too! If you could only visit a DEL MONTE cannery, see the red-ripe fruit as it comes from the field, smell the rich aroma of spices and tomatoes cooking together, you would understand their distinctive flavor, their uniform high quality and goodness.

PEARS

And DEL MONTE Pears—the famous Bartlett variety, of course! What a delicious treat. Packed in exactly the proper syrup to bring out all the delicacy and aroma of this tempting fruit.



*Sliced Peach
Shortcake—just one of
many simple ways to serve
this luscious fruit.*



MORE THAN A HUNDRED DELICIOUS VARIETIES

Just be sure you say

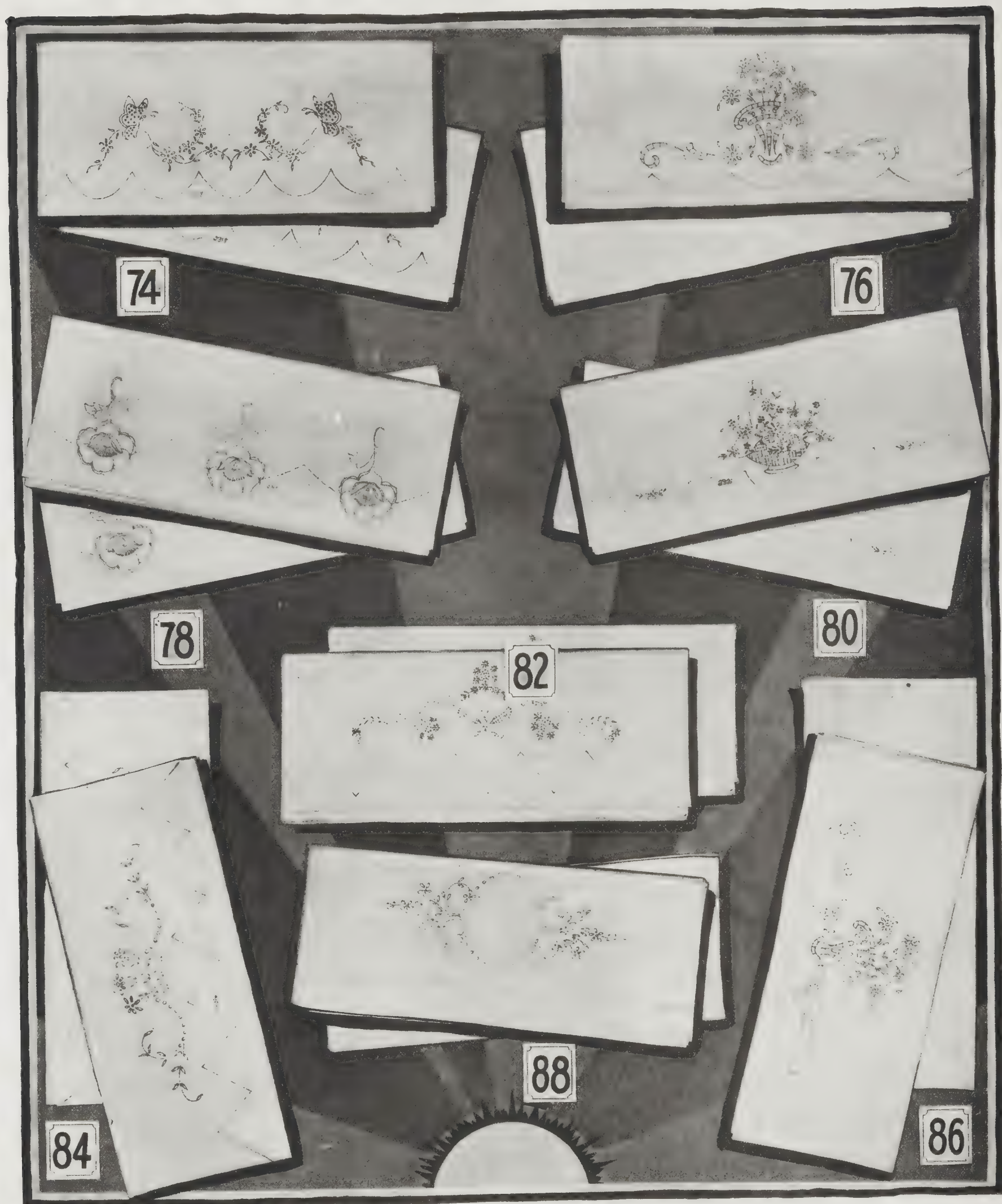
We'll Send Them Free! Would you like kitchen-tested recipes for these and other DEL MONTE Foods? Our special collection of recipe folders and "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" contains almost 200 appetizing, easy-to-make suggestions for everyday meals. Address Dept. 37-N California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU
WANT THE BEST

Latest Designs in Stamped Pillow Cases



Design number 88 is stamped on a fine quality 42 inch all Linen Pillow Case with hemstitched hem. Price delivered, per pair...\$1.50
 Numbers 74 to 86 designs are stamped on a smooth finished circular pillow cotton 42 inches wide. Price delivered, per pair.....\$1.00

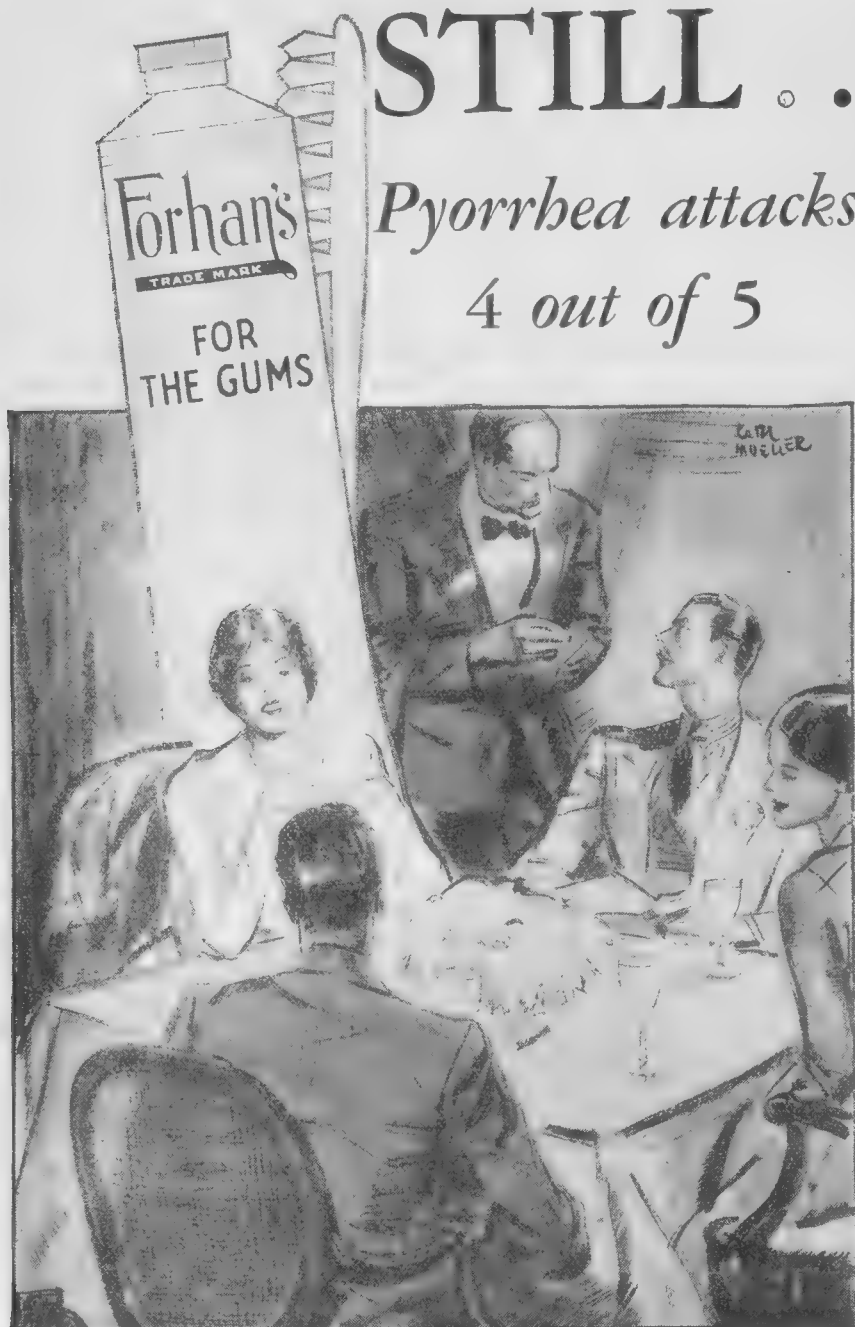
When ordering from the Western Home Monthly be sure to state number required.

Teeth may be flashing white

STILL..

Pyorrhea attacks

4 out of 5



SO long as you neglect to combat dread Pyorrhea, health is jeopardized.

This grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums takes as its victims 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it helps to keep teeth clean and restore their natural whiteness. Also it protects them

against acids which cause decay.

But Forhan's is more than an ordinary dentifrice. If used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. And Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's today! Use this dentifrice every morning and night. Massage your gums daily with it, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. This good habit is health insurance. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Limited, Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Youth Replies

By Frank Samis

NUMEROUS and splenetic have been the recent articles levelled at youth. Several of our elders have gone on record unequivocally as staunch supporters of the good old days before modern youth arrived. Other contemporaries, probably themselves rather young, have as resolutely promulgated opinions to the effect that it is a good thing that the old order hath changed, and that prudery has been forced to abdicate in favor of "common sense." The champions of this phase of the question apparently have gained the upper hand across the line.

Occasionally someone has timorously ventured that there might be a happy medium somewhere between these extremes. It is quite possible that there might be something in this suggestion. In any case, it will bear investigation.

In the first place, We, Youth, arrived at the instance of our elders. Our consent was not asked; nor was it given. Our environment was not of our own choosing. We inherited the virtues and vices of our forbears. Throughout the formative period of our young lives, we have been constantly gathering impressions—from our elders. We have lived in their homes, gone to their schools, read their literature. Now we are out in the society provided, or at least tolerated, by them for us. We brought nothing with us save the characteristics inherited from them. A closer investigation will but bear out these facts.

Look at your offspring, ye who complain, and behold the likeness of yourselves. There will you find your private vices and your public virtues. If you have been the fellow you should have been, don't worry about your son. If you have maintained a good sensible Christian home, you'll be proud of your daughter. Here, however, is where the common sense comes in. If, in your well-meaning desire to keep a Christian home, you have denied that daughter those pleasures which, to all decent people, are innocent pleasures—dancing, for instance—don't be surprised at your daughter. If you smoke yourself, don't look in the mirror while you are whipping little Tommy for his first pathetic attempt to inhale.

If someone were to class you with certain of your own generation, you would swell with righteous indignation. Why hand your own sons and daughters that identical insult? The condemnation of modern youth as a whole is as asinine as it is misanthropic. As in the last generation, and in every generation before it, there is a certain proportion of good and a lot more of bad. The ratio is improving,

we hope, in favor of the good. Youth does like to think that the race is getting better.

Now, will all gouty old gentlemen hold hard to their seats and refrain from any hasty remarks until our discourse is finished! Without assuming a "holier than thou" attitude, we reiterate once more the statement that the race is improving. That improvement, however, is due entirely to the efforts the older generation has made to better our environment—to give us chances they never had. We must frankly confess that we owe everything to our elders, good as well as bad—and for the good we would give three hearty cheers and a vote of thanks to boot.

But cheering, no matter how vociferous or prolonged, will not solve the problems facing youth. For any one person, at any given time, to presume to prescribe a panacea for the evils besetting the younger generation would be temerity indeed. There remain, nevertheless, certain irrefragable truths upon which we may safely enlarge.

One of the most important and self-evident of these—the burden of our song, in fact—is that humanity—not only youth, but humanity—is inclined too much towards self-indulgence. Most sins of human nature can be traced, directly or otherwise, to self-love in one of its many forms. Vice, if not self-indulgence in its basest aspect, would appear to be rather indefinable.

Self-indulgence is the greatest menace to modern youth. To kill a race, strike at its morality. The most insidious weapon is self-indulgence. The most infallible defence is self-sacrifice.

Self-sacrifice is the essence of Christianity. The very emblem of the religion, the Cross, is but the symbol of supreme self-sacrifice. Drive home to the average youth that he is on earth for some purpose other than his own amusement, and that youth will cease to be a problem.

Deep down in his heart, every youngster feels this urge to self-sacrifice. Natural reticence, and a fear of the world's ridicule, however, drive him inward. To a certain type, this is fatal. For a while he feels hurt, then suppresses the nobler impulses—often completely banishes them—and "gets in the swim." The "swim" leads to a veritable Niagara of unhappiness.

Youth makes many mistakes—sad, blighting ones—but is certainly none the better for the spiteful criticism of soured old codgers whose only complaint is that their own youth is fled.

A Memory Gallery of Pictures

Continued from page 24

from the trail of the upper Congour, in the Selkirks, to the caverns in its heart. It is a skyless, sunless, flowerless region, mysterious and awesome; depressing to any human lover of the light, but strangely alluring. An imprisoned river is revealed by our little lamps, leaping from an ugly aperture in a high cliff wall, dashing wildly down and past us with deafening roar and finally disappearing with ominous swiftness to yet another and a lower Dantesque cavern. Climbing up the improvised ladders and steps to the entrance aperture, the picture of the glorious world of light and sky, framed in the jagged edges of the opening, made a picture all its own, but the canvas of the dark stream in its prison depths remains as vivid as when first witnessed.

COME to the Yellowhead Pass, to the Valley of the Athabasca, and to the little town of Jasper on its banks, for fleeting and yet unforgettable impressions. Days of rain, the gray, wet kind, had flooded the low levels and increased the flow of the great river. Curtains of grey blotted out the circle of peaks that enclose this Alpine garden. Pyramid was as invisible as the Old Man of the Mountain, lying prone on his back and in an uneasy position on the ridge of another summit. Walking disconsolately in the penetrating rain and all-embracing mist, resigned to the whim of the weatherman, a tilt of the eye to the east brought a revelation as startling as it was sud-

den. The first rift in the wall of fog had appeared, revealing a cross section of the Colin range glistening with such whiteness of light as to dazzle the sight. The storm that meant the rain of the valley meant the snow of the upper heights. Old Pyramid now showed forth its strata of color, and, away to the west, the sky-touching heights of Mount Edith Cavell seemed as if it also glowered in its robe of white as a fit symbol of the uniform of the martyred nurse whom it commemorates.

A FINAL outline. Walking along the ocean beach of Oak Bay, on the outskirts of Victoria, with the tang of the sea thrilling the smell sense, with stringy dulce clinging to tidal rocks like the strands of a Medusan head, one has only again to "lift his eyes unto the hills" to drink in another memorable nature-painting. The foreground is filled by the gleaming waters of the Straits of Juan del Fuca, carrying on its bosom a stately marine procession, from an Oriental liner to the rude sailing craft of an Indian fisherman. But the glory of the view lies further away, a distance of half a hundred miles or so, to a neighbor nation and state; to the Olympic range of Washington, their white-crested summits making a serrated line against a cloudless sky. It is yet another of nature's colossal canvases, of land and sea, or earth and sky, of fields and forests and of (Gods' eternal hills rising heavenward in all their serene majesty.

CENTURY BEAUTY
CENTURY VALUE
SETTING SWIFT
PACE



ON and on go the supreme beauty and value of the Century Hupmobiles, constantly winning preference in new fields. The latest sales figures now reveal that every time a Hupmobile owner trades his car in on a New Century Six or Eight, the owner of some other make does the same thing and becomes a Hupmobile owner. Over and above this amazing ratio, practically 22 per cent of all Century Six sales, and more than 16 per cent of all Century Eight sales, are made without any trades at all. If you will

study the brilliant style and trim "tailored-metal" finish of the new Century Hupmobiles, see the richness of their interiors, and experience the wonderful smoothness and power of their performance, your conclusion is

almost bound to be that it is useless to try to match them within hundreds of dollars, if at all. Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century, \$1800 to \$2190. Century Eight, \$2470 to \$2870. All prices f. o. b. Windsor.



HUPMOBILE 1929

CENTURY
SIX AND EIGHT

Developing the Imagination

By Irene Wilson

THE imagination, like any other of the intellectual faculties, is an instinct born with the child; but like the other faculties, the imagination can be improved and developed by careful guidance and supervision.

We frequently hear a mother remark in a regretful tone, that her girl is "such" an imaginative child, or that her imagination is altogether too "vivid." Thus bearing out the theory that many parents not only do not realize the advantages of a healthy imagination, but actually consider it a draw-back!

The child with a good imagination has many advantages over her unimaginative sister. For instance, she can have a beautiful china set from the broken parts of a discarded ornamental plate; or, she can furnish a doll's house from the pages of a general catalogue. The query "What can I do next?" troubles her very little. At school, the advantages are many. In the study of history, reading, writing, compositions, and in many other lines of study, the child who has no imagination to draw from will find herself at a loss to turn out good work.

There are many games which are helpful in the development of this pleasurable faculty. There is a story in some of the school books of today, which tells of a dear old grandmother who was too old and feeble to run and play; and a little boy, who, on account of a withered leg, was physically unfit to do so. Yet in imagination the two played together the old fashioned game of hide-and-go-seek. It is not a beautiful picture of this old lady whose imagination was keen enough to pass over the years of toil and worry, back to the days of childhood, and with the spirit of a child enjoy a game of hide-and-go-seek? And of the child also who, though unable to romp and play, did not spend his time mourning over his fate, but in fancy enjoyed the games that he could never play in reality.

It will be found that this imaginary game of hide-and-go-seek is not only an excellent game to develop the imagination, but is conducive to harmony and quietness among the young folks.

Another game, imaginary dreaming, should be welcomed by mothers who have difficulty in getting their children to go to sleep after they are put to bed. When the little folks are tucked in at night, it is an excellent plan for the mother to talk quietly to them about some interesting event of her own childhood days: perhaps a visit to the seaside, the sugar camp, or

some occurrence which would appeal to them, making it as real as possible. Then leave them with instructions to close their eyes and imagine that they are participating in a similar pleasure. Besides developing the imagination, it is surprising under this method, how quickly and agreeably the sandman will make his rounds.

On rainy days when you simply do not know what to do with the children, get them to write a story. If one of the children can write and spell, let him have the honor of writing the story, to which all of the children contribute, the mother tactfully helping the children to draw on their imagination. The story writing would probably run something like this. (Mother) "To begin with, what shall our story be about?" (Tom) "Oh, about fishing." (Mother) "That's a good subject, we all like fishing, what time of the day will you go?" (Jack) "In the morning of course." (Mother) "Shall we have Marion begin her story with, 'I went fishing one fine morning,' for of course you wouldn't go a rainy day like this?" Then the mother draws the children out as to the appearance of the sky, and after discussing how it might appear under different weather conditions, the children agree as to a paragraph on the appearance of the sky and the prospects of a fine day. After that is written, (Mother) "But you'd want a lunch wouldn't you?" (Tom) "Sure we would." Even the smaller children can contribute to the next paragraph about the lunch. It is not always wise to discard a suggestion even though you know that it is not the best. Remember that this is the children's story, not yours. Children will enjoy this story writing, and after a little practice there is no danger that they will go through this world with unseeing eyes as far as the beauties of nature are concerned.

If the child's mind is not properly guided, her imagination may frequently lead her into trouble. Those who have read "Anne of Green Gables" will remember Ann's fear of what she called "the haunted wood." There are many Annes today who are as little understood and as improperly guided as was Anne of the story book.

At every opportunity a child's attention should be drawn to what is beautiful and bright in nature. The trees, the flowers, the bubbling brook, the birds and all of God's creatures. Teach the child to see and search for the beautiful and to use the imagination.

Whooping-Cough

A Dangerous Disease to Children and Grown-ups—How to Know it and to Treat Sufferers From it

Whooping-cough is very dangerous to children and sometimes fatal to grown-ups. More people die from it than from scarlet fever.

The mother whose children have had whooping-cough does not need to be reminded of its symptoms. She can remember her child running to her gasping for breath, catching hold of her skirt for support and finally breaking into that painful rasping cough.

Whooping-cough starts with a slight cold, running at the nose, fever, and a dry cough. The eyes are blood-shot.

After a week the cough gets worse and the child coughs many times in succession. He becomes pale and draws in his breath with a sharp scraping sound. This is the "whoop." In some cases this is not always present.

In mild cases, the child will have four or five coughing fits a day; in severe cases, many more than that.

If your child shows the first signs of whooping-cough, call the doctor, and follow his directions absolutely.

The child frequently vomits because of the hard coughing. As a result many children lose weight and become very weak. In this condition they easily get

tuberculosis, pneumonia, or other serious diseases.

Do not give the child heavy foods. Give him those that are easily digested. Milk and eggs are very good.

Give him an egg well beaten in milk every time he loses his meal. This drink can be made attractive by adding a little sugar and vanilla.

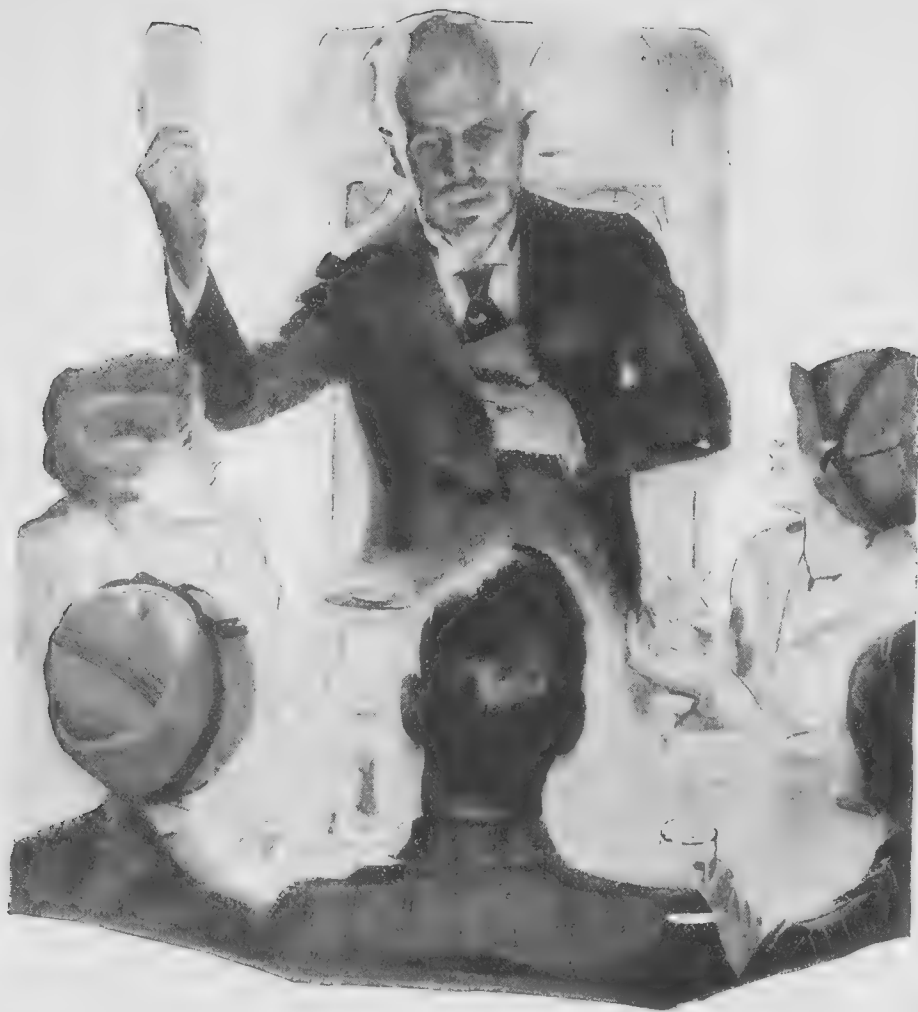
All matter that comes from the mouth and nose while the child is sick should be received in a piece of clean old linen or rag, and burned. It is through carelessness in this that the disease is spread. Keep separate cups, glasses, plates, and spoons for the child while it is sick.

See that the child gets plenty of fresh air. Keep the room well aired night and day. Unless it is raining, take him out every day, on the roof, in the yard, or into the park.

Even after the "whoop" has stopped, he can give the disease to others. Wait until the Doctor says he is well.

Remember that whooping-cough is very catching. Be sure that your child does not spread disease and possible death to others.

—"Metropolitan Life."



"I'll give \$50" he said

How a cake won a handsome donation, as told to Mary Dean

All of us have obligations to our churches and will understand Mrs. L. B. R.'s joy in the way she helped hers.

The Ladies' Auxiliary was raising funds to pay for equipping the new church kitchen. To show the members what an asset the kitchen was, a supper was organized, with Mrs. R. in charge of dessert.

After supper, the minister called on his brother-in-law from the city for a few words. The visitor thanked everyone for a delightful evening, spoke feelingly of his childhood church and concluded:

"As for the kitchen—since wonders like that raisin cake can come out of it, I think it is a fine investment. I'll give \$50 to your fund."

In a few minutes other contributions had wiped out the entire debt!

"The Auxiliary was certainly proud," Mrs. R. writes, "and they said it was my cake that started the ball rolling. Perhaps I should say *your* cake, for it was your special recipe made with Market Day Special raisins. My family want them all the time in desserts and for between-meals eating."

They are mighty tempting—these "Market Day Special" seedless raisins. Grown in California's finest vineyards, they are meaty and rich with natural sugar. And they are packed so clean you eat them right from the bag! The quality is always the same, because Sun-Maid's great resources keep the quality unchanged and the price low. You can afford to use them liberally.

The cake recipe which "started the ball rolling" is given below. For other recipes write me at Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.

Mary Dean

Queen Georgia's Cake

Boil 1 cup Sun-Maid raisins 5 minutes in water to cover. Drain (saving half the water) and chop coarsely. Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. Add 3 beaten egg yolks and 1 white (saving 2 whites for frosting). Add chopped raisins, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour milk, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of water in which raisins were boiled. Sift $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Combine thoroughly with first mixture. Pour into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Put together with boiled frosting.

Sun-Maid Nectars (red carton)—plump, tender, actually grape-like, as if the juice of seedless grapes had suddenly jelled! Sun-Maid Puffed (blue carton)—the only seeded raisins that aren't sticky. Your grocer has Nectars and Puffed, as well as the "Market Day Special."



Look for the light blue bag with the Sun-Maid girl on it (4-lbs. or 2-lbs.)—then you are certain to get the genuine "Market Day Special" raisins at a bargain price.



Dazzling Smiles Are Gained So Easily

This special film-removing dentifrice is advised for twice-a-day use in cleansing teeth and combating the commoner tooth and gum disorders

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film which forms constantly and which ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—*every* day.

What film is

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place wherein germs by the millions multiply. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with germs, is a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent acts to remove that film by curdling it so that brushing takes it off in gentle protection to the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre.



(Above) THE 5:15 BY AIR replaces its namesake of former days. Here Miss Mae Bryant bids friends goodbye with her charming smile Pepsodent guards so zealously.



(Above) THE CHRYSANTHEMUM DISPLAY in a recent Philadelphia flower exhibit charmed thousands by its beauty. No less charming are the smiles of Misses Laurina Wilkins and Dorothy Margrave, kept bright and gleaming through daily use of Pepsodent.



DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why Pepsodent is recommended.

It aids in firming tender gums and restoring healthy color in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Please get a tube at your druggist—only a few cents—or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Made in Canada
Pepsodent
TRADE MARK
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



The Secret of Her Popularity!

a glorious flashing smile!—

WHEREVER she goes she wins... wins admiring friends by the charm of her personality. And much of that charm is due to a really remarkable smile—a smile that flashes two even rows of sparkling, lustrous teeth!

Her name? Why, it is legion! In every part of Canada you will find her. Since childhood she has followed two simple rules of mouth hygiene: brushed her teeth twice daily with Colgate's and visited her dentist twice yearly.

And—you? Are you choosing your dentifrice on the basis of results? Are you following the lead of those who have already kept their teeth beautiful and sound for years... aided by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream? Dentists recommend it most frequently.



Ask your druggist today for Colgate's

MADE IN CANADA BY COLGATE & CO.
LIMITED—MONTREAL

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Half a Loaf

Continued from page 10

When my father died, I saw nothing to do but leave college and take up the burden. I carried it for twenty years. Yet if I had my life to live over again, I would do the same thing, just as you would, because we are both cursed with a relentless sense of duty. It is no credit to us—we can't help it. But see what it has done to us!"

"What are you going to do," asked Annie, "now that you are free?"

As soon as she had spoken, she regretted the question, lest she seem bold and inquisitive. Hugh answered her readily, however.

"I am going to do the thing I have longed to do all my life. I am going to marry and have my own home."

Annie's heart stood still.

"Does that seem foolish to you in a man of my age, Miss Annie?" he continued. "I'm forty-two, but I don't believe I've ever had a chance to become set in my ways. I wouldn't risk it with a young girl, of course, even supposing that such a one would have me. But don't you think I might make a success of it with a woman of my own age with whom I have a great deal in common?"

"Y—Yes, I—I do," Annie managed to stammer.

"You see," said Hugh, "like you, I've grown timid. I've passed the time of life when one plunges headlong and blindfolded into this sort of thing. I wanted to be sure, and I think I am now."

Annie waited almost without breathing for his next words. He seemed to have fallen into a reverie. What ought she to say to make him go on? Her muscles were tense and her throat felt dry. He came back to a consciousness of his surroundings with a start. He rose and smiled at her.

"Shall we go in?" he asked. "I'm afraid I've bored you talking so much about myself, but somehow I had a feeling that you would understand better than most people, because we have been through the same experiences. I would like to have you meet Mrs. Clement, the woman who has promised to marry me. I think you would like her. It is to be next month, and we will come back this way on our wedding trip."

Annie sat and looked at him. She opened her mouth and tried to speak but could not form the words. He seemed not to notice her silence.

"Now don't forget what I've said, Miss Annie. Try to be a little selfish from now on. You haven't told me what your ambitions are—I haven't given you a chance, I guess—but perhaps you will tell me some time. But anyway, begin working toward them now. It isn't too late, unless you think it is."

She found her voice.

"I'll remember," she said. "And—and I hope you'll be happy. You go in now. I think I'll set here a spell."

SHE was glad that he went back to the house at once before he noticed that her tears had begun to flow again. She wept, not in the tempestuous manner of youth, but silently, hopelessly. Suddenly a voice directly behind her startled her to her feet.

"Hugh's a right good talker, ain't he?"

She fond herself facing Lem.

"What are you doing here?" she cried.

"I was settin' here all the time," was the answer.

"You—you listened?"

"Sure. I was here first. You wasn't sayin' nothin' that I shouldn't hear. If you'd started spoonin', I'd have cleared my throat or somethin'."

Then he saw her tears.

"Why, Annie! Cryin'?"

She wheeled about and started for the house, but he caught her arm.

"Wait a minute, Annie. I ain't a-goin' to plague you. I want to say something to you."

"I don't want to hear it. Leave me go."

"Wait. You don't want to go in there cryin'. That's right, set down. Now here's what I want to say: I guess I hadn't ought to have listened just now, but to tell the truth, I got kind of interested in what Hugh was sayin', because it's what I been thinkin' myself. I tried to tell you tonight, and you thought I was plaguin' you and got mad.

I ain't got no gift for conversation, but what he said was what I meant. Everybody's got a right to their own life, Annie, and you ain't never had yours."

Annie was immediately on the defensive. What was Lem driving at? Her tears were drying on her cheeks.

"Well," she demanded sarcastically, "what do you both think I'd better do about it? How can a body live her own life without nothin' to live it on?"

"I'm comin' to that. Don't rush me. Now tonight I noticed you thought you was gettin' a little soft on Hugh—"

"I wasn't—"

"No, I know you wasn't. I said you thought you was. I figure you got more sense than to fall in love with a man you've only known a few hours, and one you wouldn't have no chance with, no way. Trouble with you, Annie, is that you're so dog-gone sick of your life that you're grabbin' at straws. God knows, I don't blame you for that. I don't see how you stand it. I'm better off than you, because at least they can't boss me around, but even so, it's gettin' the best o' me—the everlasting racket and all. All you want, Annie, is a little place o' your own with nobody to boss you, where you can have it quiet once in awhile and fix it up like you want it. Ain't that so?"

"Mind your own business—" she began.

"Now, Annie, I give you my word I'm talkin' serious. I've plagued you so much, it's no wonder you ain't got no use for me, but I'll tell you now, I'm sorry I done it. I seemed to take kind of a mean pleasure in it. Life played such a rotten joke on me, I guess I tried to take it out on you. Whenever I'd see you sorta shinin' up to some feller that didn't give you no encouragement, I just naturally had to poke a little fun at you, but I feel like I ought to tell you now that you could have been gettin' back at me all this time, if you'd only known it."

"What do you mean?"

"Ain't you ever thought o' me as a human bein', Annie? I've had my dreams too, but I've always knowed they couldn't ever be anything else—except the first one. You know I was figurin' on gettin' married when this—this thing happened to me. Well, she was purty and young and lively. She couldn't be tied up for life to no piece of a man like me, so she threw me over. You can't blame her. After that, the rest was—just dreams. I knew none of 'em would have me, but you can't stop a man from dreamin'. There was Effie Stover's sister Hattie—her that married John Parker—and the school teacher from Illinois—and Lizzie—"

"Lizzie!"

"Sure. Eight or nine years ago I was purty soft on Lizzie, but nobody ever knew it, so there's no harm done. So you see, if you'd-a been a little more observin', you could of took your own part better all these years."

"Lem, why are you tellin' me all this?"

"Because I want to get things evened up a little before I say what I started out to. Now this is my point: Here's you and me, two solitary critters that nobody gives a hang about. The cards were stacked on us. Up to date, we've drawn nothin' but blanks. Are we goin' on like this to the end, or ain't we?"

"As far as I can see, we are."

"Well, Annie, it's up to you whether we do or not. If you say the word, I'll build us a little place over on the east side o' the farm, and we'll get married and clear out."

"Lem, are you crazy?"

"No, I ain't crazy. It seems to me now that we was crazy not to think o' that long ago. There wouldn't be much romance to it, mebbe, but there'd be peace and contentment. You and me wasn't made for romance, anyway. Well, what do you say?"

"My land, Lem—You and me!"

"Sure. Why not? We know the worst and best about each other. We wouldn't be due for no surprises. We'd be a sight better off than we are now. You're a good cook and housekeeper, and I've got enough money to look after you if you

Continued on page 56



AILEEN PRINGLE (above)

Immensely proud of this beautiful negligee of real lace (once belonging to the Czarina Alexandra of Russia), which she wears in "Adam and Evil," Aileen Pringle personally supervises its washing—always in Lux.



DON JUAN (right)

Costumes of princely magnificence were used in this Warner Bros. picture, starring John Barrymore. They cost more than \$300,000—and their loveliness was guarded by safe cleansing with Lux.

IN EVERY GREAT MOTION PICTURE STUDIO costumes stay New-Looking *twice as long* through the use of Lux



BENNETT NATHAN

designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at work in his studio on a new fabric pattern. "A box of Lux seems like a small thing," says Joseph Raff, wardrobe supervisor, "but it stands for dollars upon dollars saved in the Metro-Goldwyn studios. We insist upon Lux and Lux only."

WITH millions of dollars invested in beautiful clothes for stars and players and "extras"—and yards upon yards of gorgeous materials for hangings and sets—

the movies face a fine fabrics problem every woman meets—but on a gigantic scale!

For these costumes must be kept brilliant and new-looking, in spite of long, hard wear. It often takes months to "shoot" a big picture. Costumes used in January may be needed again in July!

Often, too, there are priceless historic garments—irreplaceable—to be cared for.

When just one mistake might cost so much, motion picture studios dare not guess—they must know the

best way to care for their vast stock of clothes and fine fabrics.

And it has been found that the *one safe way* to cleanse all washable fabrics is with Lux!

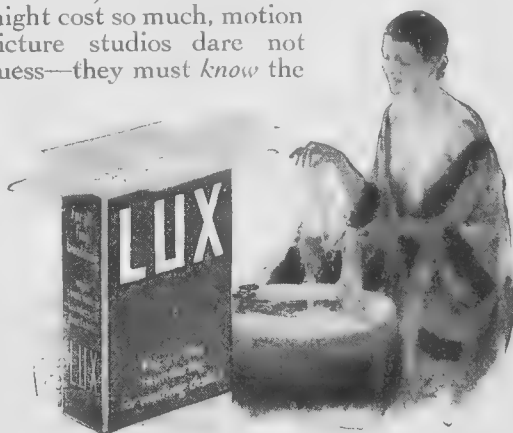
Through the use of Lux, the studios say, sheer, filmy materials and the more substantial and brilliant fabrics, too, stay beautifully lustrous and new-looking through repeated cleansings—*more than twice as long as when washed any other way!*

Because Lux has given more than *double* wear to costumes and draperies, the studio heads tell us, it is now saving more than a million dollars a year in wardrobe expenses in the great studios of Hollywood.

As Travis Banton, costume director for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, puts it:

"We no longer discard costumes which have lost their new look because of hard wear in production. We 'Lux them'—they come out looking as though they had never been washed—wear longer than I ever thought possible."

Now all the great motion picture studios—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Universal, Pathe-DeMille, Fox, First National, United Artists and Warner Bros.—*Use Lux in cleansing all washable fabrics—the same Lux in the same familiar blue boxes found in homes all over the country!*



8 out of every 10 families in cities from coast to coast—investigations show—save money with Lux—like the great studios, they find that magical, bland Lux suds double the wear of silks, chiffons, woollens and coloured cottons, too.

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THIS is the famous brush that made correct brushing possible.

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Cleans every crevice, angle and surface — inside, outside, between.

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Dr. West's Toothbrush

Tales of Pennant's Marten or "The Fisher"

One of the Most Profitable Fur-Bearers to Raise on Prairie Ranches

By Bonnycastle Dale



A three months old "Fisher"

NOW that Mr. Bert Branch, of Bathurst, New Brunswick, has proved that the Fisher is an animal that is easily raised in wild animal ranch work, and we know that the northern parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have this magnificent furbearer ranging widely, it is up to the trappers of this great region to chase, run down, and raise, or sell to the men on the southern parts of the prairies to raise, this remarkably profitable Fisher.

It is in order to tell you just how the first ones were caught. And I think, from what I know of the upper Prairie Provinces that just such a chase can be enacted there as successfully as here. Unless you use "catch-em-alive traps" or some padded trap that will not break the bones, or at least will not make a compound fracture, there is the one old way to get them—track them down. You see the very nature of this wandering handsome furbearer lends itself to this method. While he is called the Fisher, he really is Pennant's Marten, and the word Fisher has misled so many people. I cannot get a single witness to tell that he ever saw them fishing. They are huge looking animals, but it is the great coat of most lustrous fur that makes the size, for the male will go about twelve pounds, to fifteen in rare cases, and the females anywhere from four pounds in weight up.

Two New Brunswick trappers came upon the odd trail of the Fisher along the bank of a little stream along the "North Shore," the marks were coupled as in mink.

"Them's Fisher tracks," said the old man. They looked as if they had been made by two most enormous mink. The double row of tracks led along the bank of the stream northwards.

"Guess they weigh up to most twenty-five pounds, by the trail," said the younger man. He, like the rest of us, was misled by the size of the pads and the furrow made by the body. A good old guide in New Brunswick, Mr. Adam Moore, assures me that of all the Fisher he has taken none went above twelve pounds for the male and five for the female.

"Wonder how far they go," said the old trapper as he led the way back to the cabin where packsacks were hastily loaded and traps thrown in, and off the two men set.

Well might he wonder, for these two men had followed a couple of these mighty travellers for almost a week and then had to give up the search as the trail got lost in a wintry rain.

"It looks like a clear night—good for trackin'," said the son, as they later threaded their way along savannah and barren, past moose-yards where the monarchs of the herd and their several cows, and, in turn, their calves, made up a "yard," as these polygamous old animals (bulls) often winter with more than one cow and its progeny.

Until almost midnight the moon made tracking perfect and the big trail showed up so clearly that camp was not made until after midnight. It's a bit ghostly, this night-tracking. I know that my guides do it from a native sense of hunting. Silent woods, silvered under a full moon, great blotches of shadow black as ink—not a sign of life until suddenly an old stump suddenly takes to life and a great black-bodied moose disappears in the swamp. The sharp contrast between light and shadow, life and death here in the woods during the still hours of the night, is remarkable.

Next morning, with twenty miles laid down behind them, the two black figures of the men could have been seen plunging through the drifts, dodging in under the spruces, threading the pines, going ever nor'westward. All that day, scanning a glittering snow left from a search-

ing sun of this northern clime, the trappers kept on. Thirty miles, forty miles—and still the two widely wandering trails led onwards. That night, with fifty miles laid down behind them, the two men made a hasty lean-to and the crackling flames and the snapping sparks sailed straight upwards. No wind; promise of a fine day tomorrow. On the afternoon of this day the long-followed, arduously-sought trail suddenly ceased. After sixty miles of arduous toil the men had actually run this Gypsy of the fur-bearers down, for although the trail led into one end of a log it did not come out of the other.

They were all ready for such an interesting event, the traps were well wound with burlap strips and soon a couple lay at either end of the old rotted log. A quick in-thrust of a stick and out scrambled number one. "Click," and he was theirs. Within a few minutes the other Fisher was tumbling over and over in the snow at the end of the trap-chain. Most carefully, so that no bones would be broken, the two animals were smothered down in the snow and slid into the bags prepared for them three days' journey behind—and off towards home the two active men set out, carrying the animals slung over their backs. Not a bit of trouble did they have on that memorable journey, as the two Fisher seemed cowed and were content, after the first few wild struggles, and again when they were laid on the ground they tossed and rolled a bit, but it is remarkable, as so many men will tell you, that the wild things can be conveyed home so easily.

Now came the turn of the animal rancher. These two Fisher were sold to Mr. Bert Branch, and he built a common pen about four by four all ways, and the two animals, divided by partition as April came along, reproduced and a tiny kit lay on the straw, so tiny and so delicate looking that one might have been excused for mistaking it for a mouse. . . . Just a few weeks after that long overland carry the female was safely delivered. It was well to leave both male and female undisturbed as they are both bonny fighters and the youngster might have perished. We did see the big brown-backed mother but not the youngster. It was down in between her bear-like paws, grey, blind, mewling, just looking like a wee mouse, and we begged the owner to shut the door and leave them quiet. Forty-nine days that wee kit suckled. Then its black eyes were seen to be open. The great restless male in the next pen rushed about, tumbling all over at every disturbance.

Later we saw them all in the big new pen, 10x10, in a great wire-enclosed yard. The adults were dark brown on the backs, shaded to a rich golden brown on the belly, each with a magnificently furred long dark tail. They ran up and down the wire netting like two immense squirrels, grasping wood or net firmly with their stout claws, going up or down indiscriminately. He was three feet one inch long and nearly fifteen pounds by

appearance. The female was ten inches shorter.

The tracks made by these Fisher are long swift jumping bounds, and parallel tracks such as a great mink might make. We find many porcupines killed by these hard fighters and we find many quills in the hides of the trapped ones. Any animal that can get a meal of rich fat Porky off that bristling bunch of quills and those revolving clawed arms and feet and that flailing quill-clad tail certainly deserves it.

With all their cunning, these animals are readily trapped. Then they tear and rend everything within reach, but a number one and one-half trap will hold them. I do beg of you never to use poison while after marten. He can run a bit and

hide even while dying and you will lose a pelt worth a half to a hundred dollars, and deprive yourself of the chance of taking in a "catch-em-alive" trap a thing prospectively worth several hundred dollars, for good ones are worth a large sum as breeders to start new ranches with. If you get them in a long log, chop in and partition it off, as these active animals will tear out of it at the first glint of light. Why they do not tear out of carry-bags, even while bound, is beyond me, for you cannot tie up the mouth and have the poor thing suffer.

WE FIND that the Fisher does some of the "slide" work just as the otter does and only by the trail will you be able to tell which animal it was that made the slide. It is odd that they do this; I cannot get any trace of their fishing in the waters for fish; truly the "slide" is not always made to end in the creek, as is that of the Otter.

Three hundred and sixty-five dollars is the price I heard given for a pelt of Fisher in wartime, and I know of five hundred dollars being refused in one case for a living pair. I do think a man can get a thousand dollars for a good healthy couple of adults, a male and a female. The men were using the one and one-half trap, but it must be heavily chained. A jump trap, number three, well padded for live specimens, was recommended to me. I would most certainly use the merciful padded trap or invent or make a few catch-em-alive. Vancouver has one of these inventions, but the one that will come into great use must be lighter and must be collapsible, so here is a field for the inventor. Yes, no doubt some man has already invented it, but WHY does he not advertise it?

The sale price list give the Fisher at below a hundred dollars a pelt (\$86.00, 1926, Montreal), and they were worth but six shillings in 1783. In 1924 they were \$51, taken in New Brunswick, \$67 in 1925.

Remember, the Fisher wanders over so large a territory that it may not be numerous anywhere. But an animal that can catch some birds on the ground and take a squirrel in full flight, and can run equally well and equally rapidly up or down a tree, should be some wanderer. I think he is a main help in decimating the grouse, and the Varying hare must be but a goal-post to him. (Varying hare are coming back in N.B. and N.S., but I see the big ticks on their ears, in 1928). It is usually watery blisters in the stomachs which kills off the rabbits.

The two Fisher carried overland in bags are the parents of the six handsome animals we pictured in 1927 at Mr. Branch's ranch. The first-year pup is now a big healthy adult. His parents have borne in captivity three active, leaping, clawing little brown rascals which still suckled at three months old and when they weighed a pound each. Meat to them is the joy of life and they lap milk greedily, and are very fond of

Continued on page 68

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I didn't forget the Rapid Oats"**

Robin Hood Rapid Oats is the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake. It comes in a NON-PREMIUM package; also in a package marked CHINAWARE which contains a piece of high grade beautifully decorated china.

CHARLES bought the groceries for his mother on the way home from school. He has unpacked the box—and there's the Robin Hood Rapid Oats for tomorrow's breakfast. Most mothers include Rapid Oats in their grocery orders. They know that it is the "Standard of Excellence" in breakfast cereals.

Dealers who pride themselves on handling quality products are sure to carry Rapid Oats. They know women are smart. They know that a sure way to attract the better class of trade is to feature Rapid Oats.

The secret of Robin Hood Rapid Oats' superiority is its "PAN-DRIED" flavor. The "PAN-DRIED" process, developed from an old Scotch formula by the Robin Hood Mills and used exclusively by them, has revolutionized the making of porridge oats. It brings out the full flavor.

Robin Hood Rapid Oats and Robin Hood China are both so exceptionally high grade you find them in demand everywhere. In farm and city homes alike, Rapid Oats is served in porridge bowls that come in the popular Robin Hood "CHINAWARE" package. From Vancouver to Prince Edward Island, healthy children eat their breakfasts of this tempting cereal and rush off to school properly nourished.

Better Oats - Better China

Be sure to include Rapid Oats when you buy groceries—and get dainty "CHINAWARE" premiums in each package.

If you would have your family enjoy robust health, see that Robin Hood Rapid Oats appears regularly on your table. To know how really good it is, tell your dealer you want to try it NOW.

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Scotland's Tribute to Her Illustrious Dead

By the Editor

LET us gaze for a moment on the shrine commemorating Scotland's war dead. It is here in Auld Reekie, perched on the topmost pinnacle of Castle Rock, its walls, the old stone walls of the Castle Barracks, expanded and extended by portico and apse. The floor of polished granite is boldly marked by the highest coign of that bold rock on which Dunedin's Castle was originally built, a thousand years ago. In this intrusion of the native rock there is a resemblance to the Rock of Mount Moriah which protrudes through the floor of the Mosque of Omar on the site of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem. That rock was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. This rock is the threshing-floor on which the golden grain of Scottish valor was separated from the chaff of comfort, ease, and commonplace, in four years' winnowing by the winds of war. That rock was the scene of Abraham's binding of his only son Isaac upon the altar of sacrifice—this rock is the altar on which Scotland offered her first-born and her



Pelican in her Piety



The Tunnelers' Friends

next-born and the last-born through four years of bitter bloodshed abroad. That rock was the site of Solomon's Temple of Worship—this is Scotland's Temple of Memory.

On this rock has been erected a green altar-stone, typifying ever-verdant remembrance—a lamp perpetually lighted. Above it hangs the Archangel Michael with drawn sword at Satan's throat. On the stone stands a steel coffer and in that coffer repose the Rolls of Honor in which are inscribed one-hundred-thousand Scottish names. Every man mentioned therein gave his life for King and Country. The walls round about are covered with records of the Great War in splendid bronze, in rich stained-glass, and in carved letters on sandstone rock,—records that tell the story of outgoing troopships, of incoming wounded, of torpedoed merchantmen, of training-camps and trench-life and munition-making, gas, blimps, draught-horses, courageous collie dogs that carried war messages, the nurses, the women who kept the home fires burning, every man and every woman and every branch of service. All that the war touched in Scotland and everything of Scotland that touched the war is commemorated in picture by Sir Robert Lorimer's bronze friezes and Dr. Strachan's stained-glass.

Let us not quote figures. They are too stunning, too heart-breaking. The list of Scottish war dead is an appalling thing. There they stand those figures, eloquent

for all time, setting forth amid the regimental shields and service-badges the staggering facts of the war and not one word, not one numeral could be spared. The Scots Guards, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, The Cameronians, the Highland Light Infantry, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, The Royal Scots Greys, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, The Black Watch, The Seaforth Highlanders, The Rossire Buffs, The Gordon Highlanders, The Liverpool Scottish, The London Scottish, The South African Scottish—all Jock Tamsan's bairns! A great and a glorious story.

Canada is here, and Canada should be proud to be here. On the prairie, on the veldt, in the strand and by the Mersey, "the cubs" heard the pibroch and mingled their blood with the blood of their kith-and-kin for the World's weal. The inscriptions are particularly fine. Of the navy: "They Have No Other Grave But The Sea." And of the women: "In honor of all Scotswomen who amid the stress of

war sought by their labors, sympathy, and prayers to obtain for their country the blessing of peace."

The Book of the Dead. There they lie on their tables of stone, each below the carved inscription proclaiming the name and fame of its regiment or unit. Great folio volumes they are, in red leather with hundreds of pages and each page bearing hundreds of names, these names as closely-printed as a city directory. Each volume is in very truth a directory—of the City Beautiful, a place where only honor dwells and where all tears are wiped away. But the numbers in their mere appeal to the eye alone are absolutely stunning. One can scarcely take them in. Like unto those solemn lists in Revelations they are: Of the tribe of Judah so many thousands, of the tribe of Benjamin so many thousands. And so on.

There is a swift and touching recall to earth and to those who are left. The lower right-hand corner of each giant red book-cover is already book worn and



Carrier Pigeons

smooth with the loving hands of searching thousands, seeking eagerly for the crumb of comfort the war has left them—the sight of a beloved name on the Scroll of Honor.

More could be written of this work of Scottish piety and pride—but it is only in seeing it that its great beauty and solemnity can intimately be appreciated.

"Let us praise famous men,
and
Our father that begat us
Their name shall remain
forever
And their glory shall not be
blotted out."

It is in the spirit of these imperishable words from Ecclesiastes that we shall best understand all that the Scottish National War Memorial means. It is characteristic of the genius of Scotland and the master artist of this marvellous creation was one of her most distinguished sons Sir Robert Lorimer.

One of her poets has written:—

"They pass and smile, the
children of the Sword
No more the sword they
wield
And O' how deep the corn
Along the battlefield."

There the memorial stands the deliberate and abiding gesture of Scottish people throughout the world, a great act of reverence and of love that will hearten generations to come. It links intimately the immediate with the remote past—that gave to what is new the dignity of what older lacked.



Entrance to the Shrine



Sweeps every surface easier—from high-pile carpets to bare floors

HERE'S a magic improvement in the carpet sweeper. Our new-type "Hi-Lo" brush control multiplies the effect of the handle pressure many times, so that little or no bearing down is needed. You can now sweep the longer tufted rugs, or bare floors, with this new Bissell more easily than ever before. Just the slightest pressure is sufficient!

You really must see this new sweeper. Ask your leading hardware, furniture or department store for a demonstration. Models with the "Hi-Lo" feature cost no more than before—just the price of a few brooms. Illustrated booklet free on request. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada Ltd., Niagara Falls Ont. (Factory) and Grand Rapids, Mich.

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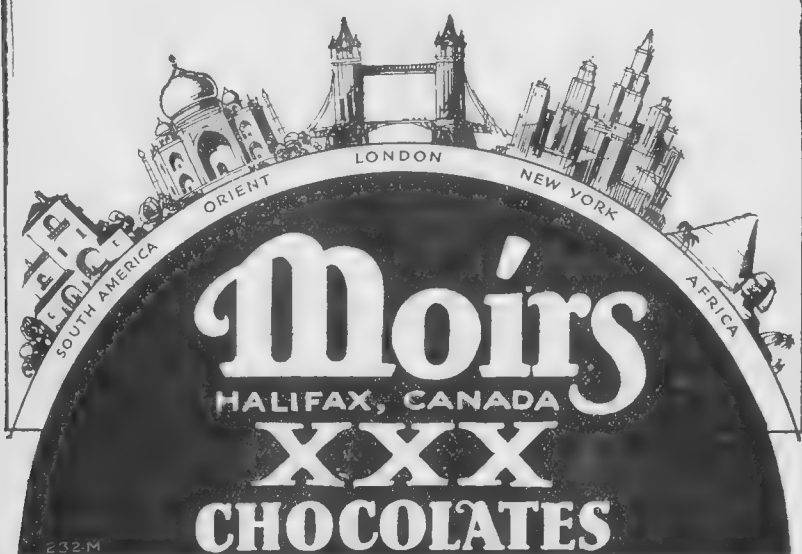
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QUALITY IN EVERY BOX

Shooting Sea Lions

Continued from page 9

though such adventures are the spice of sea-lion hunts.

Baker and Scott continued potting away at bobbing targets. Even an expert rifleman has to use all his skill to hit a swimming sea-lion just above the ear at a distance of thirty yards. The big brutes are possessed of amazing vitality and unless hit in that exact spot they can seldom be killed outright. But above the ear even a smart blow is fatal.

After a bit the rowers felt rested enough to swing their craft around and pull for the rocks. The water was now clear of frightened mammals and it was time to start the "mopping-up" process.

Already the men from the power launch had landed on the rookery and started on their mission of extermination.

Only the badly wounded and young remained on the rocks. For the adults death would come by way of the bullet, but the pups would be clubbed with a four-foot length of iron pipe that would bend under the strain before the end of the day.

"WE TRY to carry out these hunts in as humane a manner as possible," explains Captain A. M. Henderson, master of the Givenchy, who has been in charge of the expeditions. "We want to kill the sea-lions, but we have no desire to see them suffer. So I have issued strict orders that as soon as possible after Bill Maiden's machine gun has swept a rocky ledge the rifle men are to land and put the wounded out of their misery."

"Hunting sea-lions is incidental to our regular patrol duties on the halibut and salmon fishing grounds, and is limited to three weeks in May or June, though the actual slaughter may be confined to four or five days. It all depends on the weather."

"Every one of the twenty-four members of the crew of the Givenchy does his bit, and we usually manage to burn up the 4,000 rounds of ammunition issued by the government before our game gets wary and disappears from the rookeries."

"Though the sea-lion ranges all the way from Alaska to California, and may be seen almost anywhere along British Columbia's broken coast-line, the breeding grounds occupy a very limited area. A circle with a radius of sixty-five nautical miles would enclose all the groups of rocks to which these mammals repair during early summer."

"The more important rookeries, as the breeding places are known, lie at the points of a triangle. The apex is occupied by the Cape St. James rocks, at the southerly end of the Queen Charlotte Islands. A hundred miles to the southwest are the Cape Scott Islands, northwest end of Vancouver Island. Forty-five miles south-west are the Sea Otter rookeries, off Rivers Inlet, a very important salmon-canning district."

"In addition to these rookeries, the sea-lions have about twenty "hauling-out places" scattered along the coast-line. These are usually almost inaccessible rocks on which the sea-lions climb to rest and sleep. They are never used as breeding-grounds, and as the visits are short and intermittent, it is not feasible to hunt the mammals there, though it has been done by Indians in the past."

"The official sea-lion hunts have been confined to the rookeries at the base of the triangle, the Cape Scott Islands and the Sea Otter Rocks. The former extend nearly twenty miles in a westerly direction from Vancouver Island. Wide passages divide the groups of rocks, but heavy - tide - rips and overfalls roar through channels where soundings have never been taken and danger remains uncharted. Few boats pass through, and always at grave risk."

"Triangle Island, East Haycock, and West Haycock, are the three places most favored by sea-lions on the Cape Scott rookeries. Triangle Island is nearly 700 feet high and surrounded by rocks continually lashed by waves. The Haycocks are perhaps 80 feet high, with the tops covered by stunted trees. Rocks 40 feet high, with grass and low-lying shrubs above the wash of the sea, are in the immediate neighborhood. It is on

the rounded tops of these rocks that the sea-lions are found in the greatest numbers.

"The Sea Otter rookery consists of three groups of rocks, the Pearl, Watch, and Virgin Rocks. With the exception of Watch Rock, which lifts its bleak head 70 feet out of the water, most of the others are little more than low-lying reefs with jagged, flanglike projections that are smooth, slippery, and treacherous. The tricky shoals and swirling currents of the vicinity are shown on the maps as 'uncharted and dangerous.' It is a safe place for a small boat manned by an experienced crew in fine weather—but fine weather off Rivers Inlet is something of a rarity, and subject to sudden change without notice."

Such is the setting for the spectacular shooting of sea-lions.

"In the first sea-lion hunt, we killed only 245 of all ages, but we have done very much better in recent years," points out Captain Henderson. "We accounted for 1,685 adults and 1,169 pups in 1925, but we came across very few yearlings. That proves how effective our work must have been among the young ones in the previous years. It's no use hoping to exterminate the pest, but at this rate we should be able to get it under control within a reasonable time."

OBVIOUSLY, it is impossible to estimate the number of sea-lions that infest the coast of British Columbia. Some authorities place the figure as high as 50,000. Others, more modest, think 20,000 is nearer right. One guess is as good as another, but this much is certain: A census taken by fisheries officials a few years ago established that there were about 11,000 on the breeding grounds at one time.

A full-grown sea-lion in a school of salmon is every bit as destructive as a wolf in a flock of sheep. In the six or eight weeks of the sockeye salmon run, one active sea-lion will destroy at least 1,000 fish—and he keeps on killing for ten years!

The fisherman receives fifty cents for each sockeye salmon he brings to the cannery. Figuring on that basis, the sea-lion does \$500 worth of damage in two months, or \$5,000 in the course of his life.

The sea-lion kills salmon to satisfy his hunger, but he also kills for the sport of the thing. It is a common occurrence for fishermen to haul in their nets and find nearly all their catch mutilated and worthless, for the big mammal does not hesitate to plunge right into a net in pursuit of its prey. He may get entangled in the meshes, but easily rips and tears the stout twine with his sharp teeth, then breaks out by sheer weight.

When satiated with food, sea-lions amuse themselves by catching salmon and tossing them high in the air and catching the fish in their mouths as it falls. It is rather poetic justice that the sea-lions themselves, in spite of their immense bulk, are occasionally tossed in the air in this same manner by black fish, even to a height of 30 or 40 feet.

Whenever sea-lions discover the presence of black fish they scramble to safety on the rocks, bellowing with terror. Any doubt as to the truth of this was settled by the Newcombe Scientific Expedition in 1913.

The sea-lion looks very much like the fur seal, but is readily distinguished by the absence of tusks. Instead he is equipped with powerful canine teeth set in massive jaws, clearly showing him to belong to the flesh-eating order of the animal kingdom.

The average male is from 11 to 14 feet long, with a girth of 8 to 10 feet, and a weight of 1,000 to 1,300 pounds. The female weighs up to 500 pounds and has a length of 8 to 10 feet. In color they are a golden yellow tint, often mottled, and become paler with age. The coat is covered with two kinds of hair, some long, stright, stiff and flattened, and others short and fine. The adults have whiskers which give them a most ferocious appearance.

It is not unusual to meet with an old bull weighing a ton or more, and there

Continued on page 50

Front or Rear View...Style in Every Line

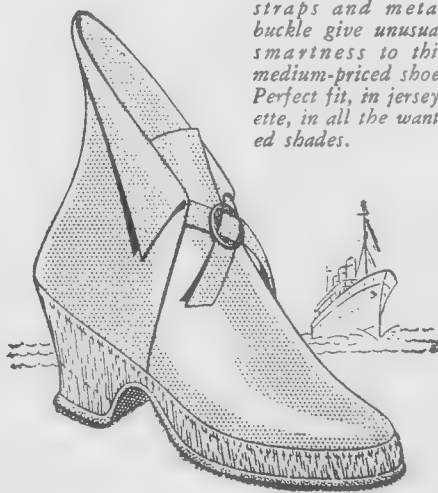


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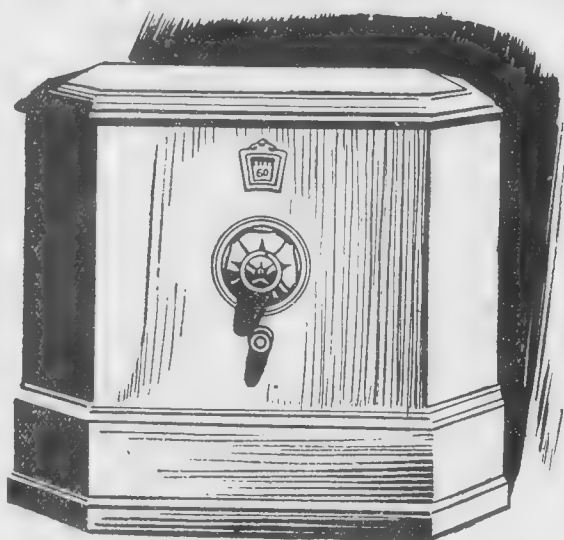
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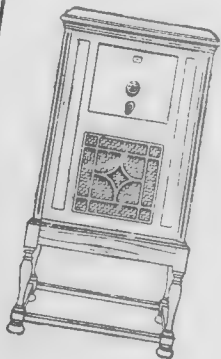
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SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY LIMITED
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Shooting Sea Lions

Continued from page 48

is an authenticated case of one measuring 12 feet in length and weighing 2,240 pounds. This big fellow was shot by an Alert Bay Indian, towed to a cannery by gasoline launch, and hauled out to the scales by twenty men to the tune of an old song used by the natives whenever they had made a good kill.

There is a curious mixture in the names of these sea-going animals. When young they are called pups. Then next summer they are yearlings, and after that cows, if females, and either bulls or bachelors, if males. The bachelors haul out by themselves during the breeding season, leaving the bulls, with their thirty cows and pups, on the more comfortable rocks. The leader of the herd will tolerate no outsiders within his harem.

The pups bleat like sheep for the first weeks of their existence. When alarmed the bulls roar like lions, while the cows yap like dogs, then seize their young with their teeth and jump with them into the sea. Sometimes they toss the pups off the rocks. No ill-effects follow, for sea-lions have very few bones and these are so soft they don't break easily.

SEA-LIONS have no commercial value at present. In recent years three expeditions were fitted out for elaborate hunts on the rookeries, but there are not likely to be any more. The first failed dismally; the second broke even; and the third made a few dollars by the sale of whiskers to Chinamen, who use them for toothpicks and in the manufacture of medicine.

Though the hides can be tanned into a serviceable leather, this is not good enough to command a market in the face of competition. Also, the cost of the hunt, coupled with the possibility of having to spend weeks on the breeding-grounds without making a worth-while catch, has thoroughly discouraged individual enterprise.

Before they became so completely dependent on the white man as they are today, the Coast Indians found many uses for the sea-lion. The meat and fat were used as food. The skins were cut into long strips and made into snares for black bear. Shorter pieces were used for fishing-lines. The stomachs, dried and cleaned, were turned into floats, and occasionally as containers for grease. One hundred and twenty gallons of oil could be stored in the stomach of an adult bull.

Today the Indian is more fastidious as regards food. He can buy cheap and better fishing equipment than he can manufacture in crude fashion, so his interest in the sea-lion has lapsed. He will shoot it if he can, but will not go out of his way to do so. Nor will he spend long hours clubbing pups on rugged rocks for the general good of the fishing community, though willing enough to do so if paid.

Only one tribe of Indians still find profit in the sea-lion. These astute aborigines obtain large quantities of teeth from the old bulls, and by cutting, grinding and filing, convert these into "genuine" elk's teeth. Through regular trade channels these teeth are sold to members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks who display them proudly on watch charms and fraternal pins, supremely confident that they are carrying around a molar from the mouth of a lordly elk!

For some time the government tried to induce Indians to kill sea-lions by offering a bounty of two dollars for the tip of every snout brought in as evidence. This seemed to work very well. One man, operating on the Haycocks rocks brought in 1,600 snout tips and collected \$3,200 for his season's work.

The bounty was suddenly withdrawn when it was discovered that the Indians were mutilating the pups without first killing them. When reproached for their brutality, they callously pointed out that more noses could be collected if they did not disturb the animals by clubbing them first.

It is evidence of the vitality of the sea-lion that many of the mutilated pups survived. They were seen in later years, as bachelors and cows, apparently enjoy-

ing life on the rookeries in spite of the handicap of shortened noses. The majority, however, must have starved to death before their mouths could heal, or fallen prey to sharks or octopi while weak and suffering from the brutality of the Indians.

One peculiarity of the sea-lion is that he buries his dead. This is possibly unique in the animal world. Certainly there is no other large creature that imitates man in the solemn office to the departed.

The Givenchy patrolmen were much puzzled after the first raid on the Sea Otter rookeries to discover that most of the dead bodies disappeared in a short time. With the exception of large bulls and cows that had dropped in hollows or were wedged between rocks, and so could not be moved, the scene of slaughter was swept clean during the hours of darkness.

Later they found out that the bulls and cows—presumably those that had escaped unhurt—returned to the rookery and "nosed" the bodies off the rocks and into deep water. What instinct prompted them to do this it is impossible to guess, but more may be learned later if the Givenchy searchlight can be turned on the sea-lions at work. For all we know, sea-lions may be as well organized on these burial parties as beavers are when building a dam.

One thing is certain: the sea-lion has a high degree of intelligence. There is one in the New York Aquarium that is unusually clever in begging for fish in excess of his regular allowance of forty pounds a day, while all vaudeville patrons are familiar with the "trained seal" who juggles balls and plays musical instruments. That "seal" is a California sea-lion, a rather smaller species than the British Columbian, but not much different otherwise. Artists who play opposite sea-lions in music halls "dumb acts" get to be very fond of their "partners." And no wonder! These mammals have real affection for human beings, as Captain Henderson has occasion to know.

"We had a pup as a pet on the Givenchy after the first hunt who rejoiced in the baptismal name of Grogan," he said. "His mother was one of the victims of the raid, and Grogan himself only escaped by standing on his hind flippers and solemnly begging for mercy when the executioner had his iron pipe swinging for the coup de grace.

"Grogan was two days old at the time. He was tossed into the lifeboat and taken to the cruiser where he thrived mightily and became a valued acquisition because of his comical tricks. He had his likes and dislikes among the men, his favorite being the boatswain, Jack Shepherd. Until he got so big that he had to be discouraged somewhat strenuously, Grogan loved to crawl up on Shepherd's lap and go to sleep. He was very fond of having his nose rubbed.

"One day, when we were at anchor off the coast of Vancouver Island, a number of sea-lions started to bark about half a mile from the ship. Grogan craned his neck to listen, then hopped onto a grating and dived overboard.

"There goes the last of Grogan," murmured his special friend, the boatswain.

"But no! In an hour Grogan was back, barking furiously to be taken back on board. The Givenchy was home to him.

"Our pet made many such visits to passing herds, always returning within the hour, as excited as a young dog who has been away on a frolic.

"It was a sad day for everybody on the Givenchy when little Grogan died suddenly. Yet perhaps it was just as well. His appetite was getting to be tremendous. And the men were so fond of him that they were beginning to dislike the idea of clubbing his little brothers and sisters, and the good work has to go on. With the demand for Canadian salmon steadily increasing, and the runs far smaller than they used to be, the country cannot afford to let this fine fish be wasted by uncounted thousands every year to provide food for sea-lions.

"We've got to keep on killing the hungry brutes!"



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"Ovaltine" is a perfectly balanced food. It contains all the fats, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts which are essential to health in scientifically correct proportions. The necessary vitamins are likewise present—also in correct ratio.

This delicious beverage makes every meal complete in nutritive value. It is not only easily and completely assimilated—even when the digestion is impaired—but it assists the digestion of several times its weight of ordinary food.

Consider the constituents from which "Ovaltine" is made. Ripe barley malt, creamy milk from England's richest pastures, eggs, and a cocoa flavouring. Milk is Nature's food *par excellence*. Eggs provide the only reliable source for supplying lecithin (organic phosphorous)—the essential requirement for building up brain and nerves.

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MATTHEW C. TOWERS
Studio: 50 Charlotte St., Winnipeg

The New Sun Room—Living Room

Continued from page 54

without quite the realism of the more costly ones, but with just as fine color and excellent appearance. The marbled effects are both good looking and practical. And a mosaic pattern with neutral ground and touches of bright color in broken tile effect, surprised me by being priced at the same figure. The marbled patterns in two colors are sometimes warmed by flecks and streaks of brighter colors, one lovely one combining deep ivory, grey black and dull rose, in truly marble-like effect.

The jaspé stripes give a plain floor covering that is particularly good if small rugs are to be scattered over it. You know the broken, irregular, well-blended lines of the jaspé stripe—how soft it is, just a blend of color that is relieved from the severely plain; it is practical, too, for like the stippled and marbled effects, it is not prone to show up each speck of soil. The jaspé linoleums are double milled, which gives them a very close texture, resulting in a particularly clean surface. Their price is usually around \$1.50 to \$2.00 the square yard.

When a floor such as one of the foregoing is used, small rugs here and there are effective. The rug of Oriental pattern is always a leader either imported or domestic, and its warm hues are usually just the thing in a room of this kind. If the modern trend is emphasized in your room, there are woven rugs in the modernistic design that will be just the thing. Indian druggets are interesting, and come in small and medium sizes, at from \$12.00 to \$40.00. The Nundah rugs, of fringed felt, hand embroidered in bold designs of flowers and bright plumaged birds, are modestly priced at from \$15.00 to \$17.00 for a rug 4 by 6 feet and around \$10.00 for smaller ones. Flowered rugs, boldly colorful or quite quaintly modest, will become some of these rooms and are being offered in charming designs by our Canadian manufacturers.

ASCENDING from the floor, so to speak, we come squarely up against the main contributions to a room's comfort. Let chairs be luxuriously cushioned, no matter what their type may be. Even the wicker and reed chairs we use so much in this sort of room, can have its spring-cushioned seat and back, too, if desired. At least a soft shoulder cushion should soften the back. Restful lines are essential, whether the chair be of the all-over upholstered type, the charming modified Cogswell shown in our illustration, or other designs showing more or less polished frame, or small

cushioned armchairs or those of reed, fibre or wicker. And of course there should be one or, if the room is large enough to permit, two, comfortable lounges of some kind, whether you choose the conventional chesterfield, sofa, day-enport, day-bed or just an elongated chair or two.

For the furniture they suit, slip-covers are particularly fitting in such a room, and never before was there such a breadth of choice in the fabrics from which to make them. The prime favorite at the moment, for the glorified sunroom, is a lined crash—natural ground with bright colorful patterning. Then you can, if you desire, get the same thing in a plain crash, with no color, at from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per yard, and \$2.00 to \$4.00 will buy the colorful linens. I saw stunning hand-blocked linens that had just arrived from England, at \$3.50 a yard, and less expensive cretonnes in linen finish that are guaranteed sunfast, from as low as \$1.50 a yard. Monks' cloth is very useful to combine with the colorful printed fabrics. It comes in the natural color, in various weaves from that of a coarse crash, to a weave fully a third of an inch in width.

If you would choose a silky fabric, there are slub repps, with the interesting coarse thread of uneven weaves and texture. Fifty inches wide, these may be had for \$3.50 up, and in cotton, for \$1.75 up. I saw, too, rayon silk in very attractive striped combinations, guaranteed sunfast, at only 63 cents a yard.

With all the interest that abounds in the irresistible printed fabrics, the plain wall is the wise choice, and nothing will give better service than the painted wall, if a high grade paint is used. Another good choice is the wallpaper, which with an effect of texture and a surface which may be readily cleaned—for, of course, in fine weather the windows of this room are always open.

Portable lamps with soft-colored shades, are indispensable, more especially where the walls are much cut into as in the room of many windows. It follows, too, that there is not much accommodation for pictures and the wall decorations. It will be noted how effectively a handsome wall-hanging is used in the room pictured.

Accessories will add the touch of individuality to this as to any room. I saw a very low tea-table, just knee-high, that I thought would fit into the rather informal atmosphere very well, and many versions of the fern stands and flower holders that will, of course, be included in any room that even hints at the sunroom's characteristics.

The Dawn is Breaking

By Earnest S. Woulds

The dawn is breaking
And e'en before the sense of slumber leaves
my eyes
The song of bird, has reached my ears and
bids me rise
To Greet the Sun.

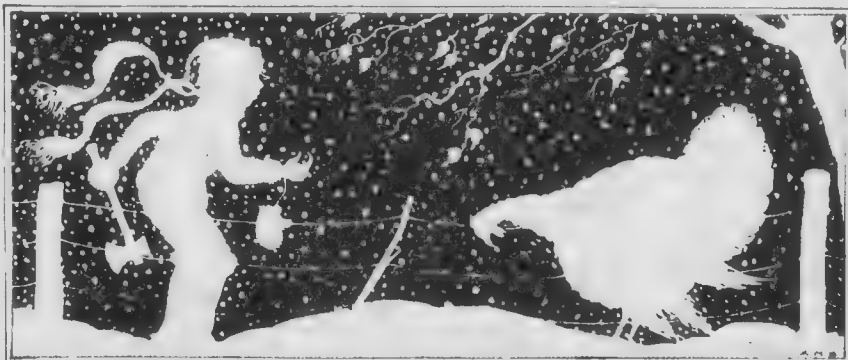
To Greet the Sun
Who, as he quells the darkness of the passing
night,
And fills the Heavens with His most
glorious light,
Heralds a New-born day.

A New-born day,
That brings me hope, and with each passing
hour of time,
Bids me go on, for still there are new realms
sublime.
For me to tread.

For me to tread,
No matter what the past has been that has
forever flown,
And now before me lies a way unseen,
untrod, unknown,
So I journey on.

I journey on,
Because I know that he who led me in past
days,
Will guide my footsteps o'er the many
diverse ways,
Until night falls.

Until night falls,
And when the evening shadows gather round
Peace will be mine, a holy calm abound,
Borne of my faith in God





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are enthusiastic over delicious dishes made
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The Canadian hostess has become famous for the versatility and charm of her hospitality. The finest ingredients in her cookery, and color and beauty in her serving are essential, and we are happy to know so many successful hostesses use Knox Sparkling Gelatine.



*Vanilla Bavaoise**

W

HEN smart New York dines at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel one of the favorites in demand is Eugene Thomann's "Bavaoise." This famous dessert, made by the renowned chef who has served New York's elite for twenty-seven years, is a dish of perfect consistency and delectability. It is made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, cream, sugar, eggs and vanilla.

Meanwhile—in Westmount—a leading hostess, well known for the exquisite dishes she serves, declares that Perfection Salad made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine never fails to delight her guests.

You, too, can make both this dessert and salad in your own home, easily—quickly—and inexpensively. As successfully as though they came from the hands of the experienced chef, or the supervision of the famous hostess whose cookeries delight the connoisseurs of the smart sets.

The Chef's Own Bavaoise

as made by Eugene Thomann, chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 4 tablespoonfuls sugar |
| 4 whole eggs | Few grains salt |
| | ½ pint cream |
| | 5 or 6 drops vanilla |

In a dish place eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla and beat over boiling water until hot; remove from fire and continue beating until cold. Soak gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five to ten minutes, dissolve in ¾ cup boiling water, and cool. Beat whipped cream into egg mixture, add dissolved gelatine and turn into wet molds. Set on ice until stiff and ready to serve. (This will serve six people generously.)

Note: Two eggs may be used instead of four, separating eggs and folding in the stiffly beaten whites just before turning into molds. This cream may be served with berries or any fresh or canned fruit, or with whipped cream. Caramel Bavaoise. Add 1/3 cup sugar caramelized to the egg and sugar mixture. Caramelize the sugar by putting it in a sauce-pan and stirring it over hot fire until maple color, add 1/3 cup hot water and cook to a syrup.

Perfection Salad

(6 servings)

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine | ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded |
| ¼ cup cold water | 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces |
| ¼ cup mild vinegar | 1 pimento, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green pepper |
| 1 tablespoonful lemon juice | |
| 1 cup boiling water | |
| ¼ cup sugar | |
| ½ teaspoon salt | |

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into wet mold, and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into molds lined with canned pimentos. (A delicious accompaniment to cold, sliced chicken or veal.)

Women are astonished to find with what ease, skill and little cost they can make bavarians, charlottes, fruited gelatines, aspics, and salads with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Bavaoise takes only 15 minutes to make. Perfection Salad takes 12 minutes. Both recipes serve 6 people generously. Each package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of like quantity. It really gives you your money's worth.

Combine Knox Sparkling Gelatine with meats, vegetables, fruit juices, and canned fruits! Every day you can have a mouth-watering surprise for your family. When you have guests you will be proud to serve such tempting dishes.

Mothers know the importance of serving children things they will enjoy and that are at the same time nourishing. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is especially beneficial for children.

Each package contains enough gelatine for four different salads or desserts of six servings each. Send today for your valuable new Knox recipe books (free). Address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Montreal, Quebec.

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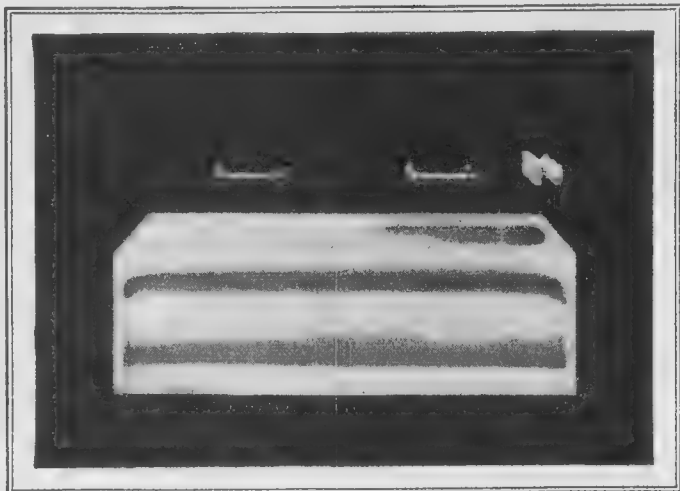
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To the Memory of a Great Tone-Poet

By John McTaggart

IF there is one European city which, more than any other, is inhabited by a gay, laughter-loving community, which houses citizens possessed by the veritable *joie de vivre*, it is that beautiful city which graces, as a queen, the banks of the Austrian Danube, and is called by some Vienna, but by her children and lovers Wien. For nigh upon a quarter of a millenium splendid music has resounded in the city's churches, opera-houses, and concert-rooms, and in that period, among those who called it "home" were five of the greatest masters of the art of music:—Joseph Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, Franz Schubert, and Johannes Brahms. It was only a few years ago that the grave closed over the remains of Brahms, but many decades have gone by since the other four left this earth to return to the Creator of the Universe that marvellous gift of musical expression with which He had endowed them for their life here.

Exactly ten of these decades have elapsed since the youngest of the four, Franz Schubert, was laid to his final rest, on 21st November, 1828.

Biographically, Schubert's story may be told in few words. Thirty-one years saw the tale complete. His father was of peasant stock, and was twice married, becoming the father of nineteen children. Franz, destined to immortalize the family name, was the thirteenth, and was born in Vienna on January 31st, 1797. His father was assistant to a brother who kept school, but later he improved his position by becoming schoolmaster of the parish of "The Twelve Holy Helpers," in the Lichtenthal, and Franz began his education at home. At eleven years of age he received an appointment as chorister in the Court Chapel, which carried with it the right to education in the Convict School of Vienna. This school, in addition to providing a sound education, maintained an orchestra of which the boy became a member and assistant conductor. Taught piano and violin at home by his father, and an elder brother Ferdinand (for whom Franz always cherished the greatest love and respect, and who in turn was devoted to the young musician), he was also a pupil of Michael Holzer, parish choirmaster, in these instruments, in singing, organ, and "thorough-bass." His musical ability on entering the Convict School attracted the attention of the examiners, Court Capellmeisters Salieri (famous theorist) and Eybler, and of Korner, who taught singing. It is to be feared that he increased his musical knowledge at the expense of his general education, excellent though the opportunity for the latter was.

After leaving the Convict he became assistant schoolmaster with his father, but the task was not congenial and he soon quitted it. Thereafter his simple life is largely a record of his compositions, and of a few warm friendships; the names of Joseph Spaun, fellow pupil at the Convict, Heinrich Vogl, the singer, the poet Mayrhofer, the Huttenbrenners, and Franz von Schober, as well as that of Holzer, deserve to be had in kindly remembrance, for their continuous and valuable assistance throughout the composer's life.

In 1822 Schubert, full of intense admiration for the great Beethoven, was introduced to that master by Diabelli, and presented to him his recently composed "Variations on a French Air," Op. 10. Overawed by the supreme personality of the man whom he had idolised from a distance, the bashful young composer found himself unable to write on the pad of paper which Beethoven (then completely deaf) used to hand to his visitors for their replies; and rushed out into the street, where, recovering himself, he thought of all he might have said—but the occasion had gone.

Towards the end of 1823 he also met Weber, with somewhat unfortunate result. The elder master, much tried by rehearsals or his opera "Euryanthe," was rather short in temper, and allowed himself some hot words in response to a critical remark

Continued on page 55

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To the Memory of a Great Lone Poet

Continued from page 54

of Schubert's. It is but fair to add, however, that in later years he took some pains to have one of Schubert's works performed at the Dresden theatre.

Schubert was incessant in composition, and there is record of one of his songs being pencilled on the back of a bill of fare of a restaurant at which he was dining with some of his friends. But the works of unknown composers do not probe very deeply into the pocket-books of publishers, and the young musician found it hard to live. It might almost be said that privation shortened his life. Certainly when in 1828 he fell ill, he was in no condition to combat disease, and a succeeding attack of typhus brought to an end the life of this brilliant genius, on Nov. 19th of that year.

He was buried in the cemetery of Währing (near Vienna), a few places from Beethoven. The inventory of his effects gives their value as 63 florins (say about 12 dollars)—the earnings of a genius!

A year later a monument was erected at the back of the grave, bearing an inscription by Grillparzer, which has become almost famous:—

MUSIC HAS HERE ENTOMBED A RICH TREASURE
BUT STILL FAIRER HOPES
FRANZ SCHUBERT LIES HERE
BORN 31ST JANUARY, 1797;
DIED 19TH NOVEMBER, 1828
31 YEARS OLD.

III

WHEN we meditate upon that contiguity, which was no association, of Beethoven and Schubert, there seems to be somewhat of pathos, of tragedy, for the younger of the two great composers. Here was Beethoven, the musical king of Vienna, welcomed in the highest social circles, mixing with the great of an aristocratic society, conscious of his worth as a man, and regarding himself as the equal of any of these acknowledged great ones; master of his own soul, interpreter in tone of marvellous visions; in whose ears was ringing the music of the universe; acquainted only slightly with his humble colleague in art, but acknowledging on his death bed, after closer acquaintance with Schubert's work, that the young man had a spark of the divine fire. There was Schubert, born, like Beethoven, of humble parents, unable to rise from his lowly social surroundings; hearing like Beethoven, the melody of the spheres, but often too poor to buy music-paper on which to set down his thoughts; writing down, as occasion served, inspirations which in many cases he never heard performed; hoping for a day to come when he could perfect himself in the technicalities of his art by further study (a day which never came), and meanwhile transcribing those sounds according to his knowledge, and bequeathing in those transcriptions works which the whole musical world is never tired of hearing, so beautiful and inspiring are they. Contrasted in social environment, in artistic position they are colleagues, both channels through which immortal melodies and harmonies, ravishing tone-color, were communicated to their fellows.

In his two master-symphonies, those in C major, and B minor (the latter consisting of two exquisite movements only instead of the usual three or four, and for that reason known as the "Unfinished" symphony), Schubert showed himself worthy to be a companion of the composer of the Immortal Nine; but while in his pianoforte music there are numberless rich and delightful passages, they lack, as a whole, the significance, the brilliance, the profundity, and the transcendent power of the elder man; nor are they so closely wrought, so technically masterly, since Schubert's musical education was far inferior to Beethoven's.

But in his songs, those darlings of his genius, Schubert was far beyond his fellow-citizen. The fount of lovely melody, from which he seemed able to draw at any moment upon the slightest suggestion (and some of the suggestions seem indeed slight today), is a never-ending source of delight to song lovers, and he was so prodigal in this respect that he seems sometimes to have cared little how the accompaniments enhanced their charm. Yet in the greater songs the

Continued on page 56

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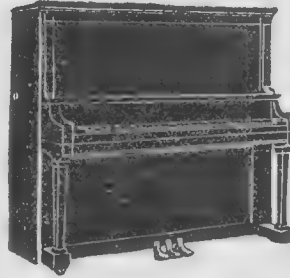
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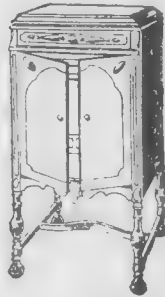


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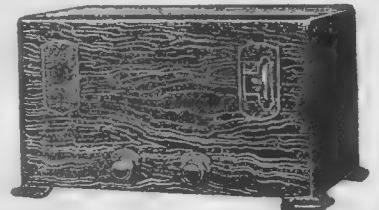
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To the Memory of a Great Tone Poet

Continued from page 55

melodically expressive setting given to the words is aided and intensified immeasurably by the rhythm, the harmony, the color of the pianoforte part. Despite the fact that there is an occasional false verbal accent, an incomplete agreement of musical and verbal phrase, his true genius shines in the galaxy of over 600 songs which he wrote during his short life; and songs like *Erlkönig*, *Der Wanderer*, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, *Der Doppelgänger*, *Du bist die Ruh'*, *Ave Maria*, *Ständchen* (both the well-known Serenade and the setting of Hark, Hark, the lark!), *Auf dem Wasser*, and the quaint *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, *Der Leiermann*, with a hundred others, will surely be coexistent with singing.

IV

Our space is almost exhausted, and this attempt at the impossible, this endeavour to remark the salient points of Schubert's life and work must conclude.

In addition to the two symphonies already mentioned he wrote seven others, none reaching the standard of the two great ones, but containing some interesting music, and showing, as was to be expected, a gradual progress in independence from his earlier following of the styles of his predecessors, to his own maturity. His early practical acquaintance with the orchestra accounts for the charm of much of the scoring, but these earlier symphonies are almost entirely neglected now.

Of Chamber Music he wrote examples, quintets, quartets, and trios, for both strings alone and with piano, grateful to play, charming to the ear, and like all his music showing that rich, romantic imagination of almost feminine quality which is his characteristic. The smaller pianoforte works—*Impromptus*, *Moments Musicaux*, *Valses*, etc. are graceful and full of beautiful ideas, favorites of every pianist.

He wrote a considerable amount of Choral music for various groupings of voices, a cantata "The Song of Miriam," a setting of the 23rd Psalm, an Oratorio "Lazarus," of which only part survives, and many church compositions, of which his Mass in E flat is the high point and one of the finest in existence.

His musical fecundity, his exhaustless imagination, his romanticism, all combine to make him a unique figure among composers, and it is well indeed that we should at this date remember the young man whose life was so great a struggle against circumstances; but who, nevertheless, has left to the world such a treasure of beauty in sound as we find in the work of FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Half a Loaf

Continued from page 42

don't develop no extravagant tastes. I reckon we wouldn't fight much if I didn't plague you no more. How does the idea strike you?"

She voiced a last weak protest.

"Lizzie needs me."

"Well, you won't be so far away from Lizzie but what she can still work you considerable. The only difference will be that you'll have a place where you can run away from it once in awhile, and ketch your breath."

A faraway look crept into Annie's eyes. She was seeing visions again.

"I'd like to have the kitchen all white," she said, "with blue and white curtains, and flower pots in the winders. Would you like that, Lem?"

"Sure, Annie, sure. Anything you say. There's just one thing I always thought I'd like to have if I ever had a house o' my own, and that's a big fireplace in the settin'-room, where a feller could set and smoke his pipe and see pictures in the flames."

They smiled at each other with a deep friendliness and understanding. Then Lem chuckled.

"I was just thinkin', Annie, that I suppose I ought to kiss you, but I'll be darned if I wouldn't feel like a fool doin' it."

"Me too," she said. "Let's just—shake hands."

When they came back to the house, Hugh was standing on the porch.

"It's such a wonderful night, I hate to go in," he said.

"Ain't it, though?" said Annie. "Just look at that moon. I dunno but I think autumn's a nicer time o' the year than spring."



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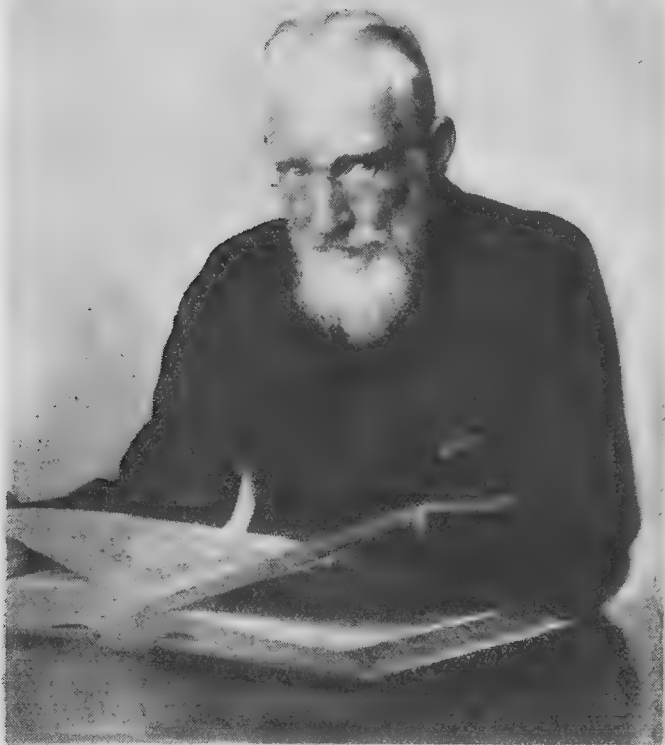
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By Brook Abbott

"ARE there any intelligent women in Canada?"

Like George Bernard Shaw, whose plays he is interpreting to Canadian audiences, Maurice Colborne thinks there are. The fate of a play depends largely upon the interest and intelligence of the women of the country and it is, therefore, no small compliment to them that he has brought to Canada a touring company which will play nothing but Shaw plays.

Shaw is a clever depicter of women and throughout his dramatic works there appear feminine characters of importance and significance. It is also notable that Shaw's greatest play (some say, indeed, the greatest play of modern times and the greatest religious play of all times) is that built upon the personality and experiences of a woman—St. Joan.

"I felt personally called upon by Joan to do her dramatic justice," says Mr. Shaw, and adds with characteristically Shavian candor: "And I don't think I botched the job."

Since his lanky, red-headed youth, this curious Irishman has been sorting and sifting the emotions and characteristics of women, living and dead. It has been a detached, scientific mind with which he has gone about his intellectual dissection of the feminine personality. Shaw is not emotional, in his private life or in his writing. His detachment has made him one of the cleanest of living men, spiritually, physically and mentally. By his concentration Shaw has made himself a finely-adjusted instrument upon which he records his impressions and from which he broadcasts those unconventional and witty discourses upon the affairs of mankind which have made him one of the most interesting writers and personalities of the age.

With this remarkable mental and spiritual equipment, with fifty years of thought and preparation, and with his genius for the written word, Shaw has, at the end of his three score years and ten, achieved his two great triumphs, his play, St. Joan, and on its heels "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism."

That this book with its repelling title, its closely-packed pages, devoid of illustration, its frank intention of preaching socialism, should instantly achieve and keep a place in the list of "best sellers," is only one of the astonishing phases of

Shaw's even more astonishing career. Shaw paid womankind the compliment of turning out a book, which though witty and amusing, is passionately in earnest, and addressing it to them without one solitary feature intended to catch the eye or tickle the fancy by the usual catch-penny devices. It is to the Intelligent Woman he addresses himself. In fact, according to Mr. Colbourne, though we on this side of the water have fallen into the way of speaking of this book as "The Guide," or "Shaw's Guide," Mr. Shaw himself invariably calls it *The Intelligent Woman*.

Even the jacket of this book is puzzling and strange. Laughingly Mr. Shaw pointed it out to Mr. Colbourne. "Some people," he said, "think that is the Intelligent Woman, but it's really only the artist's wife."

Shaw says somewhere that long ago he discovered that in order to catch the ear of the public he had to play the part of a "privileged lunatic, with the license of a jester." He toiled for many years in his youth without recognition of the faintest kind. In nine years of unrelenting toil he earned exactly thirty dollars by his pen. But when he had caught the trick of saying serious things with levity, people began to listen to him. Now it is of Shaw's wit that we think first, of his passionate seriousness last. So while to some it may appear that it is one of Shaw's jests to address himself on political economy to women, yet in truth he is doing it with desperate seriousness, though he serves up his feast with the sauce of humor.

In the Carrier edition of the *Intelligent Woman*, Shaw, with the audacity of the traditional jester, adds a preface, in which he considers whether or not there are intelligent women in America. He decides there must be, because—well, he has very good reasons indeed for his conclusions.

For six years Shaw has been at work on this book which, he says, is his last one, his "last will and testament to humanity."

MAURICE COLBOURNE, the clever young Canadian-by-adoption, has had the good fortune to win not only the approval of Mr. Shaw to his plan for bringing Shaw plays to Canada, but also the interest and friendship of the author.

Continued on page 71



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The greatest of nerve restoratives

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Continued from page 16

meat and potatoes in stew form, with generous slices of bread, two kinds of pie, and tea. There was plenty of laughing, chaffing and gossip and afterwards everyone moved outside and had a smoke around a sociable fire made of burning straw before turning in for the night. Romance still clings to threshing although customs are changing and modern machinery is removing many characteristics of the old-time thresher crew. In the good old days each outfit had its engineer and separator man as well as the fireman, the latter a very important contribution to "the gang." He was the first to rise in the morning, to clean out the flues of the steam engine and get up steam. That was three o'clock, bright and early. Those were the days when high-powered steam tractors and large separators, 30 to 36 inches, were in the ascendancy.

REGINALD was almost too weary to sleep, or thought he was. Every muscle in his body ached and his hands in the darkness felt as though swollen to double their size. They throbbed and burned, and even to move his fingers was painful. But the demands of nature were too strong and before he knew it he was fast asleep and snoring loudly. The last thing he remembered was seeing the full moon rise over the eastern rim of the prairie like a great yellow plate.

That matter of sore hands was a daily experience for a while but in time Reginald got used to it. Not so another newcomer named Bill. After half a day with a pitchfork Bill wore large and very painful blisters between his fingers and thumb and had to quit.

"Is your friend sick?" the boss asked of one Alf, also an ex-miner.

"I'm sick?" snorted Alf. "Why, 'e's as 'ealthy as a rich uncle!"

"I thought you fellows handled picks in the mines."

"Not us. We trundled, we did."

"But you two just came over from the Bar-J. What were you doing with that outfit and why did you quit?" the boss pursued, curiously.

"I'll tell you. We were drivin' a bally team, that's wot we were a-doing. Bill left because 'e 'ates 'orses and I quit because they 'ad pie for breakfast every blinkin' morning." Alf spoke with a degree of righteous indignation.

So the kindly boss switched the sufferer to another task pro tem. Bill of the blistered mitts was assigned to driving the flivver to and from the house with the gasoline, the mid-day snacks, and sundries. The boss thought he might as well do this and said that "any fool" could drive a Ford—that you drove it mostly with your feet anyway. In brief, no special intelligence was required. The Englishman's tribulations with that car will long remain a conversational tit-bit in the neighborhood. To begin with, he had never touched the wheel of a machine before in his life, and secondly he had but the vaguest possible knowledge of mechanics. But he hopped right into Lizzie without a qualm. It may be that it was the calm of desperation, and that, fearful of getting fired or being put to tending equines he had simply chosen the lesser evil. We will never really know. One had to hand it to Bill on the score of his courage. The machine was one of the earlier kind that Uncle Henry had probably made himself. One of the boys had chalked on its rear the warning legend: "This can't go on forever," but Bill must have overlooked it. He commenced to steam around in a wide circle, with the boss and crew watching him in fascinated interest and now and then calling out advice. The thing began to smoke violently and then suddenly went dead. Bill ran the battery out trying to start it again.

"Throw out the clutch," shouted the boss.

"Wot?" cried Bill, anxiously.

"I said 'throw out the clutch,' you dumb-bell!"

Bill gave a flustered glance around in the vicinity of his feet and called back petulantly: "I 'aven't got the blarsted thing—it ain't 'ere!"

On the return trip from the house—they finally got the flivver going—dis-

Continued on page 59

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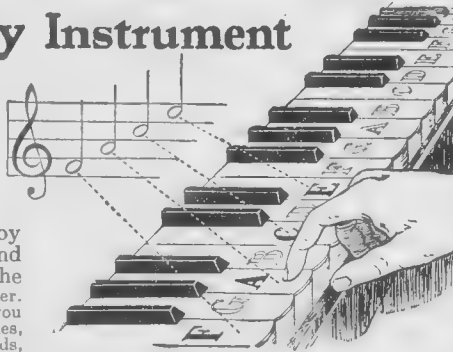
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Harvesting Experiences in the West

Continued from page 57

ter again overtook him. The car skidded in the soft gravel of the new road and, as one spectator put it: "The whole works rolled into the ditch." They were picking up dishes all over the road.

"I knew that bird would never live to see home and England," pronounced the boss. "Carry him gently, boys."

But when they went to find him, lo, he was sitting amongst the lush grass of a dried slough, smiling ruefully and rubbing his aches and very much alive. He had jumped just in time.

"Never say die. Wot ho!" he murmured cheerfully.

THERE was another Englishman in the crew. His name was Razor—at all events that was what he was called. Not because of any sharpness of feature or tongue, but because he had been a barber. That, however, was before the war. Razor said he only wished that all that ailed HIS hands was blisters. And, speaking of hands, just take a look at his—shaking like those of an old man of eighty. Went to France, he did, and got shell-shocked, and that was the end of his barber business. After he'd cut a couple dozen customers it was "good-night sweetheart." So at the age of 38 he'd decided to "Give Canada a try," and here he was. Eh? Oh, no, nothing to complain about. The only thing was, he didn't know whether his wife in England would be able to stand these eight-months' winters they talked about. Should he send for her now or wait? He supposed that he'd probably toss a quarter one of these days to decide the question.

Then there was the nervous Scotsman who spent his first night on a shakedown in the granary with several others. The straw stack hadn't been sufficient to accommodate them all. The first floor of the granary was clean and dry but Sandy was too weary to drop off right away and he lay there listening to the snores of his companions which rose and fell around him like undertones in an unvil chorus. Then suddenly from overhead—a stealthy sound! Like a cautious footstep. Sandy knew it was a mere three-foot loft up there, a place used for storing corn, for that very day he had been sent up to fetch a sack. But it was just the place for a hideout. And what was that about the Mounted Police being on a scour for a man—a fellow who had murdered his employer and skipped out? Sandy had been a book-keeper back home and the thought of that luscious reward appealed to him. Bookkeepers in Aberdeen are not burdened with overmuch pay. Another foot-

step! Then slowly the feet began to descend the narrow stairs with gentle thump—thump—thump. Just a step at a time. Sandy's heart skipped two beats and he began to feel a prickly sensation crawling up his spine. He sat up.

"Ye'll no' get oot o' here wi'oot ye explain yersel', my mon!" he said to himself, and reached for his pants where his matches were.

It was the spirit of Culloden and Ban-nockburn speaking through the medium of an anaemic little Aberdonian clerk.

Thump. The fellow had now apparently reached the floor and paused. Was it man or ghost, though? For all his fright Sandy had retained enough presence of mind to sense something very peculiar about those footsteps. They seemed scarcely human. His heart continued to do flip-flops but he valiantly struck a match and as it flared shielded the flame and peered sharply in the direction of the granary stairs. It hadn't occurred to him to rouse his companions and he was very glad for this now. For all that was revealed in the light of that momentary flare was—a fat, saucy little gopher tugging a huge ear of yellow corn across the floor! The wee animal had evidently dragged it step-by-step down-stairs.

Sandy rolled over in his blankets again and recalled with a sense of relief that the threshing machine was due to move on to the Big Coulee Ranch next day, where the crew would have regular bunk-houses. He patted a large bulge under his shirt. For there he had cached his last two weeks' pay of forty-eight good Canadian dollars. At the Big Coulee he was to receive six dollars a day. Sandy couldn't understand these discontented harvesters. He would have told you that he, for instance, was "gey satisfied," for here he was after only six weeks' experience on the prairies drawing down man-sized pay and sought after by all the bosses. Fairly pushing it on him, they were. Oh, aye, he'd done his bit at valeting horses and he'd got bunches of advice thrown at him. He had made mistakes, and been kidded unmercifully, but what would you? We all have to learn and the great thing is to preserve a sense of humor. Sandy was no grouser nor agitator. He knew when he was well off. There would be no strikes for him, no treks back to the 'Peg, no letters of complaint in the daily papers. HE was here to stay.

And again he felt the wad under his shirt and drew a sigh of complete content. The very thought of that money soothed him to slumber like a mother's caress.

Robust Fare

"THE WAYWARD MAN," by St. John Ervine, is an excellent story. After reading two of Martin Armstrong's introspective, atmospheric, sex-complex treatises, artistic though they be, it was a great relief to find myself among people engrossed with such prosaic matters as household necessities, with toys at Christmastime. There is something about "The Wayward Man" that startles one; it seems almost to belong to another generation. The author, were he to read this remark, which in nine cases out of ten he would not, might resent it, but if he did it would be because I have expressed myself badly. I am trying to pay "The Wayward Man" a compliment. It is every bit as clever as the very modern novel, but it is so much more wholesome. Mr. St. John Ervine has a story to tell, not a psychological analysis to make. Not that his book lacks psychological interest; it does not. It is a fine portrayal that he has given us of the wayward man, Robert, or Darkie, as he was affectionately called. He was wayward from the cradle. His mother, a dominant woman with almost a Hebraic matriarchal strain in her, did her best to subdue Darkie's waywardness, but all she achieved was to help him to make a fearful mess of his life. Delightful reading are the chapters devoted to the descriptions of the shops in Pottinger's Road, of Mrs. Dunwoody's shop in particular. Thrilling to read of Robert's childish imaginings, of the gradual settling and hardening of his emotional

nature. How brilliantly Mr. St. John Ervine has portrayed the entire Dunwoody family. We really live with them. We feel that we know the self-effacing, unimaginative, hard-working, honest Alec, and the impulsive, headstrong Matty, the rather colorless Margaret, the tempestuous Darkie, and the strong-willed mother, Mrs. Dunwoody. We leave the shops for several years, because we are bound to follow Darkie in his life as a sailor. What robust scenes there are now. The third section of this novel, which seems to fall into three well-defined movements, was to me the most interesting, because we have now left boxing rings and storms at sea and brutality and drunkenness, and we are confronted with the most interesting of all human spectacles—the reaction of one temperament upon another. Brenda succeeds in marrying Darkie; she had made up her mind, as we all knew, from the time she was a young girl, and with this marriage the death-knell of Darkie's individuality and freedom is tolled. What happens to him I am not going to say. You will thoroughly enjoy reading this story. And what a magnificent book for the British Film Company to seize upon! All the elements of a most fascinating film story: the life in the small shops in small terraces on the outskirts of Belfast, a most breathless circus scene, the runaway boy, the life at sea, the boxing-ring—cannot you see it all? What a relief this picture would be from the everlasting sex-triangle of the American producers.



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WHAT is wrong with the mining market? This is a question on the lips of the investors and no answer yet propounded seems to satisfy him nor has any proposition been advanced which seems likely to lift the market out of its present slough. Prices have been tumbling and keep persistently low. Paper profits of a year ago have been turned into real losses necessitating the putting up of actual money. Many reasons have been assigned, one in particular attributing the present state of the market to the unwillingness of the banks to advance any money for speculation of this kind. This argument is met by the assertion of bankers that all money now available is needed for the financing of the western crop.

This answer may be true but we believe that there is a further reason for their refusal which has not yet been disclosed. We are of the opinion that the banks in so refusing to advance money have taken cognizance of two very important facts:

1. That there is a tremendous future in store for Canada in its mineral development. The tremendous success of Ontario in this respect readily affords a basis for this conclusion and a consideration of the wealth derived in Canada from mining in the past ten years would indubitably confirm this belief. Although the banks admit the truth of this statement, yet, in accordance with their usual cautious manner they have not overlooked the second fact;

2. Canada in the past has suffered from over-development based upon an insecure foundation. Undue speculation rocked the structure and caused it to topple over and brought financial ruin to its victims. Western Canada has had many such experiences, particularly in land speculation and today to many the term "land boom" is anathema. This has always been the experience of every young country. We are not alone in this respect, but now that Canada has grown to lusty young manhood it is time for us to put away the toy bricks of childhood and to build a defence which will stand the stress and storm of financial conditions.

With this object in view and remembering past conditions we believe that the bankers judiciously set out to nip in the bud the possibility of an over-inflated market without a substantial foundation. Obviously speculation cannot be carried on without funds and the banks thus control the situation. There has been considerable criticism of this act but it is fundamentally sound even though it may have caused hardship in certain directions. The public have not yet been fully educated in mining matters. Let us repeat once again, there is nothing intrinsically wrong in the mining world. Canada has done well in this respect and there is a great future still open, but the lesson to be taught and learned is that mines are not made overnight. Mining is an expensive and arduous game. Were it not for the fact that a successful mine represents the expenditure of money and toil there could be no inducement to enter into it, but for every successful mine there are literally hundreds of claims and prospects on which much has been spent and from which nothing will be returned. Apropos of this subject a striking article has appeared in the "Northern Miner," part of which reads as follows:

"ACTION—there is an insistent demand for it in these times. Thoughtful consideration is at a discount, reflecting impatience. Immediate affluence from a shoe-string fund is the popular ticket. The speculative tone is staccato. Quick, if unconsidered answer represents satisfaction temporarily. Even volunteered advice, if decisive, pleases. Buy this—sell that."

Now, mining is emphatically not horse racing. It does not hide a chance to gamble behind a transparent legal fallacy. It is not "trying to improve the horse." Actually it is an important basic industry. It is reputable established business and has been since the Phoenicians exploited the tin of Cornwall and before that. It

requires financing on a big scale. Participation therein calls for ordinary business sense; it is emphatically not an opportunity to take one's hunches out for exercise.

The rewards in mining are big. They are widely distributed. Those who make the profits are, in the great majority of cases, people who have studied with varying degrees of care the issues they have bought. Some of these people have exceptional opportunities for direct observation and study. Others depend entirely upon reliable sources of information. They read carefully what is printed of new ventures and established properties. They note what is said and what is left unsaid. Particularly they note who is responsible for the statements made. Silence upon essential points about a mining property has its significance to them.

It is not necessary to moralize about speculation as such. Unquestionably it has its useful function. It is quite feasible to differentiate between speculating and gambling. Anyone who looks upon mining information as a race track habitue regards his form sheet is headed for trouble. A working knowledge of the dividend record and the treasury position is a decided help but it often times will not save a speculator or investor from a loss. The current conditions are important. They represent the battlefield upon which the struggle between profit and loss is being waged. The war correspondent who is privileged to observe the action and to interpret the significance of the movement of these forces can and does present the correct picture.

It is entirely up to the individual speculator or investor. If he is willing to accept the urgent invitation of the unqualified to "Buy This and Sell That"—to exercise his bank roll but not his judgment—he is running the chance of losing both.

OF LATE there has been a considerable reduction in the price of paper stocks and the question is now being asked if the industry is not over developed. This is a serious question in as much as it effects one of the leading industries of Canada. It is true that paper stocks are low in price but this, in our opinion, does not presage anything radically wrong in the industry. It is further apparent that there has been an over-development, but this is always the case in what may be well termed a comparatively new business. The weaklings are being shaken out, the prices are being regulated to meet the cost of production and an endeavor is being made to restrict the output in such a way that the demand will be adequately but not over supplied.

It is not our function to advocate the merits of any particular corporation selling bonds or stocks, but we cannot refrain from quoting in extenso an advertisement which was recently issued by one of the leading investment companies on this very subject of paper stocks:

"Hundreds and hundreds of years ago nature planted in Canada a vast treasure, the full value of which has only just recently been realized. And with that treasure she gave the means whereby it could be converted to the use of Man. Canada's Pulp and Paper Industry—an industry in which she leads the world—is built upon solid foundations. It rests on the world's second largest timber acreage and an almost unlimited supply of water power. Her production of newsprint last year totalled well over two million tons, an increase of over half a million tons over her production in 1925 and over one million one hundred thousand tons over 1920. Nearly five hundred million dollars are invested in this premier industry in Canada, which finds employment for over twenty-eight thousand workers. The demand for newsprint is constantly increasing, but if Canada is to maintain her leadership in newsprint production, she must husband her timber resources by the most effective methods of conservation and reforestation."

LEGAL INFORMATION

This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A LANDLORD leased certain premises as a dwelling house to a tenant on a monthly basis with the proviso that the landlord was to make all reasonable repairs. In accordance with his undertaking he repaired the back porch of the house, but one of the corner posts of the porch had got out of place at its base and the landlord straightened it up by inserting underneath it a piece of cement which he found lying in the yard. By so placing the cement under the post he broke certain rusty nails which had fastened this upright support to the floor of the porch. The widowed mother of the tenant, who lived with him, came upon the porch which, under her weight, fell down and she was seriously injured. The landlord was sued and endeavored to set up the defence that he was under no legal obligation to anybody except the tenant and therefore could not be held liable to the tenant's mother, but the Court of Appeal of British Columbia held in the majority that the landlord, in making the repairs, had created a concealed danger which entrapped the widow who, having the right to be there, was ignorant of the danger. The possibility of so endangering the individuals using the porch ought to have been known to the landlord, but it was not known to the widow nor did the landlord in any way advise her of such a possibility. The widow was therefore entitled to damages.

A QUESTION of some importance to insurance companies in the matter of adjustments had been recently decided by the Court of Alberta. A fire took place at Fort Smith situated on the Mackenzie River approximately 300 miles from Fort McMurray, the nearest Railway Station. The nearest officer of insurance adjusters, regularly acting as such for insurance companies, resided at Edmonton. In order to adjust the fire loss at Fort Smith the adjuster was required to travel to Fort McMurray by train and thence to Fort Smith, a distance of 300 miles, by steamer which left Fort McMurray weekly during the summer. Ordinarily insurance companies do not charge the insured for adjustment of loss but it appears that in this particular case it was understood and agreed that in the event of loss to the property, that the travelling expenses and adjusting fees of one adjuster for all companies from Edmonton to Fort Smith and return should be borne by the insured. The question at issue was whether this clause entitled the Company to deduct the adjuster's fee and expenses while the adjuster was at Fort Smith or only while he was travelling to and returning therefrom. The Court held that the clause was plain and unambiguous and meant that the proper and reasonable fees of the adjuster to be borne by the insured included the adjuster's proper charges for the time that he was necessarily in Fort Smith and was not limited to the period while he was travelling to and returning therefrom.

A SASKATCHEWAN Appellate Court recently gave a very interesting judgment in connection with the liability of the owner of land where cattle strayed upon his unfenced land. It appears that certain cattle belonging to "A" running at large strayed upon land belonging to "B" and while there ate a quantity of poisonous material and died as a result thereof. "B's" land was not fenced and while the cattle were on it, they ate a quantity of poisonous mixture containing, among other things, arsenic which had been originally obtained for use in poisoning grasshoppers. The poison was obtained from the Municipality in which "B" lived. "B" used four out of eight bags which he had so obtained. He kept the four bags on a small strip of land which was fenced, this fence protecting a row of trees near his building. At the latter

part of the year he moved the four bags to a point very close to a stack of wheat straw which had been threshed in the fall of the same year. The evidence showed that he covered the bags of poison with straw taken from the stack to the depth of three feet and surrounded the bags with straw to the depth of three or four feet. The evidence further showed that until the middle of March of the following year "B" was in the vicinity of the stack frequently and he swore that on the last occasion when he was there, the straw over the poison was in good condition and that at no time was he aware that any cattle were straying upon his land. The trial Judge held that "B", in covering the poison as he did, took reasonable precautions and that the only duty which he owed towards "A" was that owing to a trespasser namely: that he did not wilfully injure the cattle while on his premises.

However it was pointed out that under the Stray Animals Act the cattle were legally running at large, the intention of the Act being that cattle might be lawfully at large, not only upon the highway but also upon unfenced land. This being so, the cattle could not be regarded as trespassers and "B" was under a higher duty of care towards them in respect of his conduct. It was further held that "B" must be taken to have been aware of the fact that the cattle could be lawfully at large at that time and that it was very likely that some of them might stray upon his unfenced land, for he knew that it was a common practice for people residing in his vicinity to have a number of cattle. There was therefore a duty upon him not to leave anything on his land of a substance dangerous to and readily accessible to stock and which was not usual in farming operations or ordinarily incidental to the user of his land. That having bags of grasshopper poison in the month of April covered with straw and located so near the wheat straw could not be said to be an incident ordinarily connected with farming operations and as "B" did not take reasonable measures to protect the cattle lawfully straying upon his land from obtaining access to the poison, he was therefore held liable to "A" for his loss.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Sask.

Q. If an aged man dies leaving a widow and no children (both parties having been married before) and his will made several years ago leaving her an allowance in cash in the bank, will she inherit the farm or will it be divided among relations by executors, when he dies. He has two daughters and twelve grandchildren.

2. Man is not capable of doing business now owing to a stroke in 1923. Could he have another will made now?—A Subscriber.

A. You do not state in your question if the will was made prior to the second marriage of the husband. If it were made before that date, it would have no effect because a subsequent marriage of a testator revokes all wills made by him previous to marriage. If however, the will is made after the marriage it governs the disposition of the husband's estate. Under the Dower Act a widow is entitled to one third of the husband's total estate and if the amount bequeathed to her under the will is less than this proportion, she can disregard the will and make an application to the Court to obtain her full share. It also follows that if the will is invalid as stated above she is entitled under the Devolution of Estates Act to one third, the remaining two thirds going to the children.

We gather from your remarks that the husband is still of sound mind though unable to engage actively in business. Disability of this nature does not debar a

Continued on page 70



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GOOD taste is better than fine clothes. It carries one further toward success. There is no royal road to good dressing. It is a task that demands patience, observation, judgment, and careful consideration.

It is as bad to be dowdy as to be conspicuous.

It is unwise to be too far ahead of the fashion as too far behind it.

It is wiser to choose clothes for the season than for extended service.

The well-dressed woman is one who permits no imperfect part to mar a perfect whole.

There is wisdom in completing the purchase of one costume rather than buying odds and ends that must be put together in a haphazard manner.

It is foolish to buy bargains because one can save money. The value in a bargain lies in its value to the person. Often it is a piece of extravagance.

The wrong hat with a good gown ruins the gown. A wrong pair of shoes with a good wrap lowers the value of the wrap. A cheap, ill-fitting blouse with a high-priced tailored suit brings the suit to its level.

If one must save money it is wiser to buy good street clothes and economize on evening clothes; it is better to pay a high price for walking shoes than dancing slippers; it is more economical to buy one expensive pair of gloves than three shoddy pairs. It is more extravagant to buy four pairs of worthless stockings than two pairs of sturdy ones.

Keep sport shoes for sport clothes. Do not wear either through carelessness in city streets or to the office. Fine silk stockings do not go with heavy shoes. Elaborate jeweled buckles on satin slippers are not fit for the pavement.

Do not go shopping in a costume that serves for a restaurant dinner or an afternoon reception. Fit the clothes to the hour and the occasion. That phrase is the gospel of dress.

Do not wear heavy, mannish gloves with fine frocks or spoil evening gowns with coats of mannish worsted.

To be brazenly conspicuous in one's appearance is to show a shallow mind, poor judgment, or a low social standard. Perfection and simplicity is the combination to be desired.

She who has a masculine appearance may wear tailored clothes if she softens their effect beneath and above the face. She must accept femininity.

Only a coquettish face can carry a picture hat. Frills and furbelows, ribbons and bows must be avoided by women who are stout, who are florid, who are of big Nordic structure.

It is well for all women to dress for each day's activities in a manner that will not compel explanations and excuses. No one wants to hear why a poor costume was assembled, and few believe that the wearer knows better.

It is the way of laziness and self-deception to place the responsibility for ungracious and inadequate clothes on the pursuit of self-styled "higher occupations."

A women's clothes should be as well ordered and as carefully chosen and worn as the food and cleanliness of her household. One is as important as the other.

Each woman must be the sole judge as to the distribution of the clothes budget. Her environment and established activities should govern the choice of clothes. Money must go into things most needed.

One must be guided in the buying of clothes by whether one rides or walks, uses the street car, commutes into town, or goes about in a limousine. The method of transportation has become a vital influence in the selection of seasonal raiment.

Clothes must suit the climate in which a woman lives. Fur coats are useless in sub-tropical countries. Heavy worsted is unbearable when the thermometer demands crepes and linens.

Small incomes should not be expended on clothes of eccentric cut and vivid color, unless the wearer is disposed to discard the old for the new in quick succession.

It is not necessary to choose black as a uniform when money is scarce, unless it brings out the best there is in the wearer's coloring. Sallow faces and wrinkles find a bitter enemy in black.

It is unwise to hoard clothes for special occasions. Fashion changes and alteration is costly and often unsuccessful.

It takes artistry and good temper to be a beneficiary of the clothing of rich friends and arrange it to suit one's type and personality, also one's activities. Rich women should give their clothes to those who resemble them and give them away while they retain some connection with prevailing fashion.

To the critical, no good woman can shine above bad clothes.

The French insist that she is an unwise woman who buys clothes either above or below her social condition and environment.

Buying clothes without knowledge of one's type is a waste of energy and coin. Study well thyself before establishing a creed of clothes. A triple mirror is the first aid to a student. The belief that only vanity impels one to consult the mirror belongs to the ignorant. In clothes, as in food, a woman should be certain of what suits her.

Lack of proper conceit ends in poor clothes, foolish investment of money and incessant irritation. It is the secret desire of every woman to be well dressed, no matter what she tries to make herself and others believe.

Admiration of others' clothes should not impel one to buy duplicates unless the two figures are alike. A short, stout woman cannot carry the gown of a tall, willow-like woman. The girl with the child-like face cannot appear well in the frock of a Viking woman.

The slim, the eel-like, the healthy types can take liberties in clothes barred to the vigorous and the stalwart women. Pale faces can depend on cosmetics to give whatever coloring the costumes demand. There is not enough of the thin, short woman to be made grotesque by eccentric accessories.

Women with white or grey hair should not wear red. Certain shades of purple are good. Black hats are best. Gray is too neutral as a rule, although it contrasts well with brilliant color in the cheeks, and vivid eyes.

Those who have vivid facial coloring should seek to subdue it. Clothes that enhance it are unwise. Deep brown, deep blue, black and white are excellent colors for clothes. Chinese blue, silver gray, sapphire blue, soften facial coloring under artificial light.

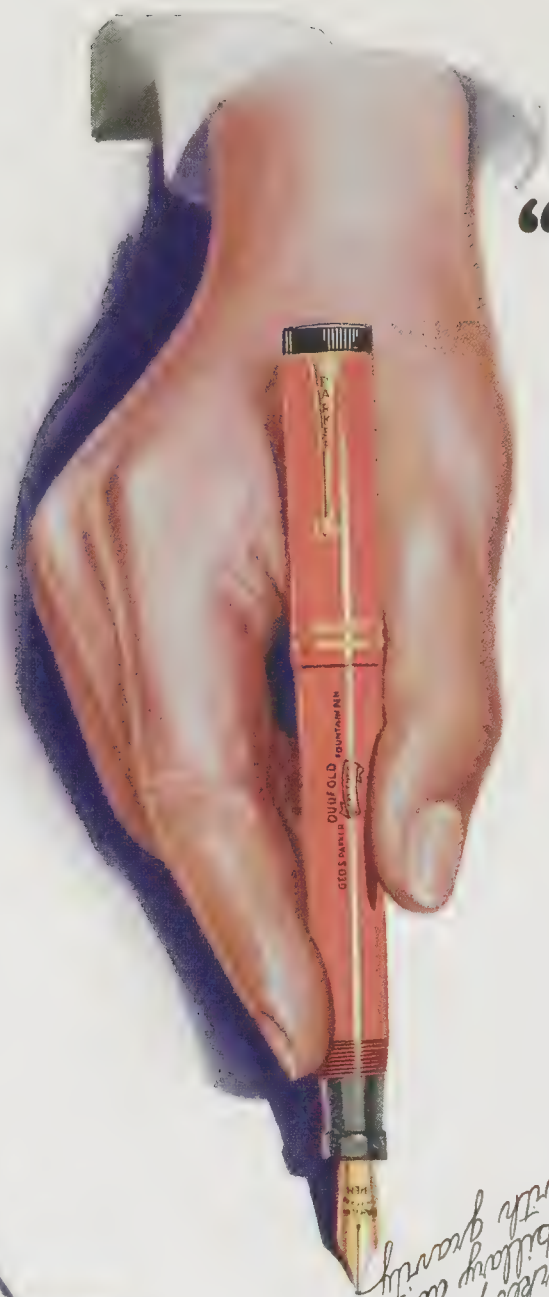
Pale, fragile women should choose flowered fabrics if the face is not wrinkled and the facial coloring anaemic.

Tall vigorous women should not wear much jewelry or floating frivolities such as veils, earrings, drooping feathers, conspicuous sashes. Broad embroidered or jeweled girdles should not be placed around large hips.

Unwilling Pedestrian

"Are you really content to spend your life walking the country begging?" asked the old lady severely.

"No, lady, I ain't," answered the hobo. "Many's the time I wished I had a car." —Pathfinder.



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Write for booklet "Regaining Health" which describes many interesting ways of eating Yeast. The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 11-C, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



THE COOL WEATHER HOT SUPPER

A SUPPER which will not be a dinner of meat and potatoes seems to be a problem to many housekeepers. Dinner at night is not advisable for the children. Yet so many hundreds of them in our Western provinces are obliged to eat a cold lunch at school at noon. Special care must be taken in planning their breakfasts and suppers, that their daily meals contain the right foods. Far too many of them do not have enough vegetables. For this reason it is well to plan one vegetable in some form, for supper, in addition to potatoes, if they are used. At supper time, is an excellent opportunity to have the rather substantial desserts, of which the men are fond, but which are not so desirable at the end of a hearty dinner. Too often is the supper dessert cake and preserved or canned fruits. Why not follow a simple first course of soup with generous helpings of steamed pudding with good sauce, for the older members of the family?

With a good fire on in the cook stove all day, many foods which require long slow cooking, may be put in the oven, in the steamer, the double boiler, or a big pot if one is lucky enough to possess it. There are so many delicious foods, many of them rather old-fashioned, which we forget all about for long periods of time. It is a good plan to have a little note-book, or a card system, where such things may be jotted down when one happens to remember them.

In the recipe books under "Entrees," etc. are many delicious things which will be just as good for main dishes. Many of them are made of left-overs. They are often spoken of as "made dishes" because they are so often combinations of two or more things, as distinct from a roast or a steak or a dish of mashed potatoes, or baked beans.

There is such an infinite variety of soups, cereal dishes, vegetable dishes, meat combinations to choose from.

Vegetable Soup

If well made, what can be better for supper, than plenty of vegetable soup. It is not at all necessary to have meat stock for it. It cannot be prepared as quickly as some other foods, but the preparing of the vegetables can be done while sitting down, and a large enough amount can be made to re-heat for one or two extra meals.

Use all the vegetables available, except beets, which fade out and give the soup a peculiar pinky-gray color, not very appetizing. Cut them in cubes or small slices. In the pot, melt a lump of butter, or perfectly fresh beef drippings, the amount depending on the amount of soup to be made. In it brown such vegetables as onion, carrot, parsnip, cabbage, taking care not to scorch them. Potato cubes are not browned. Then add hot water and cook. Most vegetables will take an hour or longer. Potatoes and canned vegetables less. They may be added when the others are partly cooked. A little rice may also be added. Some people like a little barley, too. If wished a tiny bit of thickening may be used. A little milk, or cream, sweet, or better still, sour cream, may be added when ready to serve. Salt should be added when about half done. Celery salt is excellent as a seasoning. The more vegetables one has to put in, the better. A few spoonfuls that are left over from another meal are useful.

Cream of Cabbage Soup

Cabbage, 1 lb.
Boiling water, 1 qt.
Hot milk, 1 qt.
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt and pepper

Chop the cabbage till real fine, and boil in the water till soft. Add the other ingredients, using a little more water or milk, if the water boils away too much in cooking.

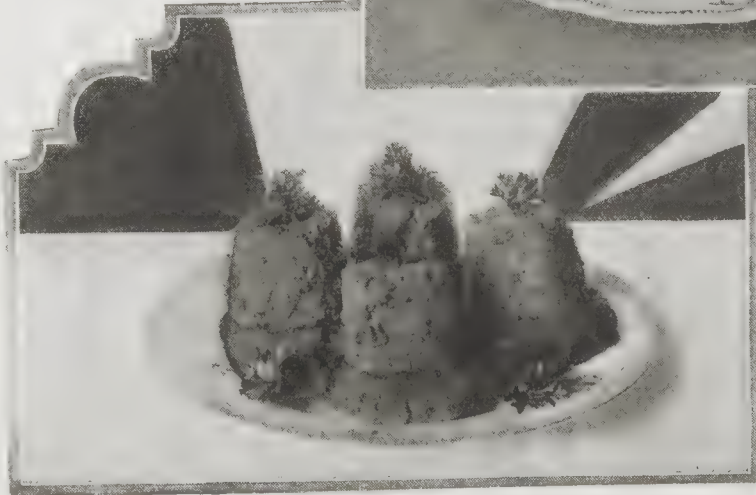
Cream of Pea Soup

Canned peas, 1 can
Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Cold water, 1 qt.
Milk, 1 qt.
Onion, 2 slices
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Flour, 4 tb.
Salt and pepper



A decorative
centre piece
for the
Thanksgiving
Table

Fish cake
with pepper
ornaments



Appetizing meat cakes

Add the sugar and water to the peas, and simmer till very soft, using the liquid in the peas, also. Rub through a sieve, or potato ricer. To it add the flour and butter, then the milk which has been scalded with the onion (which is then removed from the milk). Season and serve very hot.

Split Pea Soup

Split dried peas, 1 c.
Onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ or more

Water, 1 qt.
Hot milk, 2 c.
Ham or corned beef stock, 2 c.
Butter, 2 tb.
Flour, 2 tb.
Salt and pepper
Pick over the split peas and let soak in cold water over night. Drain, and simmer with the water, stock from boiled ham or corned beef and onion, till the peas are very soft (three or four hours). Rub through a sieve, thicken with the flour and butter, bring to the boiling point, and add the hot milk and seasonings.

Bean Soup

The recipe for split pea soup may be used, substituting beans for the peas.

Baked Bean Soup

Baked beans, 2 c.
Cold water, 5 c.
Sliced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Chopped celery
Tomato, 1 c.
Butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb.
Salt and pepper
Cook the beans, water, and onion together for half an hour, also the celery if it is available. (If not, add celery salt later.) Rub through a sieve, add the tomato, strained if one wishes, thicken with the butter and flour, and season.

Corn Chowder

Diced potatoes, 2 c.
Salt pork, 1 slice
Corn, 1 c.
Flour, 1 tb.
Onion, 1 small
Butter, 2 tb.
Boiling water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt and pepper
Hot milk, 2 c.

Cut the pork in cubes and fry till light brown and crisp. Add the onion and cook till yellow. Put the pork cubes, onion, potato and boiling water in a kettle and cook till the potatoes are tender. Stir the flour in the fat which fried out of the pork, add to the other ingredients, with the corn and seasonings, and hot milk, and cook in the double boiler about 15 minutes. A larger proportion of corn may be used.

Pea Meal Soup

Bacon, 2 slices
Pea meal, 4 tb.
Onion, $\frac{1}{2}$
Milk, 1 pt.
Salt and pepper.

Water, 1 pt.
Cut the bacon in cubes and cook till done, add the sliced onion and cook till yellow. Add the water, or preferably, water in which vegetable of some kind has been cooked, and cook 20 minutes, after adding the pea meal smoothed in a little cold water. Add the hot milk and seasonings.

Barley Soup

Soup bone with a little meat
Cold water, about 2 qts.
Carrot diced, 1 c.
Turnip if wished, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Barley, 4 tb.
Cabbage shredded, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt and pepper
Onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Put the soup bones in the pot with cold water, and bring slowly to the boil. Add the barley which has been washed and cook 3 or 4 hours. An hour before serving time, add the cubes of vegetables, season, and cook slowly till done.

Peanut Butter Soup

Peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Stock or water, 2 c.
Thin white sauce, 2 c.
Salt and pepper
Cook the celery, chopped, in the water or stock with the chopped onion, or use celery salt for seasoning. Make a white sauce of 2 c. milk, 2 tb. flour, 2 tb.



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9½ lbs. gained in 5 weeks

These photos were supplied by the Medical Superintendent of one of the principal London Infirmaries. The first photo was taken on February 3rd. The child then weighed 20 lbs. 9 ozs. The second photo was taken March 9th, five weeks later, when the child weighed 30 lbs. 2 ozs. Not being able to take ordinary food, he was fed on Virol with milk, and upon this diet he made a complete recovery.

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Continued from page 65

butter, and the peanut butter, subbing the flour, butter and peanut butter together. Combine the two mixtures, and season.

Scalloped Barley and Tomatoes

Cooked barley, 2 c. Onion, small, 1
Fat, 2 tb. Tomato, 1 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Salt and pepper

The fat may be butter, bacon fat or drippings. Melt the fat, and cook the chopped onion in it till yellow, stir in the flour then the tomato, which may be strained or not as one wishes. Cook till thick. Put alternate layers of the cooked barley and the tomato sauce in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Meat Cakes

Cooked cereal, 2 c. Salt and pepper
Cooked chopped meat, 1 c.
Milk or stock to moisten
Chopped onion, 1 tb.

The cooked cereal may be rice, or cream of wheat or grits. Gravy, soup stock or milk may be used to moisten the mixture sufficiently to form it into cakes. Place in a pan, brush over with melted fat and brown in the oven.

Rice with Peas

Rice, 1 c. Onion small, 1
Butter, 2 tb. Grated cheese
Peas, 1 can

Melt the butter, cook the chopped onion in it till soft and yellow. Add the washed rice, and stir over the fire till all the butter is absorbed, then add water and salt, and finish cooking, using as little water as possible, without having the rice too dry. Heat a can of peas, drain, saving the juice for soup or gravy, and mix with the rice carefully with a fork, without mashing either the peas or the rice, sprinkle with grated cheese and serve hot.

Spaghetti Italian

Beef, minced, ½ lb. Parsley, chopped
Salt pork, 2 slices Tomatoes, 2 c.
Onion, 1 Cooked spaghetti
Salt, pepper

Chop the salt pork, and fry out in a kettle or frying pan. Cook the finely chopped onion in it, and the chopped parsley if it is used, then the ground meat. When the meat is well browned, add the tomatoes and simmer till thickened. If necessary add a little flour, if the sauce seems to need it. Season. When ready to serve, mix with it cooked spaghetti, macaroni or rice, lifting with a fork to mix. Heat if necessary.

Noodles with Ham

Ham, a thick slice Butter or fat, 2 tb.
Chopped carrot, ¼ c. Tomato, 1 c.
Cooked noodles or spaghetti
Chopped celery, ¼ c.

Cut the ham in very small cubes. Put the ham, fat, carrots and celery in the frying pan and when browned, add the tomato, and cook till done. Pour over cooked noodles or spaghetti, and serve hot.

Beef and Macaroni Stew

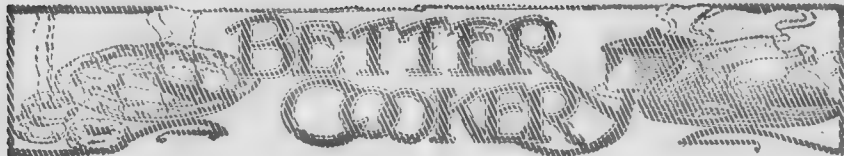
Beef, 1½ lb. Onion, 2
Cooked macaroni Salt and pepper
Water or stock, 1 c.
Dripping or butter, 4 tb.

Cut the beef in pieces about an inch square. Chop the onions and cook in the fat, then add the meat and brown, after rolling each piece in flour to which a little salt and pepper have been added. Add the water or stock and simmer till tender, adding more if there is danger of the liquid boiling away. Pile cooked macaroni around the outside of a large platter, and pour the stew in the middle of it.

Shirred Eggs and Spaghetti

Cooked spaghetti White sauce
Eggs Grated cheese
Mix together the spaghetti and white sauce and put in individual dishes or in one rather flat buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and carefully break the required number of eggs on top. Sprinkle with salt and paprika, and set in the oven till the eggs are cooked. There should be a generous proportion of

Continued on page 67



Continued from page 66

white sauce. If a heartier dish is wished, it may be garnished with strips of bacon.

Spaghetti with Fish

Canned fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Cream sauce, 3 c.
Cooked spaghetti, 2 c. Salt and paprika

Make a thin white sauce, mix with it a half pound can of tuna or salmon, the cooked spaghetti, sprinkle with paprika, and reheat in the oven in a bake dish, or on top of the stove in a double boiler.

Corn Meal Meat Loaf

Corn meal, 1 c. Boiling water, 2 c.
Cold water, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Cooked chopped meat

Mix the corn meal and cold water to a paste, pour into the salted boiling water in the double boiler. Cook 2 hours or longer. Add left-over cooked meat, cut in very small pieces, or put through the meat chopper. Mix well and pour into a square bread pan, wet with cold water. When ready to serve, cut in slices $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, dip in flour, and brown in fat in the frying pan.

Baked Beans with Brown Bread

This is one of the best supper dishes we know. Serve with either tomato, apple or grape catsup.

The beans may be either home made, or a can of beans may be opened, mixed with a little molasses, syrup or brown sugar, put in a bake dish, with slices of bacon put on top. Put in the oven till the bacon is cooked.

To Bake Beans

Navy beans, 1 qt. Salt, 1 tb.
Brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Mustard, 1 t.
Molasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Fat salt pork, $\frac{3}{8}$ lb. Vinegar, 1 tb.

Pick over the beans, cover with cold water and let soak over night. Drain, cover with cold water in which is $\frac{1}{2}$ t. soda, bring to the boiling point and cook 15 minutes. Drain. Mix together the salt, sugar, mustard, pepper, molasses, and vinegar. Put the beans into a stone bean pot which has a stone cover. Pour the seasonings over them, bury the pork in the beans, after scoring it every half inch, one inch deep. The rind should be scalded and scraped, but not cut off. Fill the pot with boiling water, cover, and cook slowly six or eight hours. Add more water if necessary.

Brown Bread

Corn meal, 2 c. Molasses, 1 c.
Raisins Salt, 2 t.
Milk, sour, 1 qt. Soda, 3 t.
Graham flour, 2 c.
White or whole wheat flour, 2 c.

If sweet milk is used, add 4 t. cream of tartar. Sift and mix the dry ingredients, add the milk and molasses, and the raisins. Beat well, and pour into buttered covered molds, not filling them more than two-thirds full, cover and steam $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. One-pound baking powder cans are excellent. They may be put in a covered roasting pan, or a flat bottomed kettle or pot, on a false bottom. A small amount of water, kept boiling in the vessel is enough, if the lid is tight-fitting, and more water added to prevent it all escaping.

Grape Catsup

Concord grapes, 6 qts. Allspice, 4 tb.
Brown sugar, 4 lbs. Cinnamon, 4 tb.
Vinegar, 1 qt. Salt, 4 tb.
Cloves, ground, 4 tb. Cayenne, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb.

Wash the grapes and pick from the stems before measuring. Cook till soft, rub through a strainer to remove skins and seeds, add the spices, sugar and vinegar and simmer till as thick as tomato catsup. Seal while hot.

Apple Catsup

Water, 3 qts. Mustard, 4 t.
Sugar, 5 c. Cinnamon, 3 tb.
Paprika, 3 t. Salt, 4 tb.
Cloves, 4 t. Vinegar, 2 qts.
Prepared apples, 10 lbs.
Cinnamon, 3 tb.

Wash, quarter and core the apples before measuring. Add water and cook till soft, then rub through a strainer. Add the other ingredients and cook very slowly till rich red color, and fairly thick.

Vegetables

There are many interesting ways of serving potatoes for supper, which are much better for the children, than "frying" those left from dinner, in more or less grease. Baked potatoes are the most readily digested, besides having the advantage of being the least work to prepare. They are good served with any creamed food in place of gravy, such as creamed peas, carrots, asparagus, eggs, salmon, tuna, chipped beef.

Beat a little hot milk and plenty of salt and pepper and a little melted butter into left-over mashed or diced potatoes, and beat till light and fluffy. Pile neatly on a pie plate, and mark the top in a regular design with the tip of a knife. Put in the oven long enough to brown, at supertime. Or pile in individual servings on a buttered flat pan, and remove to a hot platter with a pancake turner.

Butter a round bottomed mixing bowl, or a pyrex dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, and line the bottom and sides with nicely-seasoned mashed potato. Fill the center with chopped cooked meat, moistened with gravy or stock, but not sloppy. Cover the top with a layer of the mashed potato. Put in a dish of hot water in the oven for a half hour. To serve, unmold, while still hot, on a hot platter. A knife or spatula may need to be run around the inside of the mold in order to have it come out unbroken.

Shepherd's Pie

In the bottom of a bake dish, put left-over cooked meat which has been put through the food chopper, and moistened with gravy. If there is no gravy on hand, make some of water, flour, fat, and a little beef extract. On top put a thick layer of well-seasoned mashed or riced potatoes. Brown in the oven.

Hongroise Potatoes

Cut cooked potatoes in cubes, and heat in a steamer, unless freshly cooked ones which are still hot, are used. Make a sauce of:

Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Onion juice, few drops Milk, 2 c.
Salt and paprika Egg yolk, 1

Melt the butter, add the onion juice and flour, and stir till smooth. Add the hot milk and cook in the double boiler 15 minutes. Pour on the beaten egg yolk, return to the double boiler, add the salt and paprika, cook a minute, and pour over the cubes of potatoes in a serving dish.

Escallop of Vegetables

In a buttered bake dish put cubes of cooked potato, carrot, peas, lima beans, chopped cabbage, string beans, or any mixture of cooked vegetables on hand. Pour over them a well-seasoned white sauce, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Cheese Canapes

Butter slices of bread, and put in a hot oven till slightly browned. Cover with a layer of seasoned grated cheese, return to the oven to melt the cheese. Serve at once with a vegetable like carrots, turnips, cabbage, etc.

Ham Canapes

Brown slices of buttered bread in the oven. Spread with a mixture of minced cooked ham and hard cooked eggs, held together with a very little melted butter.

Filled Baked Potatoes

Select large even potatoes for baking. Pare, and with the apple-corer, remove a round piece from the center. Fill the empty space with a strip of bacon. Bake. The bacon flavor goes through the potato.

Continued on page 68

567 Domestic Science Teachers in High Schools say:

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MARBLE CAKE

Make a standard butter cake, putting $\frac{3}{4}$ of mixture in greased tube pan. To remaining third add $1\frac{1}{2}$ squares melted, unsweetened chocolate or 5 tablespoons cocoa mixed with a little cold water. Drop chocolate batter into batter in pan, mixing just a trifle to make streaky effect.

PINWHEEL COOKIES

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add gradually $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, add 1 beaten egg yolk and beat the mixture well. Add 3 tablespoons milk; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour which have been sifted with $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. Divide dough into halves. To one-half of this mixture add 1 square (1 oz.) chocolate, melted.

Roll the white dough into a thin rectangular sheet, then roll the chocolate mixture into a sheet the same size. Place chocolate dough over the white and gently press together. Roll up as for jelly roll into a tight roll about 2 inches in diameter. Set in ice-box for several hours to become firm. Cut into thin sliced with a sharp knife and lay, cup side down, on a buttered cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven at 375° F. for about 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

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*makes pastry and
biscuits simply delicious*

**Blue Ribbon
Baking
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Always Reliable
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Continued from page 67

II

Fill the hollow space in the potato with chopped cooked ham. Put in a baking dish, pour over them a medium white sauce, and bake till the potato is soft.

"Pigs in Blankets"

Oysters Bacon
Paprika Slices of toast
Roll each oyster in a slice of bacon, fasten with a tooth pick, and cook in a frying pan till the bacon is done. Serve on slices of toast, sprinkle with paprika.

Cabbage and Meat Scallop

Chopped cooked meat White sauce
Chopped cooked cabbage
A considerably larger portion of cabbage than of meat may be used. Put a layer of cabbage in the bottom of a buttered bake dish, then a layer of meat. Cooked corned beef or ham are especially good. Repeat till both are used up. Pour white sauce over them and sprinkle buttered crumbs on top. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Cod Fish with Rice

Soak salt codfish in cold water for several hours to freshen it. Boil till soft. In a buttered mold put alternate layers of the flaked fish, and cooked rice. Cover and steam 20 to 30 minutes. Turn out on a platter, and serve with white or tomato sauce. Canned salmon or chicken haddie may be used in place of the cod fish.

Sardines on Toast

On slices of buttered toast arrange little sardines side by side, put in the oven a moment to heat them, sprinkle with lemon juice and serve.

Fish Cakes

Fish Mashed potatoes
Egg, 1 Salt and pepper
Mix together the flaked cooked or canned fish and the mashed potato with seasonings if needed. Add the slightly beaten egg, shape into flat cakes, and saute in fat in the frying pan.

French Sandwiches

Make sandwiches with a filling of chopped ham or beef, and press together closely. Dip each sandwich in a mixture of 2 eggs to a cup of milk, and saute on both sides in a pan in hot fat. Salt and pepper will be required in the egg mixture. Serve with beets or cabbage or carrots.

Cabbage in Bacon Sauce

Cook and chop cabbage, and put in a serving dish. Over it pour a sauce made of:
Bacon, 6 slices Milk, 2 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Pepper
Cut the bacon in pieces and cook till brown. Use 3 tb. of the bacon fat. Make a sauce of it, the flour and milk, and salt and pepper if needed. Return to it the bacon cubes, and pour over the cabbage.

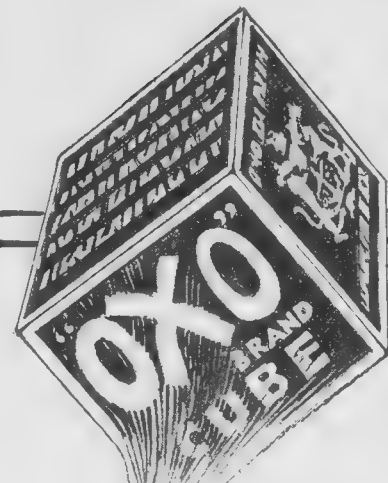
Tales of Pennant's Marten or "The Fisher"

Continued from page 44

eggs—and to watch them actually licking their lips as the mother duck and the young ducks waddle by is to guess they might be educated to eat a little bit of duck—if they got a chance.

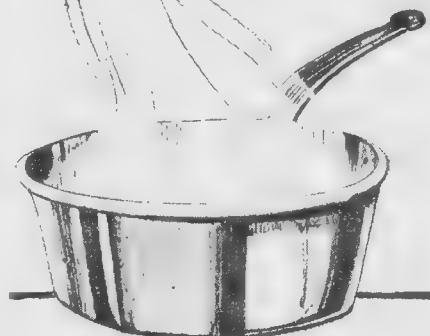
So far no parasites have appeared. The owner tries to feed them with food as nearly approaching that which they would have obtained in a state of nature, and it is well, as in the case of all furbearers, to use a bit of lemon juice once a week, say, to fight off all dread of scurvy. It was delightful to see the owner handling these scratching, biting kits. How they did swarm over him!

Personally I want to do my share for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and I know now that the wilds have been overtrapped; that the modern fur-ranch will take away from my lady's gleaming fur all the reproach of suffering and pain that has enwrapped her shoulders like a mantle while she wore the pelts of trapped animals.



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build health and
vigour...conven-
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4 & 10 cubes**



The Goodness of Beef

Federated Women's Institutes

ALBERTA NOTES
By Elizabeth Bailey Price



Wetaskiwin Women's Institute Girls' Club team that gave dairying demonstrations at the recent Toronto Exhibition in the Women's Buildings. This team included Norma Nelson, Lauretta Vickers, Doris Hanna and their supervisor Mrs. Albert Rodell

THE Alberta Women's Institutes have just completed some 40 constituency conferences. At these branch reports are given in detail, and committee work reported for constituency. The special speakers have been the district directors, each of the four taking an itinerary of the constituencies in her district. Each director stressed "Institute Work," and the new responsibility developed upon members and branches since the W. I.'s have been made independent of the provincial government. On every hand enthusiasm and progress was reported. The members felt more than equal to this great organization over 300 branches carrying on effectively on their own.

Many conferences had special contests or shows in connection with them. The flower shows were particularly successful. In fact since the Alberta Women's Institutes have taken the slogan of "Make Alberta Beautiful" provincial nursery men state their business has more than doubled. The possibilities of flower, fruit and vegetables growing in Alberta were very materially demonstrated by the busy farm women who brought beautiful exhibits for the various shows.

Other constituencies have combined in providing \$50.00 scholarships for the most efficient girl at school of agriculture in their particular vicinity. Thrift contests, programme and antique exhibits were various interesting features of these gatherings.

The beautiful fall weather was responsible for record attendances. Institutes sent from one to 25 delegates while from 25 to nearly 200 gathered at the meetings in the more settled communities.

Barons W.I. arranged a baby clinic recently.

Beaver Mines members are helping a family that immigrated to the district.

MANITOBA NEWS NOTES

Amaranth is still taking care of a little girl who has been sick for some time.

Avonlea has been kind to sick members, sending fruit to one and presenting another, who was going to the hospital, with a dressing gown.

Beulah is interesting itself in the hot lunch, and may take some step to provide the children with something hot through the winter months.

Birds Hill presented the Institute pin to one of its members, as a token of appreciation of the good work she has done.

Carman has decided for the second year to have a "Made-in-Manitoba" week.

Cartwright remembers the men as well as the women, and sent flowers to a man in the hospital.

Coulter is busy making pretty things for a bazaar to be held in December.

Cromarty needs a little money to provide the children with a hot lunch during the

Coaldale W.I. has organized a W.I. Girl's Club.

Eastway entertained Vulcan and Redlandview recently.

Munson W.I. had a discussion at a meeting a short time ago as to whether the high school children had too many "parties" and if this interfered with their school work.

Wayne W.I. has purchased three baby bassinets, a baby scale and a sterilizer for the new hospital opened there this summer.

Mountain View at a cost of \$225.00 built a shed for teams at the hall.

Westward Ho had a most successful annual flower contest recently.

Berwyn—In the Peace River country, opened its new hospital in September. Sibbald has been beautifying the cemetery.

Kerndale W.I. has furnished a ward in the Berwyn hospital.

Strome put on an Albertasupper at which over \$50.00 was made.

Mid Pembina members have made layettes for four new babies.

Aliz had a grandmother's meeting recently.

Botha W.I. banquetted the members of the band this summer.

Barrhead voted money for prizes for the school fair. This branch has joined the "Links of Empire" movement.

New West sponsored a field day for the children and gave \$5.00 in prizes.

Lousana is building a community hall.

Hand in Hand (Calgary) is providing first aid kits for the schools in the district.

Philo is helping pay the expenses of a needy child at the Calgary Red Cross Hospital.

Aldersyde had a "gingham dress contest" as a feature of a recent programme.

winter months, and is planning a dance to earn some money.

Dominion City enjoyed a paper on "The Living Room."

Edrans, a member gave a paper on "The Early Care of Fall Bulbs," which will be continued at the next meeting by a talk on the storing of bulbs.

Elkhorn held a flower show, which was an inspiration to both members and visitors.

Ellenville has purchased a good number of bulbs which will be grown by members and sent to the sick and those who are shut-in during the winter.

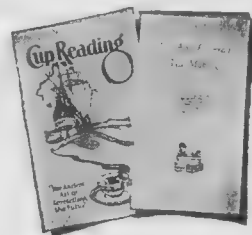
Endcliffe had several talks which took the members "across Canada."

Foxwarren is considering building a rest room and expects to have one built very soon.

Continued on page 94

If you Want a New Delight!

THERE are millions who use Salada and know the incomparable satisfaction which each delicious cup gives. There are also many who have never tried this wonderful brand. If you are one of these, write your name and address on this advertisement, state the kind of tea you now use and how much you pay for it, and mail to the Salada Tea Company of Canada Limited, 461 King St. W., Toronto. We will send you, by return, a 19-cup trial package of Salada for you to enjoy, at our expense. Also copies of our famous booklets "Cup Reading" and the "Art of Correct Tea Making."



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W.H.M. 5

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Your friends, too, would appreciate a piece of No-Mar furniture for Christmas—nothing will be more treasured or give so much pleasure.

Beauty, charm of design, richness of rare woods and enduring finish—everything you seek in furniture has been attained in No-Mar at a price that will please you.

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FURNITURE



YOUR SMILE— Guard it at The Danger Line

Don't take chances with your teeth. The charm of your smile, the contour of your face, beauty, even health itself, depend upon them. And the treacherous attacks of the acids which cause tooth decay and gum infections are often unnoticeable to the layman—often unaccompanied by pain.

For full protection, look ahead and use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you use Squibb's, the Milk of Magnesia lodges in the pits on your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. There it neutralizes the dangerous acids and remains to give you protection afterwards. Squibb's Dental Cream has a delightful flavor and keeps teeth pearly white all the time. Use it daily and consult your dentist regularly. Only 45c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada Limited, 468 King Street West, Toronto.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

*The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product
is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker*

Legal Information

Continued from page 61

person from making a will but only when the testator is of unsound mind and incompetent understanding. If a will is otherwise properly drawn and executed the only ground upon which it can be set aside is that the testator was not able to comprehend the nature of the document because of mental incapacity or because it was executed under the undue influence of some beneficiary or third party.

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Q. Please advise through your legal department; can a person write out their own will? What is the necessary procedure to make same legal? Is it necessary to write the will on a proper form?—Mrs. C. D.

A. There is no insuperable objection to any person writing his own will. If the will is wholly in the handwriting of and signed by the testator it is perfectly valid and is known as a "holograph will." If it is not in his own handwriting it must be signed by the testator or by some person on his behalf and in his presence and in the presence of two subscribing witnesses. These are general rules and if they are obeyed there is no reason that the will should be in any specific form but you must realize that it is extremely dangerous for an inexperienced person to prepare a will, especially if the estate is of a large nature consisting of personal and real property. The law relating to wills is complicated and a great deal of this complication has been brought about by the attempts of individuals to draft their own wills.

Generally speaking, a will is invalid unless the testator is twenty-one years of age and a will is revoked by the marriage of the testator subsequent to the making of the will. The witnesses to a will should not be mentioned in the will as beneficiaries, otherwise the gift to them will be void although the will is otherwise valid.

Brandon, Man.

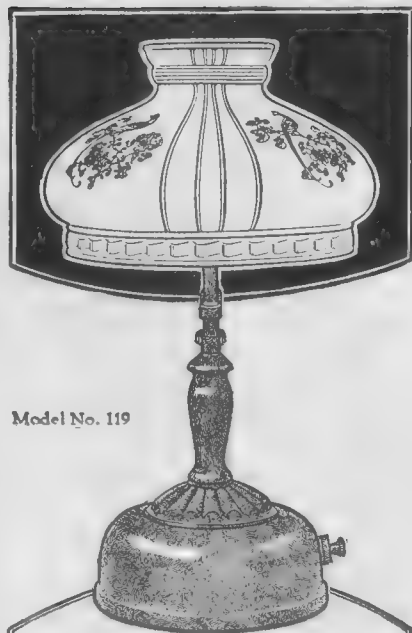
Q. My husband is living in Saskatchewan. I have cause to divorce him and would like to know whether I should sue him here or in Saskatchewan.—W. F. G.

A. A Manitoba Court can give a valid divorce only if Manitoba is the domicile of the husband. Domicile in divorce matters is a technical term meaning more than residence. It is a question of fact in each case where a man's domicile is, but it is usually determined as being the place where the party proposes to make his permanent home, such intention being evidenced by the circumstances of the case and it also includes that place to which he proposes to return even if he should be absent from it in another Province for a considerable period. It is impossible for us to advise you definitely without the obtaining of further facts, such as whether your husband has left his domicile in Manitoba and has taken up a new domicile in Saskatchewan, but on the bare facts submitted it would appear to us that you would have to start proceedings in Saskatchewan. We suggest that you either write us more fully or consult your local solicitor.

Youngstown, Alta.

Q. "A" had a homestead and bought one-quarter section (joining homestead) from "B". "A" rented the land to "C" in August, 1924. "B" summerfallowed 90 acres, 45 on each quarter. "A" died in February, 1925, and some time before that turned "B" land back to him (it not being all paid for). In the spring of 1925 "B" claimed the land and wouldn't deal with "C". Neither would he pay for plowing. Now "C" died. Can his widow and heirs collect for plowing and damages as well?

A. "C's" widow and heirs have a right of action against "A's" estate for damages, the amount of which would depend upon the terms of the lease. Moreover "C's" widow and heirs are also entitled to claim against "B" for the same damages, but this must not be understood as giving them the right to obtain double damages for the same breach of contract. You state that "A" reassigned to "B" all "A's" interest in the quarter section. If this was the case "B" must take the title subject to the lease. There of course may be some special provisions in the lease which would allow "B" to escape such liability, but this would probably be unlikely in the case of an ordinary lease.



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NEW Instant Gas Lighting Principle—Just turn a valve, strike a match... Instant Lighting! No generating required.

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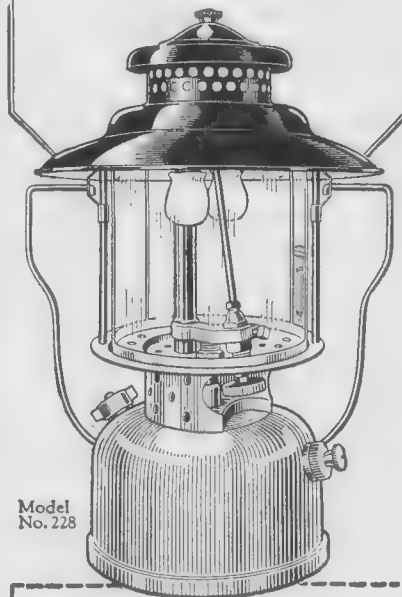
NEW Convenience—Triple Life generator with Self-Cleaning Gas Tip and Light Regulating Needle prevents dirt and carbon stoppage.

NEW Beauty—New graceful lines, New Colac finishes in modern colors. New Kremlite shades that soften and diffuse the light.

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Ask Your Dealer to demonstrate. In the meantime, Clip and Mail Coupon below for descriptive literature. Address Dept. 3537

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Toronto, 8, Ontario, Canada



Model No. 228

Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Ltd.
Toronto, 8, Ontario, Canada, Dept. 3537
Please send me descriptive literature on the New Coleman Instant-Lite Lamps and Lanterns.

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and bunions forever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

TRY IT AT MY RISK—Just send your name and address so we can arrange for you to try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the amazing results. No obligations. Address **KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. X163**
36 Wellington St., East Toronto, Ont.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

The Gospel of a Professional Thinker

Continued from page 57

He saw a good deal of Mr. Shaw during the late summer, and it was during one of their conversations at Mr. Shaw's home that he remarked casually:

"Well, I suppose, young man, that you will go stony broke on this venture?"

Inwardly gasping, the young producer summoned up courage to answer just as casually:

"Oh, yes—probably."

"Then take this," said Mr. Shaw, reaching for a copy of the *Intelligent Woman* and writing his celebrated autograph in it. "Some day you can sell it and finance another Canadian tour on the proceeds."

Mr. Shaw is now quite white of head and beard. "He is no longer red-hot with anger," says one of his friends, "he is now white-hot with rage."

"I saw him one morning, in bathing," says Mr. Colbourne, "at least I saw something white drifting on the surface of the water, looking like a chip off an iceberg, and I discovered it was Mr. Shaw, just floating, beard up!"

Curiously enough Maurice Colbourne has just published a book which constitutes a reply to Mr. Shaw's *Intelligent Woman*, though not intended as such, for it was in the hands of the publishers before Mr. Shaw's book appeared. It is called *Unemployment and War*, and is this soldier-actor's view of post-war economics.

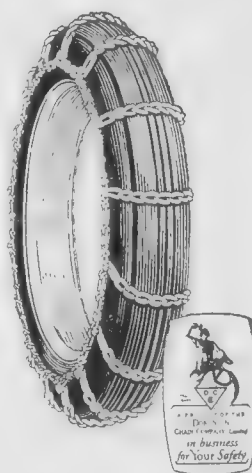
Mr. Colbourne is a son of Louis Colbourne, a school-fellow of Thomas Hardy. His career at Oxford was interrupted by

the war in the early part of which he was severely wounded. He recalls that when he came to consciousness in a London hospital the first thing he heard was news of the launching of the gas war, that savage attack which the Canadians met with historic courage. After the war he returned to Oxford and there undertook the ambitious task of producing *The Dynasts*. It had the effect of drawing Thomas Hardy from his retreat in Dorchester for the first time in twenty years, as he appeared personally at the production.

Some time later Mr. Colbourne came across the Atlantic, to appear at the original production of *St. Joan* in New York and afterwards to make his way to Canada. Several of his family had already preceded him. A brother, who died in the Great War, married a Victoria girl, and another brother, Gilbert Colbourne, is farming near North Vancouver.

One of their family, an interesting figure in Canadian records, is old Sir John Colbourne, the Waterloo officer, who came out to govern Upper Canada.

"Do you think Canadians have a genuine theatre sense?" I asked him. "I believe they have," he said with conviction. But that, of course, was an unnecessary question, for he had demonstrated his faith in Canadian audiences by providing them with the best dramatic fare the world of today provides, the jesting, whimsical, penetrating and passionately serious dramas of George Bernard Shaw.



Drive in mud or snow with WEED Chains and note how each steel cross chain grips the road. Wheels cannot spin. Side-slipping is prevented. Skidding is stopped. Strong steel WEED Chains hold your car on the road. You can drive anywhere.

WEED Chains are made for all styles and sizes of tires, and for all types of roads. You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains, brass plated steel cross chains with the name "WEED" stamped on every hook.

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With sturdy Steel cross chains for traction

Golf-Motor-Ride

Enjoy Outdoor Pastimes just
across the Mountains on the
Sunny Shores of the

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FULL INFORMATION FROM THE TICKET AGENT

CANADIAN PACIFIC



Memories

One day returned the Heroes
Back from the depths of hell,
Marching by—Riding by—
With that in their eyes they dare not tell;
For with them come the maimed,
With them come the blind,
And over-spread are the shadows,
Of Comrades left behind.

Marching by—Riding by—
To the vibrating trumpets sound,
The rattling beat of the kettle drums,
Their marching shakes the ground;
Old men look on forboding,
At these men of a militant hour,
Will they be a source of woe
Ruthless with arrogant power?

Marching by—Riding by—
To home shrines kept brightly burning
By heavy hearts for sickened souls,
From dreadful trench returning,
Leaving a shuddering shaken land,
Where red eyes could weep no more,
Home to fresh tears of love and grief,
Back from War's sullen roar.

Marching by—Riding by—
And as the wise prophecy—They have gone
To labor for their daily bread,
Giving us the freedom they have won;
Teaching the blind to feel—the maimed to walk,
While the hoarse drums beat and bugles shrill,
With the savage bag-pipes' vengeful drone,
Dully the memories of the Heroes fill.

V.W. Horwood.

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"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly helps bring out the beauty of eyebrows, lashes, hair, hands.

For scalp and hair—To treat the scalp, part the hair, lock by lock, massage the scalp at the part with "Vaseline" Jelly on the finger tips. Leave on over night, then shampoo.

To shape the eyebrows—Apply a bit of "Vaseline" Jelly with the finger tip and shape with an eyebrow brush.

To encourage the eyelashes—Apply "Vaseline" Jelly with a tiny brush and leave on over night.

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for
YOUR CLOTHES
By Mae Martin

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My new 64 page illustrated book, "Color Craft," gives hundreds of money-saving hints for renewing clothes and draperies. It's Free. Write for it now, to Mae Martin, Dept. F-156, Diamond Dyes, Windsor, Ont.

by telephone, and said something—anything. He ought to have realized—but he was nearly crazy. He came right out with the truth, you see, and blurted out that it was unlikely he could do anything. That was fatal. But he said it was creeping down her forehead—as if her blood, he said, was green—my God!

"I was out here, and he telephoned and sent her out alone. It seems risky, but she said she would do better alone, and he believed she was right. She had a thick brown veil she always wore to come here, and she tied it around her head and ran out. She wrote a note before, and he got it over there. He tried to make her explain something, but she got screaming and he couldn't do very much. I believe he was as scared as she. And, of course, there was a hope—you never know."

He drank again, thirstily.

"I tell you, that damned color will not change!" he cried, his voice on edge. "There's nothing to do."

"But, heavens on earth," Motherwell burst in, "aren't there such things as wigs? You could—"

"Excuse me, but I can't argue with you," Schaffner began irritably. "I must ask you to believe that every possibility, every shade of possibility—"

He stopped, swallowed hard, and controlled himself.

"We had a dozen wigs and transformations out here in six hours," he said. "Think a moment—such hair against her skin! It was ghastly. She looked sixty. Her skin is like vellum; grain, firmness, contour—all gone! She has lost ten pounds. The pigmentation has completely altered. . . . There are no precedents!"

He gasped and wiped his forehead.

"But he has arrested the green in the skin," he went on, "thank God, that's over. We injected—well, you wouldn't know, and that was risk enough."

His eyes drooped.

"There is only one thing to do now," he said, his voice guttural with fatigue.

"The head must be shaved and a white wig fitted, and she must go home and make a clean breast of everything, and clear us from God knows what suspicions, Mr. Wells. We did our best—no one on earth can do more."

"Why, certainly, Dr. Schaffner. Anybody would agree with you," Motherwell assured him. But why give everything up? Can't this thing all wear off, grow off. She is young, she has superb health, nature is on her side. Why a white wig?"

"She is forty-six years old," said Schaffner quietly. "It's no use. The game is played."

"A-a-ah!" Motherwell whistled slowly. "The deuce, you say!" He sipped his coffee.

"That—that makes a difference, doesn't it?" he said.

"It makes such a difference, Mr. Wells," Schaffner returned slowly, marking each word on the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right, "that Mr. Crandall White will never lay eyes on his wife again, if you ask my opinion!"

"Oh, come now, Schaffner, you mustn't talk like that!"

Schaffner shrugged his square shoulders.

"I only say what I think," he said. "In her place, with things as they are, I believe I should do the same!"

Motherwell regarded him thoughtfully. "You mean—"

"I mean that she looks at all this from a very business-like point of view, Mr. Wells. She knows her husband very well, of course. You can't deny that! Well, she knows what he married her for. That's all."

"Oh!" said Motherwell, "I see."

"She has told the professor how it stands and he has told me. I don't talk with her much, you see. He's devoted to her, Mr. Wells. There's nothing he wouldn't do. Just think what she has done for him! He says he owes everything to her—and, in a way, he does. He might never have got his chance, without her. Lots of people don't, you know!"

"I know."

"As she put it to him: would Mr. White, that could have married anybody, practically, in Europe or America, have picked out a woman of thirty-nine, with

Medusa's Head

Continued from page 15

gray hair? That was what she was, you know. It's hard to know how any man would take such a blow—but a man like that! She couldn't face it. How many women could?"

"I don't know," said Motherwell, "I don't know, Schaffner, honestly!"

"Exactly. You don't know."

The doctor's voice grew thick and drowsy.

"Well, she DOES know. And she'd rather he remembered her. She's all through. She says we can't do anything, and she's right, we can't. It grows so deep over the forehead—you take her away—nothing can affect her skin, now—you can't LIVE on coffee!" He was drunk with fatigue.

AS MOTHERWELL studied his worn face in silence, half scornful, half pitiful of his closed eyes, a clumping step rose on the wooden stairs. Schaffner, asleep now, heard nothing, but Motherwell listened through the open door and looked with interest at the hairy, foreign man who had peered out at them from the ground floor. He stood over in the doorway, one arm in a black oilcloth wristlet, extended.

"Enfin!" he cried in a rough, excited growl. "Regardez-moi ca! I 'ave eet!"

In his hand dangled a long tress of horrid, emerald hair. Half its length was fit for Medusa's head, but the lower half was pure, dead white.

"What you sink, eh?" he asked and showed it proudly to the young man.

Motherwell stared vaguely at it, then at the sleeping doctor. Shaking him gently he tried to rouse him.

"Wake up, Doctor, wake up!" he said. "You're wanted!"

As Schaffner opened his eyes reluctantly, the man shook the parti-colored tress before him in silence.

The doctor's eyes focused slowly upon it; his whole tired face lifted and lightened as if by magic.

"White!" he cried incredulously. "Good God, HE'S GOT WHITE! Do you see that? Do you see it?"

Leaping from his chair, he snatched the tress and ran down the hall to where the professor sprawled in his uncomfortable chair, sunk in sleep.

"Wentzel! Wake up! See what we've got!" he called in his ear. Look at this! He's got white!"

In a flash of recollection, while the drowsy man struggled in his chair, Motherwell saw himself at a restaurant table and heard that voice: "Man, if we could get White, it would be worth a million to us!"

He chewed at his lip.

The German stared at the tress, blinking. A slow smile spread over his face.

"Ah!" he said slowly. "Dot's goot! Ferry goot! Ferry goot, indeed! He is



a goot boy, 'Dolph. Come, now, und go down. Bring her down."

Schaffner went into the bedroom and the professor, with swimming bloodshot eyes (like the eyes of a sick Newfoundland dog, Motherwell thought) stared at him and talked brokenly. He seemed to think he was addressing some old friend and fellow-student.

"You see," he began confidentially, "id vas only zeventeen volumes—how could I know id vould act zo? She is unique, dot voman. You know she has neffer berspird—not von drop? Yes. No berspiration. Vot is dot for pores? Und perfectly healthy. If she rubs zilver—spoons or forks or no matter—id all comes black on her hands. Idiosyncratic, yes. Chemically idiosyncratic."

Out of the door came the nightmare woman that had been Clelia White, the beautiful, leaning on Coggeshall and Dr. Schaffner.

"But what good will it all be?" she was complaining, in a fretful, broken voice—the voice of a woman no longer young, and sick with anxiety and fear.

"Much goot, much goot," the professor urged, and there was real tenderness and hope in his voice, "drust now to old Wentzel, old Wentzel who vould gif a handt off his wrist to help you! Now come, and you vill see it vill not be so dreadful any more!"

"You wait here—it won't be long," Schaffner threw back at Motherwell over his shoulder, and the strange, tired procession crept down the hall and disappeared.

MOTHERWELL lit a cigarette and stared at the empty chair in front of him, shaking his head, unconsciously. He had seen some strange sights, this young man, but never anything quite like this. Tragedy he could understand, comedy he could appreciate—but what was this? A grim little jest, perhaps—but there was a flavor of death in it, all the same. He smelt it in the air.

That strong sense of the infinite and bizarre in life, that realization of its wild possibilities of permutation and combination which had peculiarly thrilled him from his early boyhood, and led him into adventures like this, welled up fresh within him.

"Damn it," he muttered, "it's queer!"

It might have been an hour before he heard any sound in the house beside the soft, dull thud of the pump in the cellar. Then came a hurrying woman's step, and Coggeshall, strange because of her dark, flushed face and tight, pressed lips, ran past him into the room, returning with an armful of clothes.

"Hairpins! hairpins!" he heard her muttering to herself. "Lord, I must have hairpins!"

He caught her as she bustled out.

"Is it all right?" he asked.

She looked at him stupidly, with an odd effect of trying to remember who he was.

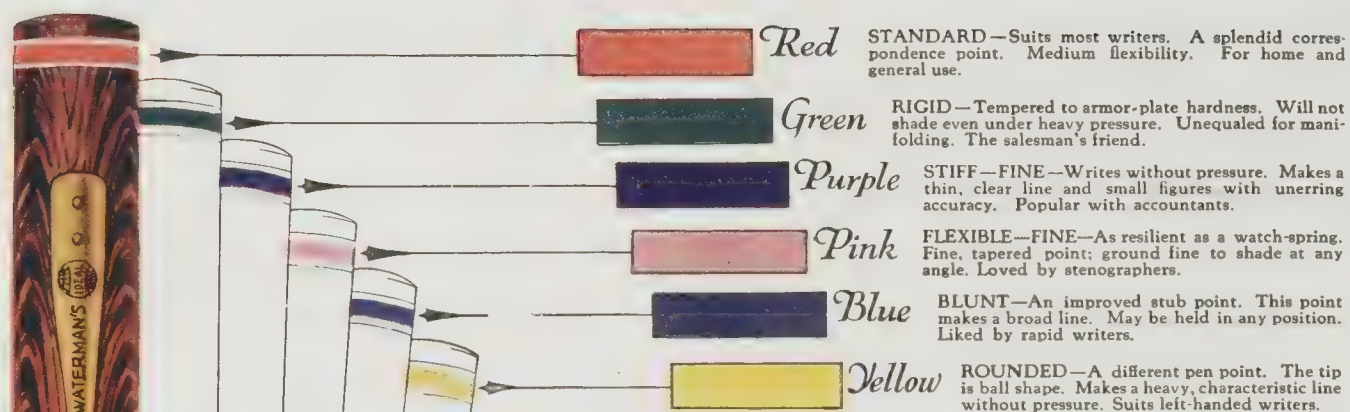
"Just to think of it," she said slowly, "to THINK of it!"

She hurried down the hall and ten minutes passed.

As soon as he heard the sound of shuffling feet Motherwell threw away his cigarette, trod it carefully into the ashes, stood up, and waited for them. They came back in the same order in which they had left him; the slim, leaning woman between Schaffner and the maid, the professor walking behind. The two men looked positively cheerful; relief from the worst had cleared their drowsiness away. As for the woman, she was more like a life-size ivory statue than anything else Motherwell could imagine.

Her colorless face was set in soft waves of hair as white as the silk fringe that dripped from the waist and shoulders of her dress, a sort of classic robe of creamy, wrinkled crepe. Its texture was curiously like her skin, which, soft and fine as a child's was at the same time delicately, amazingly wrinkled, from the "widow's peak" on her low forehead down to the base of her throat, where milky laces hid it. Her lips were barely pink, like the inner leaves of a tea-rose; her eyes, wide open and fixed far ahead of her, a pale, pale hazel with not a hint of the green that he had seen

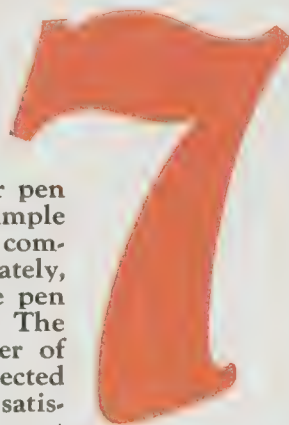
Continued on page 95



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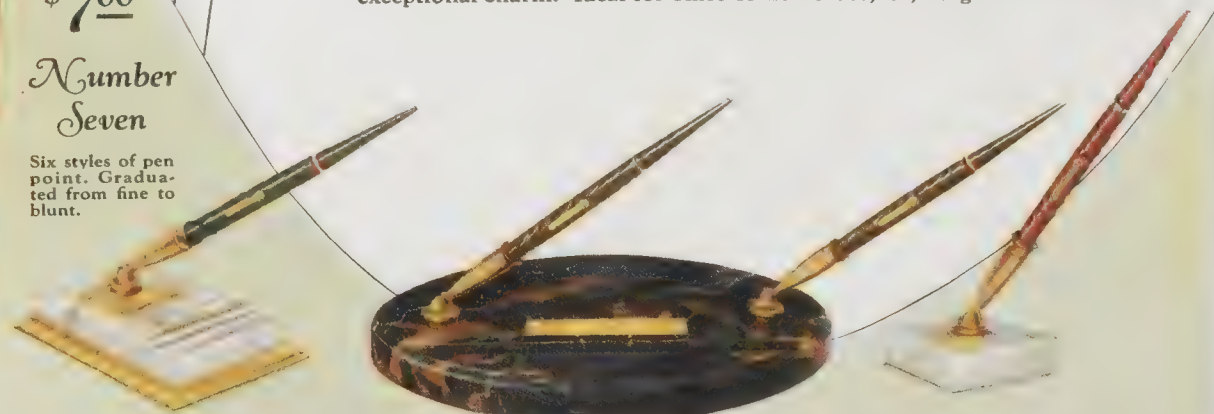
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Pro-phy-lac-tic
different in shape and size

Tooth Brushes
alike in quality

A Manitoba Duck Hunt

Continued from page 18

peeped over the eastern rim and kindled a patch of frost diamonds on the knolls and grass-tips. But there was no flight. Scarcely a dozen ducks had been in the air since daylight. Then three flocks of speckled geese (white-fronted) came out from the lake and after going bitterly settled upon a field about a mile to eastward. As I watched this interesting goose manoeuvre I noticed a dense little cloudswirl over the same spot and settle—mallards. Here was matter for future reference.

Then I had an opportunity to try the Aristocrat. A goldeneye came whizzing up the channel—I took it for a bluebill at first—and as it spun by me I let go once, twice—futilely. Whereupon, when I came to myself I was impressed with the undoubted fact that my blue-blooded old family relic had a fierce rearward action, also that my first shot had landed about six feet above my bird and the second perhaps two feet nearer. That gun was straight—straighter even than I had imagined after aiming it a hundred times along the road in the morning as I had tried vainly to get the hang of it. It was light, too, quite in the six-pound class, thin as paper almost, at the muzzle, not built for nitro loads—and oh, the recoil! It kicked like a mule.

A LONE mallard drake came up the channel, calmly looking for trouble. I was well concealed, and he didn't see me until I pushed up the Aristocrat. He took two wild flings out of himself as I bombarded his vicinity and then went on toward the big slough. I recovered as well as I could, and then tried to stop a second whizzing goldeneye, but he went on to keep his engagement lakeward. My rumpus scared up a few birds in the smaller slough and a dozen mallards swung up the flightway, trying as they came to locate the danger-spot. I did my best to haul that sky-piloting muzzle out of the zenith and hold under my bird, but the only tangible effect of my broadside was that I had more than half a conviction that I hit a duck ten feet behind the drake I had in my right eye. I moved and took station on the edge of the slough, a gunshot from the water, and when a pintail circled very low, I let go again. Though momentarily dizzy, I was willing to swear that I spattered the slough pretty generally all over.

Then I opened the shooting-iron and looked at the inside. I understood! The Aristocrat was all outside. The inside of those barrels was hopeless. Later I learned that they had been shortened and the choke bored out by the original owner.

However, I stood by my guns, as the saying goes. That is, I stood behind the Aristocrat. The ducks came back from the fields at nine, and a few moved about between sloughs and I slammed away. Barring the fact that my right jaw was feeling like an acute attack of the mumps, also that my head ached, my shoulder was sore and the knuckles on my right hand more or less severely skinned, I really was having a good time. I was keeping up appearances anyway. Someone off in the distance probably imagined I was killing birds. I had gotten to a point beyond exasperation. I was a joke to myself now.

AT ABOUT 10.30 the first flock of speckled-breasts on the field arose, and with a great tee-heeing and bittering came winging, but though they were low, they passed on the far side of the nearby knoll. So I changed over, and was just in time, for scarcely had I settled into a new blind when the remainder of those noisy jokesters came after the others. I watched the oncoming line—it was low—and wished that by some magic I could turn this old double-hammered relic into a real gun. What music! What a thrilling, nerve-shattering medley of blood-stirring sound is the chorus of fifty of these noisy gabblers as they wing with maws full of wheat off to the water. They passed at thirty yards, the black breast-spots of the old birds showing up sharply against the soft coats, and at the psychologically correct instant I sprang up and did my level best, after which I stretched out on the grass in the warming sun to think it over.

I WAS ready at about 2 p.m. I found that field—not without difficulty, however, for I had to search over almost a quarter of a section before I discovered the tell-tale down-tufts and droppings—and then I had to build my blind. I was hunting Indian fashion. I had no decoys. I merely had to hide and out-guess the birds. Hiding is not easy on a short-stubbed field without a spade to dig a pit, but I had been there before. Very close to my desired point—for there is a point on almost every field where circling geese will cross if you can out-guess them—I found a small triangle of mangled, half-cut grain left by the binders. There I dug my six-foot trench. The soil was rather sandy, and though walking shoes are not the best excavators, mine served. When I was through kicking heel and toe I had a furrow about a foot deep.

Then I stubbed the edges. That blind was to be a work of art—and making real blinds—not hides, is an art. When it was finished it was scarcely visible at a few yards, with just the right amount of stubble planted—neither too much nor too little—the longest scattering tufts leaning inward to camouflage the fresh earth and deceitful occupant of the furrow. There was an inner fringe of stubble too on the right hand to conceal the shine and glint of the old Aristocrat. I hid shooting coat and extras at the side of the field, packed my shooting cap into the right shoulder of my sweater and then lay down.

"Tee-hee-hee-hee!" They were coming. About 3.30 the bittering cry drifted from westward and I could see the line in the sky off toward the lowering sun. Now if my birds are going to pass toward my head while I am ambushed in a trench, I lie on my stomach. If they are to pass toward my feet, the other side works more advantageously. The shooting position comes more quickly so. Having no decoys to draw my birds I could only guess. So I turned over on my back.

The laughing goose is no fool. They came to the field high. Because I was so near the level of the ground I could turn my head and see every move they made. When they reached the edge of the field they did a thing most unusual. They surveyed the field a moment on arching wings, then as though assured of a clean coast, they did the tumble act—tumbled down helter-skelter almost to the stubble, then re-formed line and headed—at me! They veered neither to right nor left, but skimmed slowly over the stubble as though eyeing it for especially good picking.

Now they arched their wings a beat or two and my heart sank. But no, they fanned up and came on. They had quit their noisy gabble and were merely jabbering contentedly. Up, up—gods! Did they intend to alight beside me? Up, up—I was looking them in the face. But with a fierce effort I held my back to the bottom of the trench—and then sat up among them. I had almost to make elbow-room for myself and the Aristocrat. That moment was worth a lot of endeavor afield. But a speckle-bellied goose is a nimble bird in the air, and I lost no time. The heirloom came into position on the stern end of a wiggling goose, boomed, shifted to another and boomed—and when my vision had clear-

ed a trifle I went out and picked up two dead geese. Both had fallen within twenty-five yards. Plainly the Aristocrat was deadly at that range. First blood!

And in that fusillade I realized a subtle change. I could shoot now! The awkwardness of the thing had gone. The hang of squinting between those two hammers down the straight stock had somehow come to me. The knack of being able to hit implies something more than merely aiming. Aiming, I suppose, is mechanical, but killing is psychological. I just knew I could do it again at twenty yards.

Then the second flock came in. They flew low, but missing their leaders, seemed not so disposed toward a sudden alighting. But they swung by in deadly range of my trench—a side shot—and though I knew that my old reprobate shot-sprinkler spattered that flock from front to rear, yet only two birds came down—the first dead, the second to fall within a hundred yards.

The third flock swung along, but evidently knew the game—missed their friends, or had probably heard the voice of old Aristocrat—and so passed the field without offering to call. So I sat down to await the coming of greenhead.

He is usually not due till near sunset. And watching a bright October day waning to its sunset close here on the game-fields where one may see much wild life and little killing, is time spent not idly nor amiss. For the eye and mind on the qui vive there is always something of interest. A snowy owl keeping vigil on a haystack. A flock of chipping Lapland Longspurs swirling about. A hurrying sharp-shinned hawk or a marauding northern shrike at his hunting. There's a lot more in hunting upon the stubble-fields than in merely bringing old wawa or greenhead to a game pocket.

TOWARD sundown the mallards began moving. In long, wavering strings they left the marshes and set out to northward, flying high and safely as to a far destination. It was good to see them go, just to watch them. At length I was startled out of my "Whither 'midst falling dew" reverie by a sudden volley of shots, five or six in number, that came from behind a knoll a quarter of a mile to southwestward, near the bend of the slough, and I saw a small flock of ducks there wriggling and re-forming ranks. I had company. A small flight had started out in that direction and were drawing the compliments of at least three guns—the occupants of the automobile, I judged, that had passed that way an hour previously.

Again and again small knots of ducks passed along behind that knoll to receive a volley of six shots and then go on to eastward. As far as I could see, no birds ever came down. Lamentable shooting, it seemed—for I doubt that there is a shooter alive who can look on as bad work and not feel assured that he could wipe the other fellow's eye. It seemed that I was going to be slighted, but just a moment after I stretched out again in my trench I heard the unmistakable song of a mallard's wing and a big drake went by.

He was craning his neck as he flew, surveying the field, evidently looking for a spot to enjoy a meal alone. I talked to him and he turned back in a moment and circled. If there is one thing I can do fairly well it is talk to a mallard. That is the only language other than the mother tongue that I have ever been able to learn. But he was a solitary, wise old rascal with a curl to his tail. At his first circle he saw me and took a sudden fling, but because I didn't move a winker he decided that he had been mistaken and presently came back. I dared not discuss the situation with him while he was headed in—he was fairly high anyhow—and I had perforce to always call him from the rear.

"Come on down!" I coaxed. "All kinds of fat eating here! Not a gun nearer than those no-account fools beyond the knoll. Come on down!"

And he did come. He lowered all of a sudden and swung back fairly overhead.

Continued on page 78



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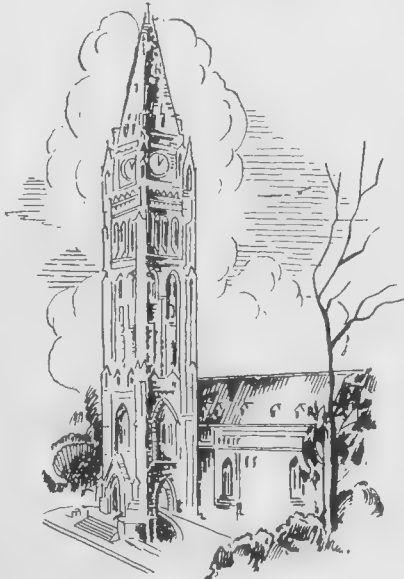
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Campaign Department,
The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Miss Cora Merrett— Adventurous Schoolma'am

Continued from page 32

be—and it is only recently that a cow was ever seen in the settlement," said Miss Merrett. "Bannock, or flap-jack, seems to be the piece-de-resistance. This is a tasteless mixture of flour and water and resembles a block of cement, and they wash it down with strong tea. Imagine that for your winter menu! Of course in summer they get berries, fish, and game, when they're energetic enough to go out after it."

Because of the ill-chosen food, mortality among these Indians of the north is very high, particularly the children. One day the teacher was called to go and see an ailing papoose. She immediately divined that the child was suffering from some form of stomach disorder and asked the mother what she had been feeding it. "She told me tea and bannock!" said Miss Merrett.

Among other difficulties of teaching in an Indian settlement there is the fact that only the children can speak English. The mature Indians talk Cree only and the teacher carries on her conversations with these by means of the sign-language mostly. She declares that not only is she unable to speak a word of Cree herself but she isn't going to try to learn it, for if she did and spoke their language the Indians would never learn English. It sounds logical. The Indian is proverbially lazy.

The trip to the isolated Bud's Point is usually made by dog-team in the winter months, though occasionally there is available the somewhat more luxurious method of travel by a heated, horse-drawn sleigh. In summer a steamer of the Ross Navigation Company touches at Cumberland House, and one may make the six miles across the lake to the Point by canoe. The first time Miss Merrett undertook to walk across the ice of the lake to Cumberland House was probably her most memorable experience. At all events, she says it was the height of novelty and not a little frightening.

"There was no track to guide me," she said with a reminiscent smile, "and I was such a tenderfoot! I could plainly see the Hudson's Bay Post but I never seemed to get any nearer to it. I seemed to walk miles and miles before I reached it. On my way back a fine snow began to fall. I feel sure I'd never in the world have reached the other side of the lake had it not been for an old Indian. I perceived him in the distance, just a black dot on that terrifying white landscape, and hailed him. He came on the run. The Indians never walk you know—they go at a kind of dog-trot. I suppose he had seen me all the time, for their eyes are sharp even when they've reached three-score-and-ten. Well, he agreed to accompany me as a sort of guide. When they're on the trek you know the braves always set out ahead, with their squaws plodding along twenty or thirty feet behind and laden with the goods-and-chattels, so naturally this old fellow started to lead on in the time-honored fashion and believe me he could go! You'd be surprised at the speed they make over the snow, and I kept gasping and plunging along behind in a vain endeavor to keep up with him. At last I broke into a run—the snow was hard-packed—and I ran all the way after that in order to keep abreast of that Injun. I didn't want to be mistaken for any squaw!"

Business as Usual

Mildred (icily): "And shall I return the engagement ring?"

Frank: "Oh, no, don't bother; I'll just have the notice of the next instalment sent to you."—Life.

Is This a Parlor Game?

"I was up in the Manicure club the other night."

"What is the Manicure club? What do you do there?"

"We sit up all night trying to better each other's hands."

When Pritchett reached home he said to his wife: "Did you get my message?" "Yes," she replied, "But how come you to send a telegram at 4.30 that you had missed the 6.30 train?"

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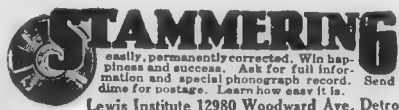
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Lewis Institute 12980 Woodward Ave. Detroit

The Antiseptic Value of Odors

Continued from page 17

Under Louis XV the court of Versailles was surnamed the perfumed court. The courtesans attired themselves in the same color, and used the same perfume, as their ladies. At other times to follow etiquette they changed their perfumes every day. Ninon de Lenclos, who at the age of 70 still passed as a beauty, used many unguents, frictions and cosmetics. The Marquise de Pompadour dispensed annually a half-million francs for perfumery, and the celebrated Cagliostro pretended to withhold the secrets of pomade and sold them at a high price to Du Barry.

This vogue continued under Louis XVI and ended during the Revolution. The taste for these luxuries reappeared under the Directoire, and continued under the Consulate, the Empire, and following epochs. Madame Tallieu and Josephine de Beauharnais employed many products of the perfumer. Later, cosmetics and perfume became popular with the masses and chemists then began to fabricate odorant substances at a low price.

PERFUMES have been denounced as harmful to health but it has been observed that artisans working in perfume factories of Paris and London have been immune from epidemics. Odors are stimulants to the nervous system and in some cases will produce severe headache. Persons susceptible to the influence of perfume should use it in moderation. Some flowers are more dangerous than perfumes because of the quantity of carbonic acid which they discharge. Fruits and parts of some vegetables also emit pronounced odors often very stimulating.

The essence of cinnamon bark is one of the most powerful antiseptics but it must only be employed after purification and dissolution in the extract of the resin so as not to irritate the tissue. The essence of geranium, thyme, marjoram, vervain, may also be employed. The cinnamon bark of Ceylon and of China are two shrubs of different species of the family of Lauraceae. That which is called cinnamon is the bark of the branches. This bark furnishes by distillation only one-half of one per cent. of essence. The leaves can also be distilled which give a very different essence. The cinnamon of Ceylon, the most esteemed, is about two millimetres thick, dark of color, having a piquant odor. It forms, not tubes, but shoots of which two edges are curled inside. The cinnamon of China is thicker, coarser, and rougher. Imitation essence of cinnamon is also made. The Annamites gather bark which resembles that of the cinnamon and saturate it in a concentrated solution of cinnamon. More often the imitation consists of a mixture of different barks or many times the bark is submitted only to a partial distillation.

Cinnamon is used a great deal with us as a condiment, but more so in hot climates. In Spain and Portugal cinnamon is added to hot chocolate or cocoa. The essence may be used also as an antiseptic but must be used in small doses.

Cloves are floral buds of a shrub found in tropical regions. They furnish an ample proportion of essence when distilled. They are considered aromatic excitants,

and the essence possesses multiple medicinal properties, especially valuable in the composition of odontalgic elixir or toothache remedies. This essence forms three-quarters of the preparation known as eugenol, used in the fabrication of many artificial extracts, vanilline, for example. There are several methods of procedure in preparing it. Although the use of vanilline may be more economic than that of the vanilla bean, the latter is still produced in large quantities. The vanilla of Mexico, Reunion Mayotte, and Seychelles is more highly regarded than that from Tahiti or the vanilla bean of Guadeloupe.

The umbelliferous family furnishes us with a great many products employed in culinary essences: angelica stalks, caraway seeds, the seeds of fennel, anise, coriander. These serve to flavor the well known sugar plums so popular with children. The starry anise is furnished by a tree of the magnolia family. Its odor is analogous to that of the common anise which is furnished by a herbaceous plant of our climate. The extract essence of these two products resemble each other. Carrot seed furnish a very aromatic essence. Essences are also extracted from parsley, celery, etc.

The labiated family comprise also a great number of aromatic plants. The essence of lavender, mint, and sage are utilized to a large extent.

Many essential oils have antiseptic properties. If one adds two grammes fifty essence of wintergreen to two hundred grammes of alcohol of forty-five per cent. one triples the microbicide power of the alcohol.

Scientists have investigated the microbicide power of different essences and have proven the time required to kill the germ of typhoid fever:

With a thousandth part of corrosive sublimate, 10 minutes. With saturated solution of etheric iodoform, 36 hours. With 2% solution of sulphate of copper, 9 days. With 11% solution of boric acid, 11 days. With 1% solution of phenic acid, 12 days. With the essence of Ceylon cinnamon bark, 12 minutes. With the essence of clove, 25 minutes. With the essence of thyme, 35 minutes. With the essence of Indian vervain, 45 minutes. With the essence of French geranium, 50 minutes. With the essence of marjoram, 75 minutes. With the essence of patchouli, 80 minutes. With the essence of absinthe, 4 hours. With the essence of sandalwood, 12 hours. With the essence of juniper, 27 hours. With the essence of valerian, 32 hours. With the essence of lemon, 32 hours. With the essence of angelica, 35 hours. With the essence of celery, 36 hours. With the essence of turpentine, 45 hours. With the essence of roses, 46 hours. With the essence of camomille, 48 hours. With incense, 52 hours. With aromatic calamus, 4 or 5 days.

The vapor of these substances has almost as much antiseptic value as the liquid essences.

The scientists utilized many antiseptic properties of the essences. It is to them that the mummies owe their fine state of preservation, and they were also used for dressing wounds.



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Colds

and 3 things to do for them



INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.



NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger, apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.



If you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike

harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. It will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to get rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon to Dept. W. H. M. Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. The book is free—you will also receive sample of Cough Drops and trial box of Mentholatum. Simply enclose 10c to cover mailing costs. (Print name clearly.)

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A Manitoba Duck Hunt

Continued from page 75

He now wriggled and bore skyward on the instant that I jumped! But my second barrel brought him down winged.

Then a small flock came whiffing along from the westward, and they were easy. It is always easier to pull conversational wool over the eyes of a flock than over the vision of one of those half-reputable old bachelors or divorcee drakes out for a selfish, solitary time of it, and I called my new visitors in close and dropped another bird. Treachery! But I was playing Indian now, and surely half fair at least.

Time was almost up. The yellow sun was burning half-hidden below the prairie rim, when I saw two more ducks leave the slough and head toward the shooters behind the knoll. The usual six shots rang out, and two badly scared birds swirled off and to eastward, but turned nearer me than any of the other birds had done. Then I began to call—the loud quacking call at first, to attract attention, and then the conversational gabble to touch their appetites. And they turned, slowly at first, then veered over toward my field. Twice they circled wide, and I feared that I was out-generated. Then when they were a hundred yards distant, I let go a muffled jabber of my choicest mallard gossip, and one bird answered with a guttural jabber and the two lowered and came fairly at me.

One with each barrel—and drakes at that! Hurrah for the Aristocrat! Then I put on my shooting-coat slipped four mallards into the pockets, tied the necks of four sleek geese securely in a neat bouquet, spread their heavy round bodies two-and-two across the back of my neck and staggered off toward the road.

"Gee!" said the driver of the auto, as I climbed in over the road door. "You hunt like an Indian, but you get 'em!"

I tucked my feet in among a cartload of ducking paraphernalia—everything, pretty much, save a metal punt was in that tonneau—and then inquired what luck. They had been out all day, those men, three guns, in auto and the paraphernalia, and now they were returning to Brandon without a feather.

"Tough luck," I said, as I climbed out in town. "But next time get a pair of hiking shoes, borrow a good old blunderbus of English extraction and try it my way—Indian fashion."

Little Lass Come Tell Me

By Robert Watson

Tell me, tell me little lass,
Ere the fleeting moments pass;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Have the fairies in the blue
Wide and sparkling eyes like you?
Little lass come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little sweet,
As you go on pat'ring feet;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Sunbeam circlets fell and grew
On the golden head of you?
Little sweet, come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little maid,
Looking upward, unafraid;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Heaven's love and morning's dew
Blend to make the smile of you?
Little maid come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little miss,
As you waft your good-night kiss;
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
Sprites, and elves, and fairies too,
Dance around the cot of you?
Little miss come tell me.

Tell me, tell me, little pet,
—See, my eyes with tears are wet—
Tell me, tell me, is it true,
When we yearn for light anew
God sends little girls like you?
Little pet, come tell me.

Atchoo!

One length of nose can be made to do the work of three or more by inserting special spraying nozzles at intervals. These distribute a fine mist in all directions.—Toronto Daily Star.



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Bravo Toros

Continued from page 6

lies flat, pinioned down. And now the horse lies as dead, paralyzed with fear.

It is in this minute that the observant spectator first realizes how, after all, the bull, despite his dash and fury and tremendous horns, is a poor adversary, stupid, failing to take advantage, easily distracted from taking toll of his tormentors. Now the horse and man lie at his mercy to quickly gore. Yet in this tense second a cape-wielder flashes a cape beside the angry animal. Instantly toro, brave but stupid toro, is diverted. He leaps in pursuit of the flaming receding wall of color.

Immediately the grooms in their red coats, with whips in their hands, are over the fence. One seizes the downed horse by the tail, one takes it by the bridle, a third beats it furiously with his whip. Yet for a full minute the horse remains recumbent. It does not want to get up. The men twist harder on its tail, upon the bridle; the whip falls remorselessly.

It is the turn of the second picador. His horse is more nervous than the first, for now in the air there is beside the strong smell of the sweating toro, the odor of warm blood. The cape-wielder by clever work has drawn the bull in front of the horse. With head up the toro stares at his new enemy. His sides are heaving. On one side, just below the shoulder-blade, shows a great red gash, bubbling up in which, like a tiny geyser, the hot blood flows and pours down a thin path along the black leg to the waiting sand. The momentary rest gives the bull a much-needed breathing-space. Yet the picador cannot force his horse forward. Its forefeet mark time, but it does not move. Abruptly the bull's head goes down. He throws his bulk with the force of a projectile. There is something sickening in the sound of the horse's striking body. But the animal is held by the fence. And now the long, sharp horns, those horns, alas, for the cause of the bull awkwardly placed, tear into the quilting. Thrice the bull thrusts upward. The padding flies. There is a sound of ripping cloth. But this third time the horns got a more solid hold; one point is caught in the girth. Now one realizes the power of this bull. He heaves man and horse in the air. They hang sickeningly. Then the girth gives. Horse and man fall back against the fence. A cape flashes before the bull, and, again, poor silly beast, just when he had things all his own way, he hurries after the flaunting rag. He is lured in front of the third horse. Once more he charges. The horse is sent tumbling to the sand. This time the toro's horn goes home in something more than padded blanket. Seeming to know the difference the bull roots viciously with his mighty head. Yet still a third time the flashing cape leads him from his prey. The grooms force the horse to its feet. Something long, grey-brown in color, hangs beneath the horse. Yet the man remains upon his back, rides him from the ring. As the animal moves toward the gate at a slow trot the brownish-grey mass grows larger, and drags along the sand.

There has been plenty of action. Three horses downed. One done to death. Yet even as the last equine went over, the crowd were yelling for the next act.

From the stand a bugle sounds. It is the call to the banderillero. But for this banderillero, at least, no ordinary bull will perform. Villalta, the matador, the great espada, himself will do this.

Banderillas are thin sticks some two feet and a half long made gay by a covering of crimped paper in many bright colors. At one end is a small barbed point, very sharp.

The man takes his place in the centre of the ring, one thin banderilla in each hand. He calls the bull. He waves his arms. He shouts insulting things. All the rest of the fighting crew have withdrawn to not distract the toro's attention. With head up the bull approaches with slow steps. He has been hurt so much. He has charged so much. A little of the edge is taken from his fury by pain and growing weariness. The man dances on his toes before him. Down goes the head once more, and comes dashing for that taunting figure. It almost seems the bull is upon the man, so close he lets him come. Then as animal

and man seem one, the two long darts leave the hands and settle firmly one on either side of the shoulder. It is a perfect cast. The bull halts. Wildly flinging its head from side to side, rising off its forefeet in the agony of the moment, it remains threshing about there within a radius of a dozen feet, till its eyes are caught by the moving figure of the man returning from a hasty run to the fence for a second pair of darts. A second time the toro is led to make his futile rush. Two more banderillas are driven behind the first pair. The crowd shrieks its approval. And, indeed, it is work well done, for all its cruelty. There is danger in every moment of the work. Four more banderillas the man places. Each holds. All are evenly set. Four on either side they stick up upon the bull's back, waving wands of torture with its every move.

From the stand a bugle sounds. It is the call for the "matar," the call to the kill. Ages seem to have passed since the toro first came in, all nerve and sleek freshness, unheaving sides. Yet by the watch nine minutes only have elapsed.

VILLALTA has now in his left hand the "muleta." It is an oblong of turkey-red cloth, its edge rolled around a short round stick. In his right hand he carries a thin and gleaming sword which he keeps hidden behind the cloth. Just why, there seems no particular reason. Certainly the bull is not afraid. It is merely the etiquette of the ring, the rule of the game.

And now one realizes why bull-fighting despite the fact that the bull has not a chance, is a fascinating, a thrilling, a holding sport, for all its welter of gore, for all its brutality. Again and again the man lures the bull to him. It passes him by what seems a miracle. Sometimes it stops short, for now the rushes are not so long, as when the animal was played by the larger cape. The vast bulk seems, as it were, to pass beneath the man's very arm. Again and again the play is repeated with a score of brilliant variations. Twice the bull comes to a sliding halt beneath the very arm of the man, and, as the cape rises, the bull throws his forefeet to the ground, such is the fury of his attempted toss.

The bull is very tired. He comes to a halt before the man. He stands sullenly. His sides heave, a deep undulation painful to look at, silently voicing the agonized pounding of the great heart. Froth rests at the corners of his mouth. A momentary hush comes over the multitude. The matador brings forth his sword from beneath the hiding red cloth. He stands directly in front of the bull. Only a sword's length of distance separates them.

The fateful thrust, "the matar," must be given at the top of the neck, between the two shoulders, and must go straight through to the heart.

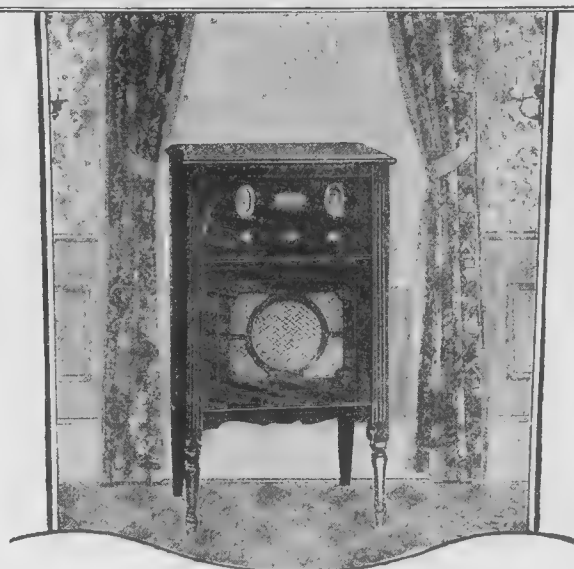
The matador gives a slight flirt of the red cloth. The bull's head goes down. In that same second the man thrusts the sword straight from him, his body bending forward. The shining steel disappears. A moment the bull wavers, then goes to his knees. The hind legs fold under him. There is something wordlessly dignified in the beast's sinking down. For a long moment his head remains erect. His eyes seem to take in the entire sweep of the ring, the pitifulness of this uncalled-for savagery. His head falls. A bugle sounds. The three mules and three men in red coats come hurrying in. The bells of the mules tinkle happily, but are instantly drowned in the rising din. Villalta, tall, slim, arrogant, bows and bows. But quickly silence falls. The crowd are eager for more action. They waste no time at bull fights. The mules trot out. Men with brooms and rakes erase the bloody sand.

Exactly fifteen minutes have elapsed since the bull came in.

THE bull comes in with a rush. He is a strong bull. He is fast and eager. The capes flash. He races here and there. Ah, but he is speedy. Twice he nearly has his man. Only the opening in the fence, made by advancing a dozen feet of the wooden wall two feet beyond the

Continued on page 80

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Bravo Toros

Continued from page 79

rest, saves one of the cape wielders. This opening is parallel with the fence. The bull cannot see how his quarry vanished. He stands, and the puzzled expression is evident in every line of head and body. He fights well, this bull. The capes are wielded longer than for the first one. The chulo in green gives place to the chulo in silver. They are men of talent, drawing the bull to them again and again with a skill quite the equal of that shown by the matador in the previous encounter. The crowd cheers, but less wildly than for the matador. And these poor chulos, for all their skill, get about twelve dollars a day. But some day they hope to be matadors. This is only one stage of the long hard climb to fame.

The bugle sounds for the picadors. Three horsemen ride into the ring. But this is an exceptional bull. Before the first picador can swing himself and horse into position; before he is clear of the fence, the toro is racing at him. It is a long run, giving him added impetus. Such an impact! Unusual for the bull ring. The two masses of flesh hit the fence. There is a different crash from any heard before, and then the splinter and snap of breaking wood. The whole side of the fence gives. Horse and man, completely turned over, lie inertly in the narrow aisle. The crowd comes to its feet as one man, voicing their enthusiasm. Not in years has such a thing taken place. Heavens, what a bull! From every section of the arena comes the enthusiastic cry: "Bravo Toro!"

Two cape wielders are frantically beating their gorgeous cloths in the beast's face. Alas, for all he is such a wonderful battler, such an exception, he is drawn from the clutter of upturned horse. He turns just as the second picador has swung his horse clear from the fence and stands broadside on. The bull is on him. The swiftness of such a clumsy animal is amazing. The horse goes down. And this time there is no turning toro. Drive and heave. The first tears through the armor. Drive and heave. One horn cuts a long gash along the horse's thigh. The other catches in the armor. Indeed, the thickly padded covering stuffed with cotton is a remarkable protection. Capes beat upon the toro's head. He is turned. Drawn a little distance from the fence he comes to the first halt since entering the ring. Two horses to his credit, and never a picador given a chance to wound him. Indeed, this is some bull! The crowd is frantic with the unusualness of the spectacle. But the action has taken the first edge off even this exception, and so the third picador drives home his spear. Man and horse are toppled over. The quilted blanket cannot this time save the sorry equine. Ah, the ripped holes, and the grey bowels pouring forth! yet it pleases this fantastic gathering, who but a few hours before stood bowed in prayer as the religious procession went solemnly through the street. The bull is drawn off. The horses pass from the scene. It is remarkable, but the beast and rider driven through the fence are quite unhurt. The bugle sounds for the banderillero.

Again one sees the supple agile body of the man seemingly become a part of the bull, yet in a star-falling space of time, swing clear. But this man has not the skill, and also the luck of Villalta (for that element plays a strong part in the game). Four times he essays to send in his long darts. But only three of the eight remain fast. The crowd howls. The bugle sounds for the matador.

IT IS a new espada, a matador young and without name. He is nearly a head shorter than the great Villalta. However, he handles his muleta with skill. Once he comes close to the bull and actually puts his hand upon its head. He plays him a long time, for seldom has a toro of such strength and lasting power stood in this ring. But at last comes the moment for the kill. The sword drives down. It is a poor thrust. With perhaps six inches of the blade sticking into the wielders come forward. While one draws shoulder, the sword remains waving. The beast shakes itself vigorously. Two cape the beast, the second man with a deft swing of his cape wraps part of it about the handle of the sword and pulls it

clear. Once more the matador plays the bull into the exact position for the last stroke. He has taken another sword. He lunges. A second time the sword sticks high from the back of the bull. The cape-wielders come forth. Skilfully they play toro. A deft sweep of the cape and this sword too is pulled to the sanded floor. The bull has moved almost to the centre of the ring. Now he stands head up, tail up, grandly, magnificently, nobly defiant. From deep within comes a long rumbling cry, very low, very deep, very terrible. He is bleeding a little at the mouth. That is very bad. A bull should never bleed at the mouth. It is a heavy mark against the skill of the matador. The third sword goes home. The bull bends his knees, goes down. But he will not die. He rises again. He staggers drunkenly at the espada. From the tier on tier of benches pour down howls and jeers and whistling derision. But even so marvellous a creature must go the way of all flesh. He sinks to the sand. A man in green uniform approaches. It is the "puntillero." He carries a short dagger. He raises his hand . . . and now . . .

In ancient Rome when a gladiator had made a grand fight, his life might be saved by the populace if the majority raised their thumbs. But here in this bull ring there is no such generous gesture. The bull must die. That is tradition. The dagger goes home. The beast falls. He lies full length upon the sand. The mules with tinkle of bells come in. The chain is made fast. The mules, to the sound of cracking whips, trot out.

But what is this? The crowd is clapping wildly. I turn to my companion. He is a Basque, and speaks French as well as Spanish.

"Why do they clap?"

"They are clapping toro."

"The bull?"

"Of course! He was a fine bull. Bravos toro."

The sound of beating palms filled the arena. What irony! To clap the beast when he was gone. How strange are the ways of men! But not one in all that vast arena, save me, were moved to grant this noble creature his life, a little more of existence, his natural span to be lived out upon those silent plains from whence he came.

Ah, brave, brave toro. You never had a chance.

I look at my watch. Some bull. It took them twenty minutes.

Toro after toro comes in and meets his end. In from 17 to 20 minutes they pass. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . .

One grows weary of blood, falling horses, the cries of men. At last it is over. In the gathering pale twilight the crowd files out. Below the town the red rolling land reaches away desolate, lonely, ineffably sad, a pitiful region, as pitiful as the scene just left behind.

IT IS Sunday afternoon in Madrid. I stand on the curb in front of the Corridas de Toros, the biggest bull ring in Spain, and watch fourteen thousand people move into the brown brick interior. The picadors drive up in an open, horse-drawn carriage. Presently the great matador Villalta arrives in a huge motor car. A little later comes Rodriguez, a rival for the favor of the public.

I have just got in from Granada, too late to buy a ticket down town. I go to the ticket wicket. The place is sold out. I turn away. But a soft voice whispers the magic word. I gaze upon a little man. With a barely perceptible gesture, he bids me follow. In the back room of a nearby cafe he sells me a ticket marked 7 pesetas for 15. This ticket scalping is very severely punished. Hence the precautions. I enter the arena.

Why have I come? I who looked with sadness on eight bulls die, only a short time ago in Toledo. I have come hoping—oh, horrible thought!—hoping that perhaps the bull may get a man; just one man.

There is a fascination about this so-called sport. Even those who do not like it are forced to admit it. Because never are two bulls the same. There is always variation.

Villalta takes the first bull. It is

Continued on page 93



NCE more Eveready skill has upset all former records of "B" battery economy! The old story of survival of the fittest has again been repeated in the Eveready laboratories, while their world-famous staff of engineers tested one method of battery construction after another until all acknowledged standards of "B" battery life had been surpassed.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

6285—Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. To finish with piping or narrow banding will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards cut bias. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Price 25c.

6271—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. To finish the edges with bias binding or piping, requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended, is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6273—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material. The underbody of lining requires 1 yard 32 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6294—Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size made as illustrated will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Collar and cuffs of fur will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 5 inches wide. Price 25c.

6275—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for facing on collar and hip band, for a 38-inch size. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is 60 inches. Price 25c.

6272—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and revers portion and on the drapery. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Price 25c.



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WHEN the night time comes a-stealing at the ending of the day and the Land o'Nod is calling to the young and old alike, there's a downy, cosy comfort whispers welcome to your rest; off to slumber land you drift in perfect bliss.

Soft and pleasant, restful, soothing—comfort-bringing are The Mossfields. Underneath their fleecy substance there's a rest you'll want to know.

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Hamilton, Ontario

★ The illustration above is reproduced from a series of two pictures painted for the makers of Mossfield Blankets and Comforters. "Seein' things at Night" and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" beautifully printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, square finished, size 4" x 5 1/4" and ready for framing, make a lovely pair of pictures for a child's bedroom or nursery. You may have this pair by sending your name and address with 10c. to cover postage and wrapping. If you will, we would like you to send your dealer's name also



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This is a perfect pen,
manufactured to give
lifetime satisfaction.
Unconditionally
Guaranteed—
against all defects.

WAHL-EVERSHARP
GOLD SEAL PEN

Smart Duds for the Young Folk



6269. Cheviot, tweed, broadcloth or velvet are excellent materials for the development of this style. The finish may be simple stitching or a trimming of fur, as shown in the large view. The collar of this model is convertible. It may be closed high on the neck, or rolled open together with the fronts. Inserted pockets are a convenient feature of this coat. The right front overlaps the left front at the closing, and the lines are in flare effect. The pattern for this pleasing garment is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material. To face collar, cuffs and revers portion of the fronts with fur or fur fabric, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard, 6 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6237. This desirable model has sleeves with saddle shoulder extensions affording ease and comfort. The fronts are double breasted and form revers below a collar that meets the front in notches. Pockets are inserted under flaps. This is a good style for cheviot, tweed, velvet or corduroy or other coat materials. Chinchilla would be nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6262. A girl's wardrobe is incomplete without several dresses in the new prints. This pleasing model has fullness below a narrow square yoke, arranged in inverted plaits, stitched in tuck effect. The comfortable sleeve is gathered at the wrist to a band cuff. A dress of this kind will please any little girl who is active and likes freedom in movement. As pictured printed voile was used, with white crepe for the yoke and cuffs. Pongee would be serviceable and cool. Printed voile or checked gingham is also nice. The pattern for this style is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the dress for a 10-year size will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 27-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for facing yoke and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6268. Black velvet with the collar of white silk broadcloth is here shown. This model is also pleasing in flannel-brown or navy blue—with simple stitching or braid for a finish. Twill or broadcloth are nice as also wash materials such as madras, linen or Indian Head. The collar is a distinctive feature of this style. It is cleverly cut with a tab extension that overlaps at the left side. The trousers are cut with straight lower edges. The pattern of this natty little suit is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A facing on the collar of contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 20 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

To a Kitten

By Dorothy E. Crabb

*Fluffy thing with your dark blue eyes
Gazing around in wide surprise,
I've often wondered what you'd do
If I were not here to play with you.*

*Pretty thing, is your brilliant gaze,
Innocent, as it scans the cage?
Hark to the song that Canary sings.
Naughty eyes on the yellow wings!*

*Silly thing, why that cunning glare?
No, no, kitten you wouldn't dare!
Wonderful bird! And you, my dear,
Ought to behave when birdie's here*

*You're hungry? Such a sad meow!
You want your milk and want it now.
Hush! you'll get it; not a word.
'Tis better to feast on milk than bird!*

*There—that's better. Comfy now?
Curl up in your chair and tell me how
You deliver your thanks in your simple way.
Won't purr? Too sleepy? And too much play!*

*Dear little kitten, fluffy and small
You're only a baby after all.
What! both asleep, and never a word,
Dear little kitten, and dear little bird!*



"It has women's enthusiastic approval"

The NEW and IMPROVED KOTEX

Combining correct appearance and hygienic comfort

THE new Kotex is softer than ever before, cool and light to wear. This, with its unmatched absorbency, complete deodorization, ease of disposal, ease of purchase, has won for the New and Improved Kotex the enthusiastic approval of women everywhere.

*Kotex is the only sanitary napkin that deodorizes with scientific accuracy. This ends an important fear—that of offense to others.

Deodorizes*. . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze ends chafing*, pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
- 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered: no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
- 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;
- 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower, as required;

and

- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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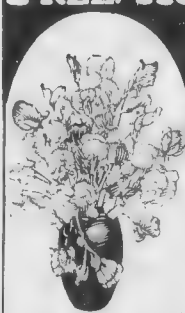
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Dennison-craft

His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 20

erect and clear-eyed, should they chance to visit the older countries of the earth portray in their persons something of the bigness and wholesomeness of the great country which they call "home." Personalities which, kindling the imagination and quickening the ambition of those with whom they come into contact, have been the means of turning the feet of many westward, along the pathway of the sun—towards Canada.

"Big Jim," while still in the middle thirties, found himself a widower, burdened (although none would have resented the expression more keenly than he) with the care of an invalid son; and now as he held Colin's tear-stained face in his hands, and looking into his eyes strove to soothe the boy's troubled spirit—the while a shamefaced Billy stood anxiously by to ascertain if all was well—"Big Jim" realized how much the boy had lost when the mother, who had bravely "stood by" while her husband served overseas, only to succumb to the dread aftermath of the Great War, shortly after his return. Spanish Influenza claimed her life, and left Colin in the terribly weakened condition we now find him.

"What Billy really deserves," "Big Jim" observed, "is a sound spanking—does he get it, Colin, laddie?"

"No sir, Billy's fine; it is I who should get the spanking for being so foolish. I guess it must be because tonight is the last."

But "Big Jim" knew it was no such thing, for Billy had recounted truthfully the entire conversation as it had taken place, and so it was as the former picked up the light form of his son and carried it towards the tent, the big man's heart was heavy within him.

The situation was relieved somewhat by the indefatigable Billy, who, anxious to atone for his tactlessness, now seized upon the invalid chair, wheeling which he constituted a sort of rearguard to the family procession, and when Colin was safely tucked in his cot and "Big Jim" had gone to collect some dry driftwood for the morning's kindling, Billy made his way into the tent and knelt by the head of Colin's cot.

"Are you awake, Colin?" he whispered.

"Sure," came the low-toned reply.

"I just wanted to tell you I bet you'll do something for Canada — some day, Colin."

There was a pause, and a sharp intake of the sick boy's breath.

"You bet I will, Billy," came the reply, and all the pride of Colin's Scottish forbears (most of them, according to Colin's father, had pledged their devotion, and oftentimes their lives to causes more romantic than practical) rang in his voice.

So it was that, when "Big Jim's" flashlight was turned on to the cot a few minutes later, the sand having unkindly deadened the sound of his approach, he saw the brown (and if the truth must be told, somewhat grimy) right hand of Billy firmly grasping the thin white one of his son.

TEN days later, Colin, safely home again at Aldermere, sat in the garden abutting the police station, watching the autos swinging to and fro along the Pacific Highway, that wonderful paved artery which has its commencement in Vancouver and its ending in Tia Juana, Mexico.

Presently a large car drew up at the entrance to the station, and Colin's father alighted, trim and impressive in the smart khaki uniform and flat service cap of the British Columbia Provincial Police. Two other officers alighted with him, one of whom the boy recognized as Colonel Phillips, his father's chief. The other, a stern-faced man of powerful physique, was a stranger.

Both visitors, however, paused and addressed a few kindly words to the boy as they passed on their way to his father's office, the door of which, Colin noted, was carefully closed behind them.

With a slight feeling of guilt he noted also that the office window, shaded by its spotlessly white half-curtain, was open; and as a result he would be able to get an inkling as to the reason for

Continued on page 87

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Dainty Women

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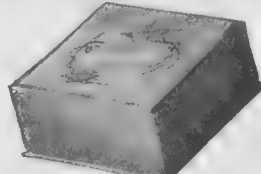
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Face Powder

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These Boncilla Preparations, including the Boncilla Clasmic Pack, are obtainable at all Druggists and Toilet Counters, in a number of sizes and to suit your purse and convenience. Give "Boncilla" preparations a place on your dressing table—you, too, will be delighted and satisfied.

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories Ltd.
Toronto

His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 86

this visitation; for Colin knew that Colonel Phillips never called but something decidedly interesting happened soon after.

It so happened that the listener was doomed to disappointment, the conversation being carried on in low, guarded tones, but the boy's keen ears caught a stray word or two, and they were certainly fraught with interest.

"Rum runners," "this route" and something regarding a "well organized and desperate gang" who, it would appear had "a high-powered car." Then after a long period during which the voices did not raise above a murmur, Colin heard Colonel Phillips say, coincident with the pushing back of chairs:

"Remember Cameron . . . at all costs . . . the key point."

Then, a few minutes later, talking the veriest commonplaces, the visitors followed by "Big Jim," walked down the steps. Colonel Phillips pausing for a moment to admire the trim garden in which Cameron took considerable pride.

The stern-featured man, however, walked over to Colin, and placed a large hand with a surprisingly gentle touch on that young man's head.

"How are you feeling today, young man?" he queried in a gruff, though by no means unkindly voice.

"Fine, sir."

"Don't you find it lonely here when your father is away on his rounds?"

"Just a little, sir, but there is always lots to see—because I read a lot."

"You do, eh?" The big man paused, "Well, in that case, son, I want you to ask your dad the next time he visits Vancouver, to buy you a history of Canada in the Great War—if he can find one."

"You will read the story of a little affair which occurred close to a place named St. Julien. When you've read about that I want you to get your father to relate to you how a red-haired, raw-boned Scottish-Canadian private, in direct defiance of orders given for his own preservation, crawled on his belly a matter of four hundred yards under a deadly fire, in order to rescue his company commander who was rapidly bleeding to death from numerous wounds."

"Have him tell you also how, having dragged the officer into a shell-hole and rendered some remarkably efficient first aid, the private hoisted the officer to his shoulder, and I might say that the officer was no lightweight, and commenced the trip back to the Canadian lines."

"But you must make sure that your father doesn't leave out the part where the private, half way across no-man's-land, happened upon a German wiring party, numbering three, who appeared suddenly out of the stinking mist; and how the private after having first set the officer gently down to the ground, went for the Boches single-handed, securing possession of a shovel held by one of the party, and did such execution with it that one of the party ceased to take any interest in the affair, while very shortly afterwards the advance posts of the Canadians were surprised by the sight of two very subdued Fritzies carrying with extreme care the unconscious form of a wounded Canadian officer; the rear of the procession being brought up by an exceedingly muddy but very contented private, who, still armed with the shovel, menaced his two unwilling helpers whenever they showed the slightest sign of flagging."

Colin listened open-mouthed to this recital, concentrating all his attention on the grim but fascinating stranger who, having said his say, was now engaged in opening a bill-fold.

On looking around, Colin was surprised to see his father standing by, his face almost as red as the sunsets his son was wont to admire, a complete study in embarrassment; while Colonel Phillips looked on with a knowing smile.

"The book I spoke of," continued the strange officer, "will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of five dollars. Here is ten; I suggest that you get your father to spend the balance on candy for you and a new D.C.M. ribbon for himself, seeing he has apparently mislaid the one presented to him by His Majesty."

With this last speech Colin understood.

"Then it was Daddy Jim all the time, sir," he cried.

"It certainly was, sonny," came the reply.

"So that's the way Daddy did his bit for Canada," murmured Colin, half to himself.

"His bit, laddie; your father did enough for three men, and did it in the quietest, most efficient manner possible. You have a splendid father, my boy," commented the big man earnestly.

"Are you the officer he saved, sir?" queried Colin.

Really, these revelations were too wonderful.

"I am, Colin. Now it must be good-bye for this time, I hear your father dickering with the self-starter; I guess that that is a hint that I have revealed enough."

Sure enough, "Big Jim," unable to listen to further eulogium had chosen the only method of applying the closure which suggested itself to him.

Now Colin, although well aware that soldiers never salute while either seated or uncovered, felt something special was demanded of him, so he lifted one small hand and brought it up in a smart salute to the point where the peak of a service cap would have been had he worn one.

The stern-faced officer and Colonel Phillips thereupon drew themselves up, and never was the salute of a private returned by his officers with greater punctilio.

A moment later Colin was alone, one hand grasping the ten-dollar bill, the other resting in his lap where it had fallen from the salute.

"And that was my daddy," he murmured to himself.

Then for some reason the incident in which Billy Young had figured at camp recalled itself.

"I'll bet Billy's father never did anything like that," he observed, rather unkindly, to a very fat and important-looking cock-robin which had alighted on the garden fence a few feet away, and was subjecting Colin to a keen scrutiny through a pair of bright, beady eyes.

As though to signify that he didn't approve of such undeserved strictures on Billy's estimable parent, the stout cock-robin whisked about adroitly, twitched his tail smartly in Colin's direction and flew briskly away, leaving the boy alone again.

ON BEING placed in his bed that night, Colin noticed that his father seemed restless, and on several occasions made as though to speak; finally, just as he was leaving the little bedroom, he turned towards his son.

"Colin, if you should hear a commotion outside on the highway tonight, don't be frightened, it won't be anything—much," he said.

Whereat Colin was interested.

"What sort of noise, Dad?"

"Oh—any kind of noise, son, but don't bother yourself, there may not be any."

"Big Jim" attempted to introduce a reassuring note into his voice.

"Well, Daddy, I hope there is—I'd like something to happen."

"Are you going out?" Colin asked, noting the fact that his father was still in uniform.

"For about an hour, son. Are you sure you can reach the phone?"

"Sure," Colin replied, and to prove it reached down by the head of his bed and lifted the extension instrument which stood there.

"Good. If anyone calls tell them I'll be back in an hour, maybe less. But be sure to ask them to leave their number, and if anyone wants me very badly tell them to ring up the garage; the boys there will find me."

"Now, bye-bye, son." "Big Jim" turned to take a final look at his boy.

"Bye-bye, Daddy Jim," Colin successfully feigned a note of sleepiness he was very far from feeling.

"The sound of 'Big Jim's' footsteps died away, and Colin was left alone with the moonlight which flooded the little room; but there were corners the silvery

Continued on page 88



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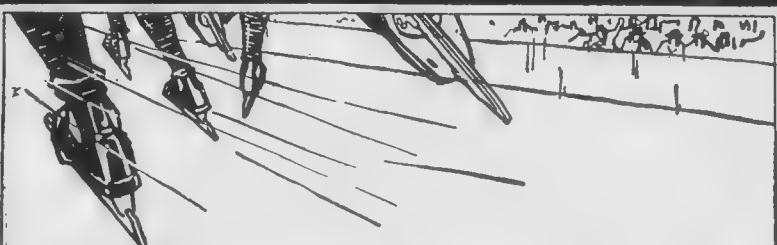
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SISMAN HOCKEY SHOES

His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 87

light failed to reach, and Colin's eyes sought these apprehensively once or twice.

After a time the boy's eyes became very heavy and would insist on closing; when the sudden ringing of the telephone bell roused him to complete consciousness.

Receiver at ear, he repeated the little formula his father had taught him.

"Provincial Police Headquarters, Sergeant Cameron in charge."

"I know that all right," a strange voice replied. "Is Cameron in?"

"No, but he'll be here any minute now."

"Anyone with him?"

"Yes—me," Colin replied with considerable pride in his voice, if with a lack of grammatical nicety.

"Who is 'me'?" came the voice at the other end of the wire.

"His son," amplified Colin.

"Oh, hell." This rude and disconcerting comment so scandalized the lad that he quite forgot to put the customary query as to the party's number.

The last thing Colin heard as the receiver was replaced at the other end was a harsh, sneering laugh.

Shortly afterwards "Big Jim" arrived, and Colin, calling to him, faithfully recounted the telephone conversation as it had taken place, not omitting the topographical reference at the end thereof.

"Wanted to know if I had anyone with me, did he, son?" Colin's father queried grimly.

"Yes, Daddy, and I told him you had me," replied Colin with quiet dignity.

"Quite right, Colin, quite right to tell him that. Now, good-night, sonny, get to sleep."

But Colin noted that in addition to being in uniform, his father was also carrying his service revolver, which was unusual; so he was about to ask a few more questions when the phone bell rang again, and his father, closing the bedroom door with considerable abruptness, hurried to his office.

Then it was that Colin's curiosity overcame him, and he did something he had never done before, or even thought of doing, since he had been instructed in the uses of the telephone. With infinite care he lifted the receiver of his own instrument and listened in on his father's conversation.

"That you, Cameron?" queried a voice which sounded very much like that of the stern-faced visitor of the morning.

"Yes, sir."

"They are on their way, and it looks as though they smell a rat because they are travelling like blazes, one truck and a big touring car following it. We are following but want to get them with the goods—rely on you to hold 'em; they should be on you in about half an hour."

"I'll be waiting for them, sir."

"Fine, Cameron; good luck."

With this the receiver was replaced, and Colin softly replaced his own instrument by his bedside.

HAVING replaced the telephone receiver, "Big Jim" hurried into the station's living-room, and quickly but methodically commenced some rather odd preparations.

Into a bucket he poured the contents of two small sacks: the latter containing many large pieces of bottle glass, sharp nails, tacks, and lastly, from a cupboard, he took several lengths of barbed wire.

This done, he produced from his store-room two red-shaded oil lanterns, the oiling and trimming of which he carefully tested and then lighted.

With a quick glance at his watch Cameron performed one more task, taking his revolver from its holster and examining it with care; finally satisfied, he replaced it on his hip, and picking up the bucket and two lanterns, he went out into the night.

Reaching the Highway, he located his parked car, and taking one of the red-lanterns with him, drove rapidly in a southerly direction, returning a few minutes later to secure the remaining lantern, make a turn and repeat the process northward.

Returning to the station again, "Big Jim" ran his car into its garage, and

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His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 88

going again to the Highway, bucket in hand, began a very extraordinary proceeding.

Artistically the pieces of jagged glass were strewn on the shining surface of the roadway, polished by the passage of countless automobiles.

Strategically the short lengths of barbed wire were placed where they could be relied upon to fulfil their mission, and finally a bushel or so of tacks advantageously placed indicated that the Sergeant's war-time training had not been forgotten and nothing was being left to chance.

This done and the bucket disposed of, Cameron withdrew to the shelter of his own hedge, and taking cover therein, waited.

Midnight was not far distant, and there was no sound audible save the croaking of a bullfrog in a nearby swamp.

Ten—fifteen minutes passed, then faintly there was borne to the keen ears of the waiting officer a sound as of distant machine-gun fire.

Louder and louder it grew, until, at last, far down the Highway could be discerned the glare of two powerful headlights. Then, travelling at such a high rate of speed that it literally swayed from side to side, loomed the huge bulk of a powerful motor-truck. A few seconds later the vehicle struck the portion of road surface prepared for its reception.

Three of the great balloon tires blew out simultaneously, the huge truck careened madly to one side of the road, until, out of control, it plunged with a mighty crash into the ditch opposite to where Cameron lay concealed.

The latter, revolver in hand, charged over toward the wreckage, out of which three badly cut and shaken men were staggering, two of them bleeding from deep gashes in head and face; while the third, his hands pressed to his forehead, reeled as though from concussion.

"What in blazes hit us, Joe?" groaned one of the men.

"Don't know—seemed like the whole darned countryside," came the reply.

"All right, throw 'em up," snapped Cameron, stepping up to the shaken and now thoroughly astonished trio.

"And," he added grimly, "put 'em up mighty quick and keep 'em there."

Dazedly the men complied, while Cameron brought the rays of his flash-light to bear on them, menacing them with his revolver at the same time.

"Lord—what a bunch!" he remarked. "When did they let you out, Spanish Joe," he asked of a particularly evil-looking member of the gang, whose swarthy, scowling features were by no means improved by the rivulets of blood which poured down them.

The only reply the officer got was a bitter curse, whereupon he walked up to the nearest man and prodded him with his revolver.

"Bring down your right arm slowly, and when you get it down as far as the pocket of your mackinaw, throw out the automatic I see outlined there."

Cameron intentionally flashed his torch full on the man's eyes, thereby placing him at a disadvantage should he attempt to draw the gun with intent to shoot.

"There, that's right," he remarked as the ugly gun the fellow carried clattered at his feet; now go and do the same by the other two beauties, then we'll take a walk over to our little lock-up."

The command was obeyed in sullen silence, until disarmed, the three men stood in line, outlined in the white glare of Cameron's flashlight, and covered by his revolver.

"I wonder what has happened to your follow-up, Spanish Joe?" queried the officer. "It ought to be coming by now—it left on schedule you know."

The evil, closely-set eyes of the man addressed, hi-jacker, rum-runner, and suspected murderer, glittered, but he made no reply.

Suddenly Cameron noticed Joe's gaze become fixed directly over his, Cameron's shoulder.

Suspicious—the officer made a half turn, just in time to escape the full force of a black-jack wielded by one of the

rearguard party of rum-runners, who in some unexplained manner had become acquainted with the predicament of the truck-crew, and laid their plans accordingly.

Although the blow was but a glancing one it dazed Cameron and caused him to stagger for a second.

This was sufficient for the thugs in front and rear, in a second he was down, the centre of half a dozen desperate, determined men, whose sole ambition at the moment seemed to be to strike a blow at this now unarmed enemy who had brought their plans to nought.

Presently the struggle ceased and Cameron (oh, the humiliation of it) his wrists encircled by his own handcuffs, his feet tightly lashed together and his mouth safely gagged by a huge wad of dirty cotton-waste, which latter not only prevented speech but almost suffocated him; was propped against his own gate.

From the conversation carried on between the new arrivals and the truck-crew, it appeared that the former had disregarded the red-light signals left by Cameron in the hands of a trusty neighbor at a distance of about a mile from the station-house, in order to hold any chance motorist who might wish to pass and thus happened upon Cameron's trap for the rum-runners.

Sensing misadventure to the main body, the crooks in the touring-car had parked the latter about five hundred yards from the wrecked truck with its contraband contents. This done they had stolen up quietly behind the unsuspecting Cameron with the result related.

Now two of the gang were hurriedly clearing the roadway of its destructive debris, while a small man in a light duster and a grey cap cautiously brought the touring car up as close to the truck as was compatible with safety.

Without comment the new arrival alighted quickly from the auto and advanced towards the bound and helpless police-sergeant.

The newcomer's hands, as he stooped to gaze into Cameron's battered face, rested lightly in the pockets of his duster but he suddenly withdrew the right hand and dealt the prostrate man a cruel blow in the face with his clenched fist. On the assailant's third finger was a large signet ring which further lacerated his victim's face.

"There's my little whack, you swine," the newcomer rasped in a throaty, wheezing voice—"thought you'd be bust up the party single-handed, eh?"

This taunt was accompanied by a vicious kick in the ribs.

"Well," the little fiend continued, "take it from me, cop, I'm hep to all the dodges a hick harness-bull can think up."

"You done in the old truck all right, but by — you're never going to say you seized a cargo of liquor belonging to Bill Goulat."

"Come here you, Spanish Joe, bring over that package I gave you to hold," commanded the little man, who was, despite his size, the unquestioned leader of this gang of toughs.

Spanish Joe shuffled forward with a cloth-covered bundle held gingerly in his hands. This Goulat snatched from him and placing it on the roadside untied the string which tied it, revealing at its contents four sticks of dynamite, several lengths of fuse and some detonating caps.

"See here, you blasted fly-cop," sneered Goulat, pointing to the package gloatingly, "you won't get the liquor because this little lot's going to be set off among the cases."

He paused—and his evil face, sharp-featured and peering like some bird of prey, worked with the passion that consumed him.

Spanish Joe shambled towards him and placed his lips to the other's ear.

"By gosh—that's a good one, Joe—he ought to be there when the sticks go off—come along boys, haul him aboard the truck—you start fixing the caps and fuses, Joe; you've had enough practice to make a good job of it," Goulat added with a sardonic grin.

Meanwhile willing hands were hauling the helpless officer on to the truck, and

Continued on page 90

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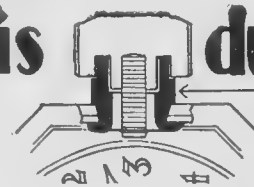
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THIRD TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. November 22nd to Montreal for sailing of S.S. "Laurentic," November 24th, to Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool.

FOURTH TRAIN leaves 6.00 p.m. November 29th to Halifax for sailing of S.S. "Pennland," December 2nd, to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Antwerp.

FIFTH TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. November 30th to Halifax for sailing of S.S. "Alaunia," December 3rd, to Plymouth, Havre, London.

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His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 81

with despairing eyes he saw the Spaniard fixing the train.

Suddenly the gag was torn from his mouth.

"Shout, you —, shout," the little fiend who was evidently the brains of the outfit, was almost beside himself with fury as he contemplated the enforced abandonment of many thousands of dollars' worth of liquor.

"You've got a matter of three minutes before the fuse hits the stick—then you can shout to the devil in hell."

There came a hoarse shout, and Cameron's tormentor climbed hastily down from his perch.

"Ready, Joe?" he called—right—go to it, then beat it for the car.

"Shout—busybody Cameron, shout, you swine," came the last taunt from Goulat, as, above the purr of the running engine of the touring-car, the former could hear the scurry of running feet, the quick slam of a door—the starting of the auto, and then—silence.

A MINUTE passed.

Dear God—dynamite—well, the devils should never be able to say that he shouted. But—what an end.

Besides, who would look after Colin?

Then—

"Daddy, where are you?—are those awful men gone?"

Cameron might be forgiven for believing that his reason was going—that this was part of the agony of death, so soon to claim him.

He knew the voice, but the thing was impossible.

Still he answered—

"God—Colin—here, here—Colin."

The voice, harsh, inhuman—Cameron hardly recognized it for his own.

Three minutes—not a moment to lose.

"Colin, can you see something alight, burning under the truck?" he called.

"Yes, Daddy, something like a piece of tape. It's nearly reaching the —"

Never mind, son, tread on it—put it out."

A moment's pause, to Cameron a year, had he involved the life of his son in the loss of his own?

"All right, Dad, it's out," came Colin's voice.

Exhaustion numbing the brain of "Big Jim" Cameron, for the first time in his life he lost consciousness.

When Cameron came to a few minutes later, it was to find himself among what seemed to be a small army, armed to the teeth, among whom was the stern-faced man of the morning; in fact he was at the moment of "Big Jim's" recovery supporting his head, and holding to his lips a flask which contained a restorative the quality of which precluded any possibility of its being part of the wares of the rum-runners.

But most amazing of all—standing beside him, half-dressed, but very much alive, the seemingly impossible accomplished, was Colin—Colin using his feet, the feet which, according to an eminent specialist the boy would never use again.

"Colin—walking," gasped the stricken man, joy battling with wonderment in his voice.

"You bet, Dad. I heard that nasty little man talking, so I just HAD to get up and put on some clothes and come to you—I hid in the hedge until they went away."

"I don't know how I did it, Dad, but I just walked," the boy added naively.

In Colin's voice, however, there was a note of joy, which did more to restore his father's strength and steady his wandering faculties than any stimulant.

"It's a miracle, Colin. Thank God for giving you the strength to come—when you did."

Then Cameron's soldierly mind returned to his duty.

"I'm sorry, Colonel, I failed to hold them," he said weakly to the man whose life he had saved on another occasion. "I overlooked the auto trailing the truck," he added.

"A serious oversight, Sergeant Cameron, and one which, in the ordinary run of things, would break you."

The stern-faced man's eyes twinkled—but fortunately for discipline, the darkness prevented Cameron's noting the fact.



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Continued on page 92

How Mothers Can Help

WHETHER or not a child is well enough to go to school, or is sick enough to be kept at home, is a problem that every parent must answer many times during the school life of every child.

The problem is not always one of easy solution. Formerly, children were often kept at home because of the fear of their contracting some contagious disease. With a health department that functions properly and especially with an adequate medical inspection of schools, the danger that a child may contract diphtheria, smallpox, or even scarlet fever at school is not now very great at any time. That children still very often contract measles, mumps, whooping-cough, and colds at school is quite true; but until parents, family doctors, and health and school authorities all do their part in preventing this, these diseases will continue to be spread in our schools.

The question naturally arises, "Why not let the children get whooping-cough and measles before they are old enough to go to school and get them over with? They are sure to have them at some time."

There is a very good reason why this should not be done. Practically all contagious diseases are harder on younger children than on older ones, and this is especially true of whooping cough and measles. One-half of all the deaths from whooping cough (and there are more than one would think) occur in children under one year of age, and 95 per cent of the deaths from whooping cough occur in children under five years of age. The proportion in measles is not quite so high in the very young as in whooping cough, but, contrary to a very common though erroneous opinion, the death rate in measles is also very much higher in young children than in older children and adults. Again, contrary to an opinion which is still all too common, measles is not a mild disease; it is a very serious affair, and this disease in combination with its very frequent complication, pneumonia, is still responsible for the loss of many lives.

With the present methods of individual protection, it is hardly too much to say that parents are to blame if their children get smallpox or diphtheria; it is hoped that scarlet fever and possibly measles may eventually be as surely preventable as are smallpox and diphtheria.

Why is it that measles and whooping cough are so likely to be spread in school? The probably reason is that it takes so long to tell that one or the other of these diseases is present. In whooping cough it may be a week or ten days after the child has the disease before the characteristic whoop appears, and for two, three, or four days measles often resembles an ordinary cold or other respiratory affection, with fever.

Every conscientious parent in determining the question of whether or not a child should go to school on some particular day when it does not feel quite normal is guided by two general principles; namely, first, the interest of the child, and, second, the interests of the neighbors' children, speaking of all fellow-school patrons as neighbors.

But how may the parent know when it is safe for the child to go to school on both these counts?

There are certain symptoms, any one of which, if present, should automatically decide this question. Among these symptoms are the following:

- (1) Fever.
- (2) Sore throat.
- (3) Diarrhea.
- (4) Severe abdominal pain.
- (5) Earache.
- (6) Discharging ears.
- (7) Discharging sore eyes.
- (8) Paroxysmal cough, especially if coughing spells are followed by vomiting and always if followed by whoop.
- (9) Severe colds, even when no fever is present.

(10) The presence of an eruption not due to scratches, hard soaps, to some other simple condition, or, in older children, acne. Acne is very often the penalty of a not too clean face or body, and it is granted that it is a little difficult to induce a youngster always to keep himself clean, especially his face.

Theoretically, in order to be permitted to attend school a child should be perfectly well. At this time we do not exclude or even segregate children who have slight

colds or coughs, though it is doubtful whether they derive much benefit from school attendance when suffering even mildly from these troublesome conditions.

It would hardly seem necessary to explain why a child which manifests some one of the symptoms which have been enumerated above should not be allowed to attend school. It may be said, however, that no child can study to advantage if ill enough to have fever, sore throat, severe cough, a severe cold, or, if he has earache, discharging sore eyes, diarrhea, or severe abdominal pain. Indeed, under such circumstances, attendance at school may be a positive danger to the child itself, and if the symptom is the manifestation of a beginning contagious disease, as some of the symptoms often are, there is danger that the child may give the disease to some of its playmates before it is recognized. It is quite obvious that unless a particular eruption is known not to be contagious, or not to be the manifestation of some contagious disease, the child ought not to go to school. Children are sometimes allowed to attend school with discharging ears, but it is not good practice. Such a child should be under the constant care of a physician until the condition is relieved, and it must not be forgotten that a discharging ear may be associated with a contagious disease, particularly with scarlet fever, and that the discharge may reproduce the disease in others.

All of the symptoms which have been given are easily recognized. They are merely brought to the attention as a guide. It is necessary, of course, that the parent should learn how to take the temperature, and that they should possess a reliable clinical thermometer. The method of taking the temperature and of cleansing the thermometer to prevent the carrying of infection to others, may best be learned from the family doctor or from a trained nurse. The mother should also learn to count the pulse and this may be done by simple practice. Do not take it with the thumb, but with the first two fingers. Remember that a slow pulse, 80 to 90 or even 100 in a child, varying according to age and individuality, is practically always a good pulse and means, as a rule, that the child is not very ill. A moderately fast pulse, 110 to 130, unless after exercise, or unless the child is excited, usually means a more severe illness, and such a pulse associated with fever warrants the calling of the family physician.

Among the individual precautions that the parent can take to prevent the child from contracting certain contagious diseases, there have already been mentioned vaccination against smallpox and immunization against diphtheria. Both of these should be done long before the child is old enough to go to school. Immunization against scarlet fever, while perhaps not entirely beyond the experimental stage, is harmless and may also be carried out, if desired.

Children should be taught that there are ten objects which commonly carry contagious disease from one person to another and that these ten dangerous objects are nothing more nor less than the ten fingers. For example, a child has a cold which, while not recognized as such, is the beginning of an attack of measles. He still feels lively enough to play. He handles a ball or other object, gets on it an infinitely small quantity of secretion from his own nose or mouth through the medium of his fingers, passes the object along to another, who gets an infinitely smaller quantity of the first child's nasal secretion on his fingers, passes it on to his mouth, and wakes up two weeks later with a large sized attack of measles. Of course, there are other ways in which these secretions can be exchanged, such as the common drinking cup and improperly constructed drinking fountains.

No right thinking parents will conceal contagious disease in their own child, and a physician who will do such a thing is unworthy of a parent's confidence. Theodore Roosevelt once said to one of his employees: "A man who will steal from me will steal from me." By the same token it may not be safe to trust the life of your child to a doctor who would connive in concealing a case of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, or other dangerous contagious disease of this kind.

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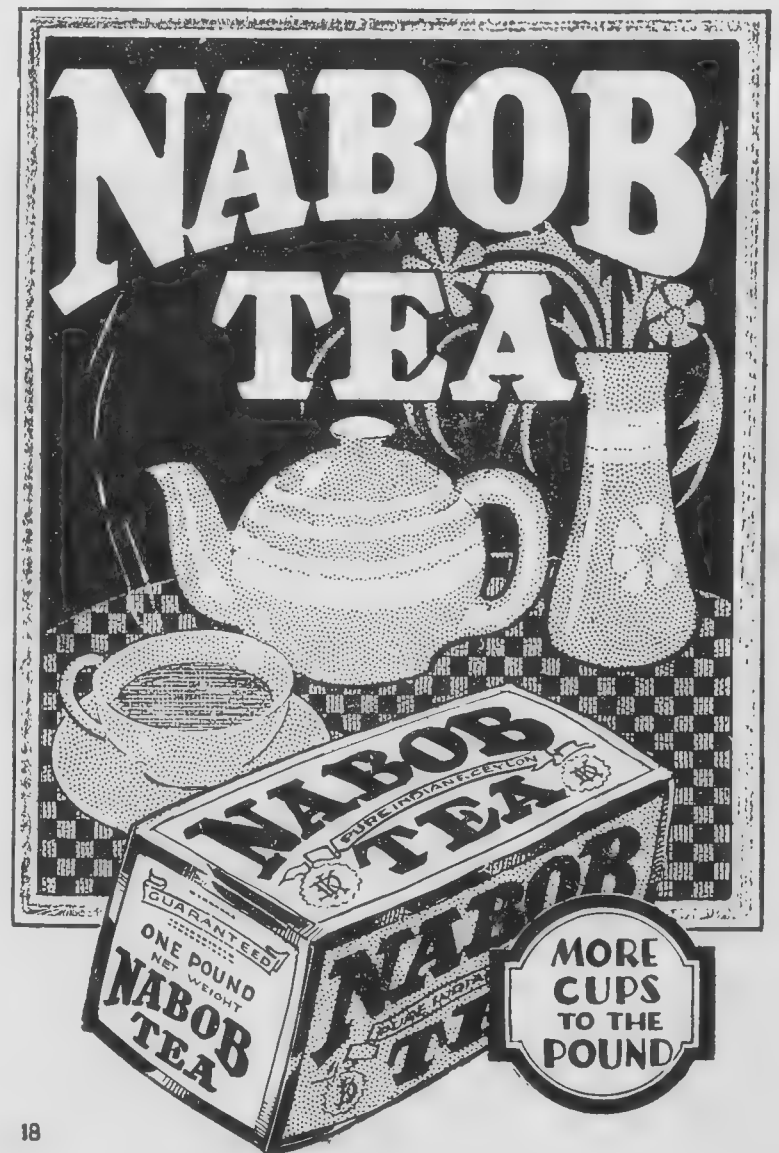
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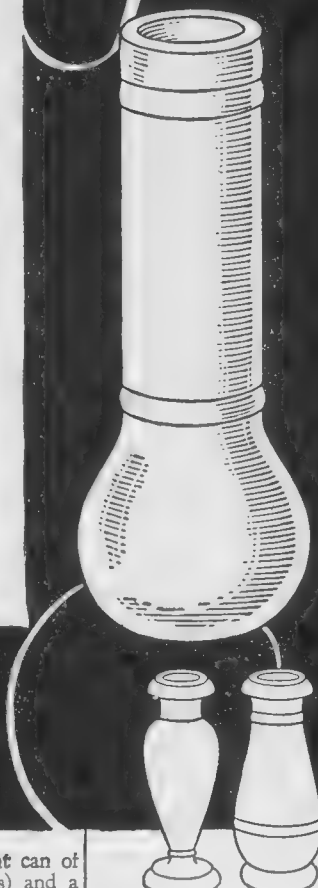
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His Bit for Canada

Continued from page 90

"But," continued the officer, "as your son took that matter in hand as well as coming to your rescue, there is really no great harm done."

"We got them, Cameron," he added briskly, "got them at Abbotsford, the whole bunch."

Then seeing Cameron's look of amazement he explained:

"I rang up once again to see if all was well, and Colin told me what was happening outside—we were only two miles away, at Gray's farm, following quickly, so I rang through to the last post before they hit the border—Abbotsford, and Menzies there arranged a tolerably warm reception for them. Colonel Baring has just phoned to say they caught the lot—and that they will be passing this way soon en route for Vancouver; all except your friend Goulat that is, he unfortunately got his head in the way of a bullet from someone's revolver, so the hangman will be robbed of a fee in his particular case."

THERE is not very much more to add to this narrative, except that Colin never occupied the invalid chair again.

The supreme effort he made on that terrible occasion when his father's life was threatened, proved that his disability was curable, and so it proved.

A trip to a famous surgeon in the East, an operation has resulted in Colin showing every indication of being as fine and big a man as his stalwart parent.

Of course there was a big fuss made over the part played by the boy in the capture and jailing of the desperate gang of rum-runners and dope-smugglers, and as a result an enterprising newspaper opened a fund to which it invited contributions from the public.

The response to the newspaper appeal was such that Colin's rather neglected education will be looked after.

But it was left to the stern-faced officer to complete the sum of Colin's happiness when, chancing to call at Aldermere one day, during the course of conversation he asked the former what he most desired.

"To go to the Cadet Camp next summer," replied Colin promptly, "I want to do my bit for Canada too, and if I have to wait until I am in entrance it will be at least two years before I can go."

"Talking of doing something for Canada," observed the stern-faced officer, "some people are gluttons, never satisfied; but," he added, "seeing that you are such a fire-eater, I shouldn't wonder but it could be arranged."

And arranged it was.

The Mother's Love

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

Dear little babe, with big, blue eyes,
How much I love you, dear.
Your father only, to my heart,
Can ever be so near.
When your sweet eyes smile into mine
They fill me with delight,
And everything about my babe
Is seeming all just right.

What joy to train the little one
In all life's righteous ways.
The joys of motherhood will bring
So many happy days.
She looks for each development
In her dear baby's life,
And how she prays it will be spared
From all life's evil strife.

And just develop what is good
And sweet and pure and true;
To always bring its parents joy:
And, evil deeds, ne'er do.
Ah! little babe, it cannot know
What hopes, for it, I hold,
As tenderly in loving arms,
My baby, I enfold.

Bright Boy

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said 'You are fired,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

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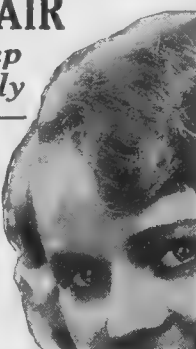
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Address _____

Bravo Toros

Continued from page 80

rather tame. Yet there is loud applause. For today there are two strong camps gathered, the admirers of Vallalta and the admirers of Rodriguez.

The second bull comes into the ring. The capes flash. Here and there charges the bull. Now it is Rodriguez who plays him. Then it happens. So swiftly one fails to grasp fully every detail. And my hope is realized. A second of indecision, one false motion. The bull has got Rodriguez. High in the air goes the body of the man. There is something ridiculous in the sight, something almost unreal, as though one looked upon a stuffed doll. The horn has just missed him. But the man's body has taken all the full force of the great head. Rodriguez comes down. He lies prone. Once more one is impressed with that queer feeling of looking upon a stuffed doll just discarded. But toro turns, joyous with success. Straight down upon the fallen man he rushes. It seems nothing can save him. Then one sees the miracle, the unexpected, that variation which makes watching bull fighting a sight ever new. Two cape wielders have sprung into position. And one turns the bull at the last second. He swerves, and his pounding hoofs just miss the head of the fallen man. They carry Rodriguez away. His ribs are broken. This favorite will not be seen again for many days.

THOUGH there is today a crowd three and a half times greater than on fête day in Toledo, only six bulls are to be slain. Vallalta takes the next one. He is superb. The crowd is wild with joy. Hats come whirling into the ring from every side. The matador moves gracefully around the circle basking in the applause. He and the cape wielders are busy throwing back the hats.

The young matador, the same who, in Toledo a short time before, required three swords to down an exceptional bull, now takes on the next toro. He does well. With his "muleta" he is making the final play with the bull, when suddenly there is a slight disturbance in the crowd in the lowest tier. Over the fence there comes sailing a short little man. He wears a straw hat and a blue suit and yellow shoes. But in his left hand flashes also a red cloth, in his right a bamboo walking-stick. Into the ring he drops. But what fantastic thing is this?

Under the very nose of the matador he goes. He waves his red cloth and himself takes on the bull. Three times he plays the bull, hiding with great care his ridiculous cane beneath the muleta. The crowd shrieks, half amusement, half acclaim. Then one of the cape wielders gets close to the man just after the bull has passed and drags this civilian bull fighter to the fence where four police lay rough hands on him. He is drawn through the opening and hurried off to jail. For ten days he will languish there for his prohibited action.

How strange are men! This civilian has risked his life for one brief moment in the sight of the crowd. No one knows his name. No one will ever remember his face. Yet perhaps for weeks before his rash act he had been practising this dramatic play. A place in the sun for a fleeting second. Ten days in jail.

It is the last bull of the day. From the very first the bull was without eagerness. But the usual three horses were finally knocked down. Six banderillos stuck in his back out of the eight cast at him. Now the young matador approaches with sword and muleta.

But the bull is tired. In his dumb weary way he realizes he has nothing to win. He stands and stares at the flaunted caps.

He bellows, low and deep his anger, a puzzled, wondering, pained anger, in it too pathetic a questioning: "Why do you do this to me?" and beneath all this, mingled with the anger a note of fear, the hopeless fear of one knowing that unavoidable death awaits just around the corner. And so he abruptly turns from that flaunted rag and runs away, trotting around the ring.

Around he went, pathetically seeking escape. His big eyes looked up imploringly. He bellowed a cry for mercy. And all about the ring the cape wielders flashed their gorgeous mantles in vain. Round

and round he went, and now jogging at his heels the matador, crying curses and pleading exhortation, trying to get ahead of him to wave his cape. The awfulness of the humiliation of that moment. Yet the matador was in no way to blame for the pusillanimity of that bull. Round the ring again, while the jeers of 14,000 people hailed down upon the unfortunate man. And then the bull heaped upon him the last indignity. Rearing itself up in one last desperate endeavor to escape, it got its front feet over the top of the wooden barrier, and there it stuck. It was too horrible, this mingling of the ludicrous and the ineffably pitiful.

The grooms pushed it clear. Too tired, or too heartsick for any further effort the beast stood dully awaiting the death stroke. But even now the matador was the child of misfortune. Not until he had thrust and withdrawn twice did he successfully send home the blade. The moment had in it all the elements of an old Greek tragedy, without, however, a single touch of greatness. It was tawdry and terrible and sad. But not for the crowd. With angry yells, loud voicings full of menace, men began leaping into the ring from every side. And the young matador knew their import. A moment ago he had been running wildly around the ring chasing a reluctant bull. Now he, in turn, flees for the gate of the paseo, flees to escape a drubbing.

This was Vallalta's hour. While his fellow espada ran for shelter, the favorite matador, the darling of the crowd, walked with undulating hips and air affected, though he wished to appear quite matter-of-course, toward the exit from the bull ring, but in doing so he took the longest way around, crossed the whole of the arena. Quickly a crowd surrounded him, lifted him upon their shoulders. He is carried away in a triumphant procession.

Into the empty ring the mule team comes with happy tinkling of bells, and haul away to the open court at the left of the ring the final bull of the day.

I STAND a moment here. Against the wall of the court five of the bulls, already skinned and quartered, hang. With an axe one of the butchers begins cutting away at the head of the sixth. Everything here is horribly matter-of-fact. All the color, the vividness of action is ended. One should never see an anti-climax.

And yet as I walked away I understood a little how the fascination of watching bull fights might grow upon one. There is always the unexpected, always variety. Today, even I, a foreigner had my savage impulses gratified. I wished to see the bull get a man; and he did.

In any case, I do not wax self-righteous against bull fighting as so many Anglo-Saxons have done. I do not wax righteous against bull fighting, for are the hands of my own race so clean? Looking upon such sports as fox-hunting, of running down a noble stag, of raising pheasants in coverts to be shot wholesale, I cannot see where bull fighting is any more reprehensible than some of the things we Anglo-Saxons indulge ourselves in with great complacency.

Once in a while the bull does get a man. But I never yet have heard of a hunted stag, or a skurrying fox getting back at his human tormentor.

And once one has been to a bull ring, he can heartily say:

BRAVO! BRAVO . . . TOROS!

And Then—

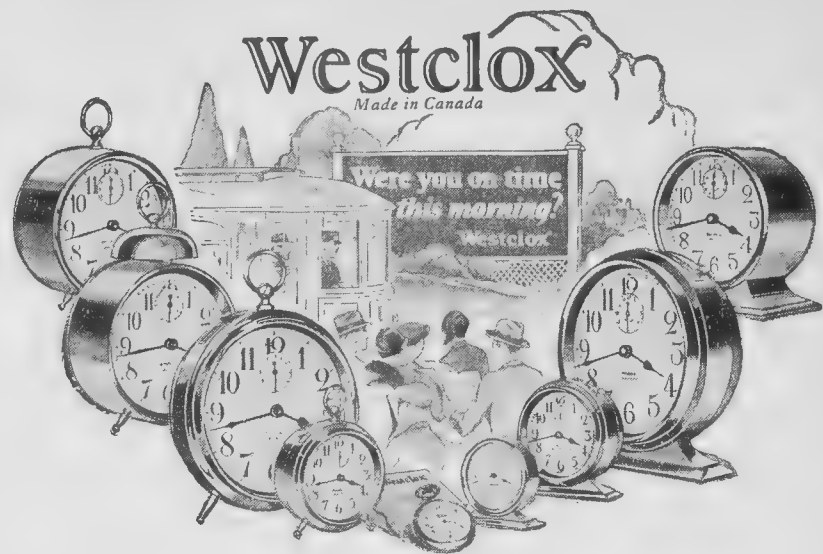
"Papa, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

"It depends on how close he comes to me."

Linguistic Miracle

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche—"He's getting on so well at school; he learns French and algebra. Now sonnie, say 'How d'ye do' to the lady in Algebra."—Goblin.

"Be careful if you're playing against that new lawyer chap," warned the golf club's oldest player. "Yesterday I asked him if I should use a mashie or a niblick, and today I've had a bill for six shillings and eightpence."—Tit Bits.



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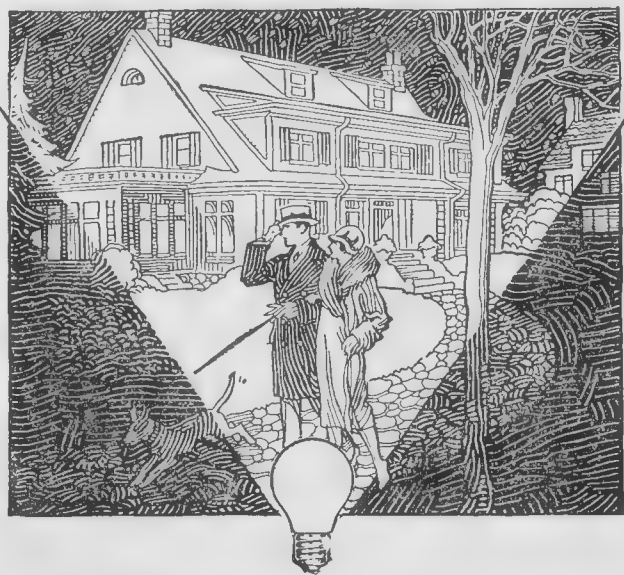
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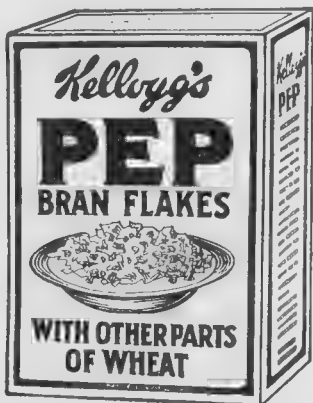
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Kellogg's



PEP BRAN FLAKES

Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 69

Gimli had an apron sale, and earned over \$40.00.

Hamiota entertained as usual, the newcomers. Twenty-three were called on and invited, and twelve came. An interesting programme had been arranged for the visitors, which ended with lunch.

Hartney—A member gave a paper on "Canada."

Helston is making things for a bazaar.

Killarney is working with determination to secure a district nurse.

Livingstone is planning the annual banquet.

Melita is providing the children with the hot lunch through the winter months, the school board paying \$1.00 a day for every day the lunch is served.

Minnedosa—A member who visited France last year told the Institute about her trip.

Northcote is a new Institute, having been organized only a few months ago. We can say that Northcote promises to be a good Institute, for the members have already done some good work.

Oak Point entertained the grandmothers. Thirteen were invited and twelve came, the other being out of town. Two of the ladies with cars called for the grandmothers and brought them to the hall. Both the members and the grandmothers had a most enjoyable afternoon.

Ochre River presented gifts to two members leaving the community.

Pipestone—Mrs. Forke, the wife of the Minister of Immigration, who is a member of the Pipestone Institute, spoke and described vividly "Canada's Peace Tower."

Plum Coulee decided again to give a prize of \$5.00 to the student obtaining the highest average, and a picture to the primary room having the best attendance.

Roblin entertained Mrs. Old, a very active member and friend, who left Roblin to go to Manitou.

Roland was "at home" to the members of the Plum Coulee Institute.

Rosburn entertained the grandmothers.

Rosser—Twins arrived in the village, and the Institute sent a gift to each and flowers to the mother.

Somerset has entertained neighboring Institutes, and has been entertained.

Souris—A member gave a talk on "The Care of Dahlias, Gladioli, and Vegetables During the Winter."

Warren presented gifts to members leaving the district.

Winnipegosis enjoyed a paper on "The Joys of Living in a Small Town."

Time—The Jester

By H. H. Fariss

I laugh and jest at the slow moving years
Whose burdens are sorrow, bitterness, tears,
And I laugh with the joyous days that bring
Gladness and sunshine and every good thing;
I peek in the windows of life every day
And ring up the curtain upon life's play;
There's never a wound my touch cannot heal
Nor mystery that I cannot reveal;
In my great Book of Days, with pen of flame,
I keep a true record beside each name
And, if I am old—how old no man knows,
The Secret of Ages I could disclose.

I watch the Pageant of Life passing by,
Laugh with them, jest with them: Why shouldn't I?

For their days are numbered, mine never end,
So I, as confident, councillor, friend,
Give ear to Youth's tales of romance and love
And turn age to thoughts of glad things above;

I watch beauty fade when its hour is done
And the mighty step down from heights they've won;
The bright sword is etched with patterns of rust

And proud cities crumble in ruins and dust
Because of the passing of my Caravan,
For Time does not linger for any man.

But I stop on the shores of that Great Sea
That stretches away to eternity;
And yet, this is not the ending, Ah, no,
It is the beginning—but I cannot go
Beyond a fixed mark—so I laugh and I stay
And jest with the mortals upon life's way



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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 72

in her portrait. She was like a snow woman, with milk instead of blood in her veins.

She stopped at sight of him and turned to Coggeshall.

"When did this doctor come?" she asked in a soft broken voice. "Have I seen him?"

"My name is Wells, Mrs. White," said Motherwell, stepping forward with a slight bow. "I came down to see if I could be of any use."

"Oh! And you brought Coggeshall?"

She looked a little puzzled, but was evidently too fatigued to reason very clearly.

He bowed again.

"I am glad to see you looking so well," he ventured, meeting her eyes frankly.

Her lips quivered a little.

"I shall never look well," she answered simply. "You know that, Dr. Wells."

"Oh, Madam, you are lovely!" Coggeshall cried bravely. And all in white, like that!"

"It doesn't matter," she said quietly, "really. Never mind it, please. How many other things did you bring me, Coggeshall?"

"Only a few, Madam, but you have everything at home, you know—"

She looked at the maid, smiling slightly, and at that smile the woman's eyes widened and filled with tears.

"Oh, Mrs. White! Oh, no!" she cried, and Motherwell, watching that pale, remote creature, felt as if a little cold wind had blown over his heart.

She passed into the room and sat in a low-backed chair. Her head in her hand, she seemed to slip away from them all into the deep gulf of her thoughts. They watched her doubtfully.

But Motherwell roused himself and looked warningly at them.

"Can't you find some tea and—something to eat for Mrs. White?" he asked the maid. "I'm certain it would do her good, after all this strain."

She nodded and hurried away. The two doctors glanced at each other, then at Motherwell, and stepped out, on a common impulse. He drew a chair near hers, and leaning forward, took her hand in his.

"Mrs. White," he said, "listen to me. I know what you are thinking, but you should not. Can't you pity that poor man whose heart you are going to break? Can't you think of your husband?"

She smiled again, and again he felt that little chill.

"You don't understand, quite, Dr. Wells," she answered, and said no more.

"But I do," he persisted. "I do understand. It's you who do not understand. Just because you don't feel the love for him that he feels for you, you don't understand how you will hurt him. If you did—"

"If I did?" she interrupted, in that sweet quivering voice, "if I did? How foolish you are. I love him more than anybody and everything in the world put together. I would black his boots—if I could live near him. I would shovel off his steps in winter—if he would be kind to me when he walked on them! Love him!"

She looked scornfully at the man in front of her.

"You couldn't understand," she said. "I love him too much to break his heart. Mine doesn't matter."

Motherwell studied her a moment. His eyes snapped with excitement. He drew his hand back with a careless movement.

"I—I didn't understand," he began. "You are right. I supposed, somehow—"

"Yes. Everybody did," she said gently. "But it wasn't true. He is the only thing in the world I have ever loved. And so I know—"

She stopped.

"Of course," said Motherwell slowly, eyeing her, "that is different. If you feel that way to him, it might be better not to see him, for he has changed a great deal. He's been ill, and that, and the anxiety about you, has aged him, I hear."

Continued on page 96

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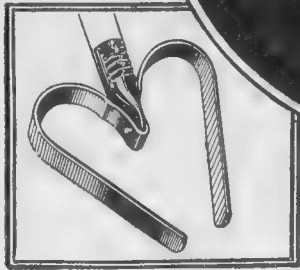
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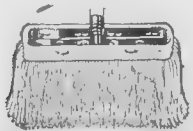
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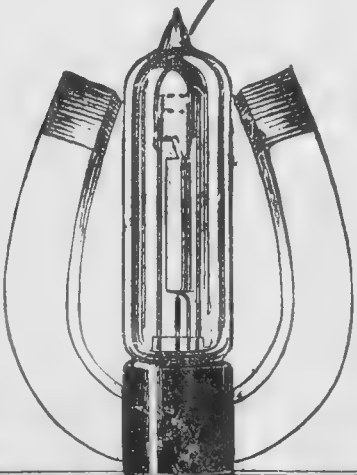
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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 95

It might be a shock to you—he was such a young-looking man."

She looked wonderingly at him.

"Ill"? she said. "Poor Cran! Yes, ne would be."

Then her pale lips drew down scornfully.

"It is quite plain that you never loved anybody, Dr. Wells," she said. "A shock to me! And do you really think that I loved my husband for the way he looked? You must be a fool."

Her voice was very quiet.

"I loved him for what he was," she said, "not for what he looked like!"

Motherwell rose and put a strong, browned hand on each of her shoulders.

"And did you never know that a man can feel the same"? he said sternly. "If you didn't, then it is time you learned, Mrs. White, for YOU are the fool!"

She could not grow paler, but her face seemed to turn cold and wan and her mouth drooped, as she stared at him.

"You—you mean—"

"I mean that it's not your hair—it's not pink cheeks—it's not—good heavens, it's you he loves! It's you!"

She seemed not to breathe. Two large tears rolled down her cheeks, but her eyes never left his.

He shook her slightly.

"Lord!" he said sharply, "if I were a woman, I wouldn't dare insult a man so! I'd be ashamed—ashamed!"

She shuddered a little, then dropped her face on his hand and cried. After a moment he leaned down to her.

"You'll go to him"? he said softly.

"I'll—I'll go—and see!" she whispered, sobbing.

MOTHERWELL talked easily, with comfortable pauses, during the journey; the two women made but brief answers. "Why did you frighten us so with those jewels"? he asked quietly. "Didn't you realize we would naturally suppose you had—had gone away with them?"

"Jewels"? she repeated vaguely. "Oh, yes! Why—I had them with me—I was taking them to Glen. I had only one key to the safe. I thought it would be better. I didn't mean to stay at the doctor's—" Her voice sank.

"You shouldn't have thrown the Medusa away, you know," he said suddenly, after another silence.

"I threw it as far as I could," she answered quickly, "into the mud! Under the wheels! A hideous, cruel thing!"

"And yet she was beautiful," he said quietly.

She caught her breath and looked up at him so touchingly that he found her hand and gave it an assuring, friendly grip.

When they drew up at the great portico of the hotel, she shrank back and would not, or could not, rise. Half lifted to her feet, however, she straightened herself and walked out and across the hall, barely touching the maid's proffered arm. Down the long corridor they went and through a door at which Motherwell knocked, opening it himself.

No one was in the parlor of the suite and, motioning the women to a sofa, he knocked on another door at the left. It was opened and he stood alone with Mr. Glaenger.

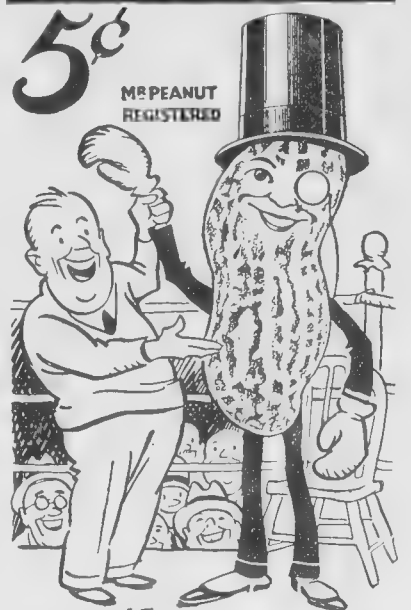
To him the young man spoke rapidly for a moment, checking with a quick gesture his cry of incredulous amazement.

"I think you had better tell him very quickly," he said. "He mustn't be shocked—and hurt her."

Glaenger passed through a further door and a low sound of murmuring talk followed his entrance. He came out before the young man had time to be impatient and seized his hands, shaking them heartily.

"I can't understand it," he muttered. "It simply doesn't seem credible, what you've told me! By and by, perhaps I shall—but what does it matter? Where is she?"

Continued on page 97



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33

Medusa's Head

Continued from page 96

He followed Motherwell into the parlor, crossed quickly to where the white figure sat stiff, as if frozen there, and bending, kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"Thank God, you're back, Clelia," he said. "You've driven us nearly crazy, my dear. Why, you look like a marquise at a fancy ball! Do you want to break our hearts all over again?"

He smiled warmly at her. Not a muscle of his face betrayed him.

But she did not smile back.

"I never broke your's, Glen," she answered, hardly above a whisper. "I knew that, always."

She turned to Motherwell.

"Come," she said, taking his hand like a child, and they went in together, the jeweller behind them.

AGAINST the cushions of a high-backed chair Motherwell saw the distinguished profile he had often watched at great banquets and receptions. The eyes were hollowed, now, the hair more silvered than he remembered. But the face was magnetic and winning as he had never seen it, the eyes fixed on one thing only—that white creature in the doorway.

She walked a few steps into the room, and stood in the full afternoon sunlight. Her lips parted and she drew a deep breath to speak, but her husband cried out before she could begin. Here was no such calmness as Glaenzer had shown: his whole face spoke his wonder and delight.

"Clelia!" he said. "Oh, Clelia! How beautiful you are!"

He opened his arms wide and with two long, smooth steps she was wrapped in them, kneeling by his chair, her hair against his cheek.

He pressed his hand tenderly against that soft white fleece.

"I am sorry that this should have happened, if it worried or frightened my dear," he said, and his voice trembled, "but why, why could you not let me know, so that I could help you?"

She raised her face and held it close to his, her hands against his shoulders.

"You haven't seen me, Cranny," she said. "Look at me now! I am forty-six years old—I am not what you thought—I never have been."

He held her face in his hands and looked long at it.

"No, you are never what I thought," he said softly, "for you are always sweeter and more beautiful, my dear."

A slow, faint flush, like a tea-rose in autumn, grew in her cheek. She threw her arms around his neck and cried so gently that they hardly heard.

"And for your age," he went on, his voice shaken with love, "it gives me the one comfort that you could not give before, my beautiful, and takes away my own terror that I could never tell you."

She drew back, staring at his moved face.

"Now we can grow old together, my dear!" he said.

THE END



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By Thomas Saunders

I've stood 'mid the throng and its token
With bowed heart and uncovered head.
What ties are united—then broken—
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Dead heroes! Their courage instils us,
Their memory deeply is mourned,
Their sacrifice awes us and thrills us.
But what of the men who returned?

And now as my memory wanders
Back over that well-beaten track:
My heart—to the white cross of Flanders!
My hand—to the men who came back!

I've watched as they stood there before me,
Saluting the "buddy" who's gone,
And sorrow and pride have come o'er me.
O God, what a price! What a pawn!

O'er yonder a mother is weeping
The teardrops of love and of pride:
Of love for the boy in her keeping,
Of pride in the youth who has died.

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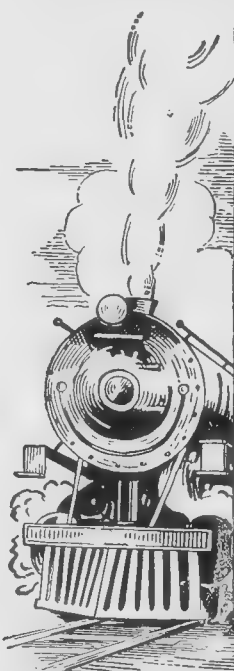


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6.00 a.m. Lv. REGINA	Lv. 6.50 p.m.
1.45 p.m. Lv. BRANDON	Lv. 1.00 p.m.
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Moccasin March

Continued from page 8

reply. It was two against a score. A great alarm assailed her, and she was on the point of wheeling her horse between as a shield for her father and Heyd when another horse shot down the fence-line and drew up under the noses of the half-breeds' ponies.

"Jim Marchmont of the survey, from the Stone Fort," cried Heyd, raising his fate from his weapon. "What's the trouble now, Jim?"

"Trouble a-plenty here, eh?" broke out Marchmont, taking in the situation and shooting a glance at Garrault. "Guess I've come in time, Heyd. Riel's run the same game on us. Stopped our work. Colonel Dennis appealed to Governor McTavish of the H.B.C., but it's no good. Riel says 'quit,' and we can't buck him with the handful we've got. So Colonel Dennis withdraws his men. He sent me down to you with the word."

"I believe," laughed Heyd grimly as he lowered his weapon and turned to Dufrost and Catherine, "that Jim Marchmont's saved a half-breed's life. What's to be done with the party, Jim?"

"I'm to take them back to the Stone Fort. You're to go East at once to open up the Dawson Road."

"What?" demanded Heyd, his face glowing again with the light that Catherine had marked. "That can mean only one thing, Jim."

"Yes, a military expedition," nodded Marchmont, lowering his voice. "Those in charge aren't talking, but we can gather the truth. The Dawson Road's been hanging fire. They want it rushed. You were one of the Hinds-Dawson expedition which blazed the route and you're the man picked to rush things through. You're to report at Lake Superior Landing at once, so we'll say good-bye."

At the news that the survey was withdrawn, Garrault's band had broken into cheers. They wheeled away wildly on their horses, capering in a circle and joyously firing their guns in the air. Only Garrault himself remained sitting his mount at Dufrost's fence line as Marchmont and the chainmen, having shaken hands all round with Heyd, trailed off for the Stone Fort.

"Well, Garrault," challenged Dufrost sharply, "what are you sitting there for?"

"It is a time of giving orders," replied Garrault, "so here are yours."

He leaned from his mount and handed Dufrost a slip of paper. Then with his insolent eyes burning hungry on Catherine he wheeled and rode after his men.

Heyd heard Catherine catch her breath. "What is it?" he asked sympathetically.

"It's eviction," she declared, a mist coming into her eyes. "It's what we have feared. What, Father? Am I not right?"

Dufrost passed over the paper to Catherine and Heyd. They saw that it was written in French and, translated, they read:

"The Comité National des Métis de la Rivière Rouge warns Robert Dufrost to leave the Northwest Territories within twelve hours."

"The renegade," stormed Heyd. "He held that over to be delivered at his option. He's chosen the moment when you befriended me. It's my fault, Catherine—I mean, Miss Dufrost—I shouldn't have sheltered here."

"It doesn't matter," Catherine assured him. "It had to come some time."

"Are you going, Dufrost?" Heyd demanded of her father. "Will you obey?"

"It means death to disobey when the National Committee serves a notice," observed Dufrost quietly. "We'll have to go."

"Then you go with me," decided Heyd instantly. "We'll make Lake Superior Landing and I'll mighty soon open you the road back."

"Thanks, thanks," murmured Catherine, her eyes full of tears as she looked out across her banned Red River home. "I want you to keep that promise."

Strangely stirred, she brought her wet eyes back to Heyd's, for above the war-shouts of Garrault's shuttling band, above the clarion cry of the empire Heyd foreran, she heard the sounding slogan of his masculine heart.

Continued on page 99

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Moccasin March

Continued from page 98

THE Dawson Road followed, in the main, the famous Kaministiquia River voyageur route into the West and only for the objection of the H.B.C., which claimed one thousand acres on the river bank, the road would have started from Fort William. Its commencement was from a site a little to the east. Here was Dawson's Landing, named after big, broad, Scotch Simon Dawson, father of the trail; here was where the canoe containing Heyd, Dufrost and Catherine pointed in ten days after their eviction from the Red River. From the Red they had ridden the dim ninety-mile trail that ran through prairie and woodland from Fort Garry to the northwest corner of the Lake of the Woods, left their horses with a settler and came on by canoe. All the way the June rains had drenched the land, and even now as Heyd swung the canoe bow in for the Landing, a misty drizzle was sweeping the lake. It smote his own duck garments, beaded Dufrost's blue coat and otter cap, silvered Catherine's head-shawl where she sat amidships.

As they worked in to the Landing, Heyd caught the loom of ships' hulls through the drizzle, and he stared to make them out.

"The Chicora and the Shickaluna," he named. "Yes, and the schooner Orion and Pandora too. Guess the military expedition's up from the Sault."

"Yes, thus far and no farther—so says the chant of flood waters," spoke a big voice from the mist-enshrouded Landing.

"Who's that, Forrest," asked the startled Catherine.

"It's Dawson himself," identified Heyd, staring sharply through the gray pall. "Hello, Simon, here I am to report."

"Man, but you are welcome," beamed Dawson, gripping Heyd's hand as he stepped out. "I was just wondering when you would get in. Who is that with you?"

"Catherine Dufrost and her father from Red River," introduced Heyd as the others followed him ashore. "The National Committee warned them out of the West and they came with me to be under the protection of the military till they can get back. Any improvement in the transport situation, Simon?"

"Improvement, man, in this rain?" wailed Dawson. "Times and again the very bridges have been swept away and communication cut off. You will understand me when I say that the Kaministiquia River rose as much as six feet in one night. The last detachment is coming on from the Sault and here we are strung out from the landing to Shebandowa Lake."

"Have your boats gone forward?" asked Dufrost.

"As far as the Mattawin Station, answered Dawson, "but we could not portage them on the wagon trucks we intended. They were too heavy and the trail was too bad. So we moved heaven and earth and towed them empty up the Kaministiquia to the forks of the Mattawin. There they lie, Forrest, for you to pilot on, though the officers say it can't be done."

"Have they tried?" demanded Heyd. Dawson nodded, a flash of grim humor wrinkling his eyes.

"One gallant captain tried. He made five or six miles and it took him a week to get back. He is quite a sailor."

"Perhaps he is an open-water sailor," smiled Catherine. "The way of the voyageur is quite a different path."

"The way of the voyageur who goes up the Mattawin is different," observed her father. "Old woodsmen like me know that no boat has ever ascended it, nothing but the birchbark canoe."

"Still these will go up," declared Heyd, quietly, his eyes meeting Catherine's. "I'll give you my word, Simon. They'll go up and without delay. Get me the best riverman you can to boss the crews and I'll engineer the route."

"I have done that already," Dawson told him. "I have McKellar from Fort William and he is arranging his crews at Mattawin Station to start. But I had better give you a wagon to go over the land trail when Miss Dufrost is with you."

Dawson hurried off to summon a driver. Since Wolseley, chief of the military expedition, had gone on up to the Mattawin, Simon was in charge of everything at the Lake Superior end. He was supposed to be in ten different places attending to twenty different matters. He was worked and worried past enduring but the coming of Heyd had lifted the nightmare of the Mattawin blockade from his mind. Heyd had said that they would go up, and Heyd was a man who kept his promises.

WHILE Heyd, Catherine and her father ate a hurried meal as they waited for their wagon, soldiers and voyageurs came trooping in from their day's work of packing and road-cutting. They filled the landing with life and sound. The mist dissolved slowly and the laggard sun blazed redly before it set in the gray cloud-masses. As the red rays lingered the Landing was a hive of activity, the activity that followed the relaxation from the stress of the day. Men rowed boat races on the water, ran foot races on the land, danced on platform erected for their amusement and vied in divers athletic events. Round the fort which was their base they swarmed also and patronized the canteen near at hand, drinking success to the Red River expedition, gulping mischance to the rebel Riel.

Still, vivid as was the color, loud the tumult of the Landing, the Landing itself was only an ax-blaze in that vast fire-scarred wilderness. A dozen wagon lengths and Heyd, Catherine and her father had passed from it into the silence again, driving the four-horse vehicle Dawson had provided for them along the trail that the passing and re-passing of two thousand men had gouged out of the forest.

The trail was bad, but they were lightly laden, carrying nothing but the birchbark canoe lashed upon the wagon for use on the rugged Mattawin River above, and by the time the long June twilight failed they were nearing the Mattawin bridge. Under the canopied birch arching overhead they drove, under the night-flame of forest fires flaring stubbornly into life. Primeval swamp odors mingled with the tang of smoke in their nostrils, and as they approached the bridge and Mattawin Station which marked the farthest point to which the boats had been relayed, the pungent smell of smoke increased until it stung even Heyd's hardened tissues and made his keen eyes water.

"There's a forest blaze pretty close by here," he observed to Catherine and Dufrost. "It would make a bad mess if it got to the station and the boats."

"It's burning yonder," cried Catherine, pointing to a red tongue of flame that licked eerily in the brush by the trail-side. "Quick, Forrest, smother it before it spreads."

"Thunderation, yes!" exclaimed Heyd. He whipped the reins over to Dufrost and leaped from his seat in the wagon.

"Look out," warned Dufrost, "there's a man in that brush."

Heyd hardly comprehended Dufrost's words before he landed beside the crouching figure in the undergrowth. The figure straightened up swiftly and by the flame that grew momentarily, Heyd looked into a familiar, swarthy, eagle-like half-breed face with the Sioux strain showing in its features.

"Garrault!" he exploded. "You trailed us here. You set that fire to wipe out the boats before the force could get started."

Heyd sprang as he spoke and grappled with the half-breed. The next second they were rolling over and over in the cedar swamp, with Catherine and her father dropping off the wagon and rushing toward them. Heyd got his fingers on both Garrault's wrists in the struggle but the wrists were greasy with water and mud. The grip, strong though it was, could not hold. Garrault writhed free and vanished among the low green cedars.

"Forrest, are you hurt?" cried Catherine. "And is he gone?"

Heyd returned from his futile dash in

Continued on page 100

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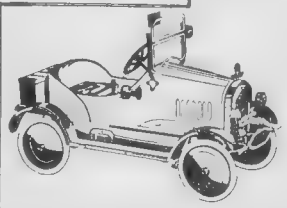
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Moccasin March

Continued from page 99

pursuit. "Gone," he lamented, "but the fire's spreading. Jump, Dufrost."

He aided the woodsman to kick ditch water on the growing flames till they subsided.

"Thought I had him," he laughed sheepishly, "but he was like an eel in the mud."

"You're sure it was Garrault?" asked Catherine apprehensively.

"Sure," he nodded, giving a final splash to the charred underbrush. Riel must have sent him after me to queer the game. Nearly did it, too. Good job we weren't half an hour later."

"A close thing," brooded Dufrost. "What devilry will he try next?"

"It's for us to watch. It's not the Mattawin blockade we have to beat right here. It's the Mattawin and Garrault."

They drove on into the Mattawin Station and the first man they sighted was McKellar himself, putting the finishing touches on his boats to run the blockade.

"Hello, McKellar," greeted Heyd. "Got your outfit ready?"

"How-do, Heyd," returned McKellar. "Glad to see you blow in. Simon told me you'd soon be along. Sure, I have the outfit ready. When do we start?"

"This minute," Heyd told him, "and the quicker the better. What crews have you?"

"Three crews of ten men each, all voyageurs. I'm not taking chances on green hands."

"What men are in your own crew?"

"Mission Indians from Fort William. Then there are the Towers' and Pritchard's crews."

"Well, say, McKellar, twenty-nine of those men will do. I want you to drop the thirtieth man and put me in his place."

"Thunderation!" whistled McKellar. "But you're not a voyageur. You're the engineer of the route. Besides, what will Towers and Pritchard say?"

"Don't let them know anything about it. A little stain on my face, a flannel shirt and a battered hat, and I'll pass for a voyageur. I can talk the lingo fast enough. I want to be shoulder to shoulder with the crews as we go up the falls of the Mattawin. I'll tell you why."

Briefly Heyd told McKellar what had occurred outside the Mattawin Station.

"You can't tell," he concluded. "You've picked fine crews, but Garrault may have bought one of those men. That's what I want to watch, for one man in one minute on the boat skidway up the falls can wreck Wolseley's whole expedition."

"All right," agreed McKellar, as he ran the first of the long-prowed, flat-bottom Ottawa River pointers up to the foot of the skidway by which they hoped to ascend the steep rock-wall of the unnavigable falls. "Go in as you say. But what about Dufrost and his daughter?"

"They'll follow us closely in the canoe."

HEYD discarded some of his clothes in the bushes, rubbed some brown bark stain on his face and took his place as one of McKellar's voyageurs. The boat he helped run up on the skidway led off, with Towers' and Pritchard's close behind. McKellar's axe had formed the skidway by dropping pine trees on the cliff, their butts resting on the high wall, their tops on the foaming river beach below. Cross-pieces on the stout trunks formed a vast aerial ladder upon which the wet bottoms of the boats slid to the heave of the voyageurs as if they were greased. With a run and a shout they went at it, shoulders against the hull, pushing with all their power, while helpers pulled from the crest with ropes.

Heyd pushed also, but he kept his head up while he worked, peering over the gunwale, watching the crew like a hawk. They were nearing the top of the long skidway, sheer over the boiling falls. Away below in the first eddies of the whirlpool Forrest saw Catherine and her father in the canoe, paddling for the foot of the skidway and watching the ascent of the boats with anxiety. Towers' boat was half way up. Pritchard's had left the water. Heyd scanned the crews behind him, but he could see no evidence of treachery. All their Indians were

Continued on page 101



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Moccasin March

Continued from page 100

shoving mightily, keeping even keels squarely in the middle of the skidway.

However, as Forrest shifted his glance back to his own companions in toil, he saw that McKellar's boat was sliding toward the edge of the skidway. He put his weight against the hull, but still somebody on the other gunwale was swinging it out of its path. The keel was on the steepest pitch. Treachery now meant disaster. A quick thrust of a strong arm could send the foremost craft thundering down, crew and all, on the two boats climbing below, precipitating the three into the river.

For a second Heyd hesitated to see if he was mistaken, if the boat under vigorous heaving would slide to the centre of the skidway again. But it did not right itself. It crept slowly toward the very edge, as if manoeuvred into position for the final shove. By now Forrest had marked his man. Beyond a doubt it was the voyageur directly opposite him, working on the stern. Heyd could not see his face, but he watched the muscles of the bronze arm on the gunwale, and as he saw those muscles stiffen for the last shove, he sprang around the stern and tore the man's arm loose.

"Hold steady, McKellar," he roared at the same time, as the boat careened on the slippery skidway's edge. "I've got the shover."

Heyd had the voyageur around the neck, holding him back from the boat. In the struggle his hands brushed the swarthy cheek and brown stain, brown as his own, came away on his knuckles. He stared at a high cheek-bone that seemed vaguely familiar, at fierce eyes under tossed black hair that appeared more familiar still, and in a flash of divination he realized that he wrestled with Garrault himself.

Not a man dared lift a hand to come to his aid. They had all they could do to hold the big boat poised in mid-air, and Towers' and Pritchard's crafts had come to a standstill also. The skidway rocked under the tramping of the wrestlers. Foot by foot to the very edge Heyd forced the struggling demon in his grip away from the boats, and as his feet felt the pine bark beneath them, he leaped with Garrault straight down into the deep river water.

They struck the surface together, but in the foaming splash Forrest's grip slipped. Lungs nearly bursting, he came up alone and struck out for shore, but as he swam a birch bark canoe flashed in front of him and the next minute Catherine was helping him in.

"I thought you would hit the rocks," she gasped. "Who was that? Not—"

"Yes, Garrault, again," nodded Heyd, coughing the water out.

"Did—did he drown?"

"Not Garrault," put in Dufrost, shooting the canoe out of the eddies with a skilful paddle. "Look yonder."

He pointed with dripping blade to the shoreline. They had a momentary glimpse of a water-soaked figure dragging itself over the marginal rocks and diving into the obscurity of the bush.

The canoe nosed in to the skidway. The boats were in motion once more, and Heyd slipped past Towers' and Pritchard's to resume his place in the lead. Mattawin Falls was won and with it the whole river route over the height of land. Much stress remained, portaging, hewing, bridging, grim toil for the soldiers, veritable slavery for the voyageurs, but the cliff-like pathway was feasible and the remaining work was merely a vaster wilderness itinerary than any they had been called upon to perform before. To route two thousand men with supplies for ninety days, arms, ammunition and equipment across seven hundred miles of wilderness to Fort Garry in time to smash Riel and get out again before the frost caught them on the waterways was a task to daunt the boldest engineer, but Heyd was not to be daunted. Like an Atlas he bore the expedition on his shoulders. Dawson at the Landing was indefatigable, but Heyd was doubly indefatigable. He was here, there, everywhere, quiet, efficient, sure, now at the Kaministiquia Bridge, now at the Mattawin, at Brown's Lane, at Calder's Landing, at the Oskondega, at She-

bandowan Lake itself forty-eight miles by road from the mouth of the Kaministiquia and over seventy miles by water.

Nor did his trek stop there. The boats took their native element at Shebandowan, but the Dawson Road stretched on and on, a succession of forty-seven portages broken by the welcome water reaches. What buoyed Heyd was not the pride of achievement alone, not the resounding march of empire that bore him in its van, but the satisfaction that mile by mile and camp by camp he was bringing Catherine Dufrost back to her Red River home. Now he had her at Ward's Landing on the Oskondega, now at Shebandowan, at Lake Kashaboyes, at Fort Frances on Rainy Lake, at Rat Portage on Lake of the Woods.

At Lake of the Woods they found their horses again, and it was good to ride westward free-limbed after cramping boats and crippling portages. But the brigades could not negotiate the faint trail they rode. These had to shoot the Winnipeg River till they came to Lake Winnipeg itself. Although Heyd, Catherine and Dufrost parted company with the boat brigades they did not altogether lose touch with them. By trader, trapper and Indian the news flashed across woodland and prairie to them that the expedition had reached Fort Alexander, gained Lake Winnipeg, made the mouth of the Red River at last.

They regulated the pace of their horses by the pace of the boat brigades, for the ban of the National Committee was still upon Dufrost and it meant death to arrive ahead of the military. But on the August evening when the foremost boats came up the Red River past the Stone Fort and beached on the bank below Fort Garry, although Riel's rebel flag still floated defiantly over the fort and Garrault's band of buffalo hunters could be seen encamped just over the Assiniboine, they made bold to ride back to the Dufrost farm. Like a familiar, loved face, the sight of it struck them, the vast prairie, the valley of the Red, the water-front farm with its thatched log house and the clay oven beside. Catherine's eyes swam at the vision of it till she swayed on her horse. Heyd put out a hand to steady her.

"Is it good to be home, Catherine?" he asked.

"It's heavenly," she answered. "It's the Promised Land."

"MY Promised Land?" he ventured, blood thrilling.

The color mounted in her face, but her eyes did not falter as they looked into his.

"Why not?" she temporized. "Your Promised Land and mine, if we are allowed to remain in it. I wonder if we are."

"That depends whether Riel means to fight," put in Dufrost as he dismounted in his own yard once more. "Yes, and how hard he fights. Who's that riding this way now? One of his scouts?"

Heyd stared hard at the lone figure riding forward bareback with the unmistakable ease of the Sioux.

"It's Garrault," he identified quietly.

Catherine gave a low exclamation and sidled her horse closer to him as he flipped down his rifle barrel at the half-breed forty yards away.

"You're close enough," Heyd intimated. Pull up."

Garrault obeyed instantly. "So you're back again," he sneered. "I thought it was you, but I rode out to make sure."

"Well, now you're so sure, get back about your business," ordered Dufrost, his hands itching on his own weapon. "We've come to stay."

"You have the Committee's orders," reminded Garrault. "The notice is still in force."

Dufrost laughed triumphantly. "They can never carry it out a second time," he taunted. "Wolseley's men are here. Riel will have his hands full before morning."

"Riel may, but I may not," Garrault snarled. "I have a band of winterers yonder."

"Use them if you dare, Frederick Garrault," challenged Catherine, trembling with aversion and anger. "But don't

Continued on page 104

The Voice with a Smile WINS



JUST ask one of the telephone operators who serves you how she always manages to maintain such a pleasant voice, such unfailing courtesy and good temper at a big central switchboard.

"It wasn't easy at first," she'll admit. I'd always led an active outdoor life. And I found that a sedentary job indoors all day was almost too much for me. I realized that if I was going to make good on the job—and I loved it!—I'd have to keep myself in the very pink of condition.

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A Little Chat and an Apology from Bobby Burke

DEAR Cosy Cornerites.

Apologies first—and we'll get that off our chests but we can't announce the winner of the summer competition till next month, which seems a long time ahead, and so it is, but I'm very much afraid it can't be helped this time for you see your editor went gallivanting off to the other side of the world, or pretty nearly—and your letters could not follow and so until I get home again the lucky prize winners will have to wait for the prize so please—I'm sorry and I won't do it again, will you forgive me?

It seems to me sometimes as if summer had hardly gone, and yet here we are with Christmas only one short month away. This month of November is the gloomy month of which poets have written the saddest poems, like the one that begins:

No sun—no moon,
No night—no noon,
No 'tother side the way,

Or the one that begins:

The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year
Of wailing winds and naked woods
And meadows brown and sere—
Heaped in the hollows of the groves
The autumn leaves lie dead
They rustle to the eddying gust
Or to the rabbits tread.

And there were many more just as gloomy and sad and wailing.

Now to me there is something very nice about November. It's like that time in the late afternoon when you come into the house and it is all dark and silent and quiet and you sit down in a corner and think, "now I'll just be nice and sad and lonely," and then in comes some one and lights a light and pulls down the blinds and sets the table, and soon more people come in and there is a sound of many voices and a smell of nice cooking and you cannot possibly set in a corner and mope. That's November for all the world—with Christmas bustling along and making it all bright and happy and full of light and good appetizing smells. And so enjoy November and for goodness sake begin early to get ready for Christmas!

Up In The Air

YOU'VE often heard people talk about being "up in the air," have you? They mean they are uncertain, confused, upset. At least that's what they used to mean, but now they are just as likely as not to mean they have been flying—well I wondered how you would like to come flying with me, for I went up in the air this summer really, and flew right across the English Channel from Paris to London.

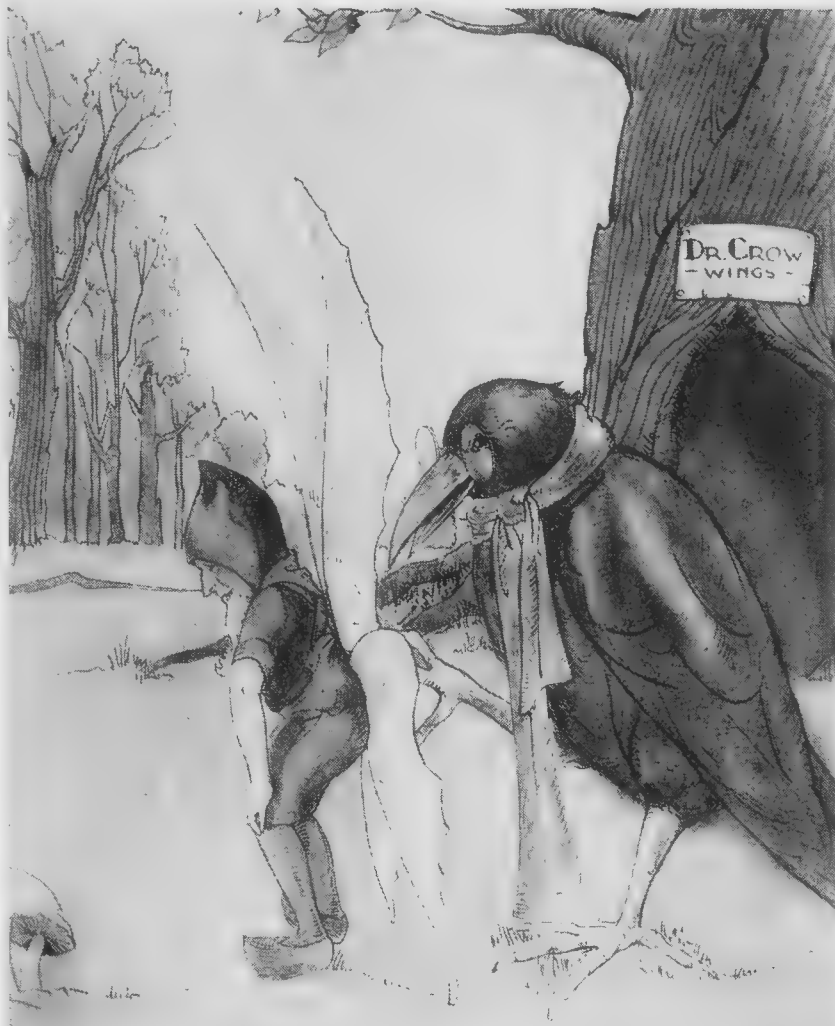
It's not so very many years ago that flying seemed an impossible thing, just a crazy idea of foolish men. Then Bobby Burke was very young, that's what Automobiles seemed like too. And when the first horseless carriage came to my town with a circus, everyone laughed at the queer thing. And when Henry Ford, father of the famous Lizzy first drove on the street he was only allowed to do so at night so he wouldn't frighten people or horses with his crazy machine. If people could have seen what the great highways look like now how surprised they would have been! After the Ford car had become a familiar sight we began to hear occasionally about the Wright Brothers in the States who were trying to make a machine like a big Kite that would fly. It seemed a crazy idea and people paid very little attention, and then one day the big Kite flew and a little later another man went up in the air and travelled a short way and by the time the Great War came in 1914 planes had been so perfected that men flew and carried bombs and fought in the air. And many of our own boys were wonderful airmen and did some of the bravest deeds of the war in the air. And after that was over people began to think about flying for business and flying for pleasure and now in England they are building an airship that expects to cross the great gray rolling Atlantic Ocean in two days. This is not like a plane but a great sausage shaped balloon, and it will have staterooms, decks, and rooms of all kinds. But the ordinary planes such as fly over your homes now are the kind that are used to cross the Channel in and in fact to fly all over Europe—And so we flew, and this is how we flew.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"



Old Dr. Crow

By William Thompson

Illustrated By Virginia Lee Conway

One day a little Elf man,
Amid his wanderings,
Espied the sign of Dr. Crow
Who manufactured wings.
And to his office all the birds
With broken wings to mend,
Would go as fast as they could hop,
And he'd their needs attend.
Old Dr. Crow, a friendly man,
And much to Fay's surprise,
Presented him a pair of wings—
Of ordinary size.
It pleased the little Elf so much—
The wondrous wings to see—
He lost all self-control, 'tis said,
And hopped and danced with glee.
When Dr. Crow tried on the wings,
To see that they were right,
The little chap said, "Thank you, Sir,"
And flew right out of sight.

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We left our hotel about eleven o'clock and went down to the office of the Airplane company and there they looked at our tickets and passports and weighed us and our baggage, so that the plane could be properly balanced. On all the baggage that weighed over 30 lbs. we had to pay extra money. When all this was over we drove to the Flying Field out of Paris, called Le Bourget. There were many planes out there and we were soon taken out to ours—The baggage was put in the front end and we climbed a little ladder and found ourselves in a small low cabin, with windows along both sides and small tables with chairs at them along one wall. The floor slanted backwards, while the plane was on the ground and presently we were all seated and the great wings began to vibrate and the engine to roar. Then we began to bump along over the ground,

bump, bump, bump, and then suddenly the field began to slip away from us and we were really going up in the air. The roaring in our ears was dreadful and we soon filled them with cotton wool that is provided in the car. In a minute or two we were looking down on the fields and in no time at all were right over a huge forest. And then beneath us fields and roads, towns, villages, forests, lakes and rivers moved like a picture. We couldn't feel the plane moving except when we struck an air pocket and then it "bumped" like a car does on a bad road, or it "dropped" like an elevator and made your tummy feel very queer. There was too much noise for any one to talk, but every now and then a little steward bustled along and wrote on a piece of paper "We are now up 2,500 feet." A little later he wrote "We are up 3,000 feet" then "3,900"

then "4,500" and finally "5,000" feet. The fields and forests grew smaller; the roads looked like tiny yellow threads, the motors like small bugs. And then gradually off to one side we saw the water of the English Channel washing up along the shore. Then we were over the channel port town of Boulogne with its docks and many piers and then—we were over the blue waters of the Channel. Below us toy boats crossed as if they were pulled by threads, and away to the north we saw the sea. And the greatest thrill yet the white cliffs of England slipped into the picture, and looking back we could see the water breaking on the shores of France and before us England.

Oh boys and girls it would be so easy to draw a map after you had been up in a plane. There is every little cape and bay and inlet, every forest and town, river and lake, a perfect relief map right below your eyes.

When we got over the hills of England we began again to bump and bump, for the air follows the outline of the earth. Over the water the air was smooth, level and calm, over the land it follows the ups and downs of the land and we could feel it. Below like a little ribbon unwound the little farms of England, the tiny hedges, the little villages and church spires, the towns and cities and forests of that wonderful old land. Just over Kent I looked down and saw a monster silver dragon fly away below us and I found this was a plane of the Imperial Airway's, blue and silver and beautiful. Each plane has its air road given to it, and our road was two thousand feet higher than the one on which the other passenger planes flew. And then below us we saw a group of big sheds and on the ground in white letters of tremendous size the word CROYDON and we knew we had reached our English air port. And then down we came, round and round until finally with a slight jar we hit the ground then bumped, bumped, round in a circle again and taxied to a stand still, and we had flown from Paris to London in two hours.

Something to Do for Christmas

MAKE your own Christmas cards, with snap shots, pressed flowers, cut outs, little sketches, traced drawings, or if you are very smart, block printing.

Hem dish towels and in bright colored cotton in outline stitch, make a cup and saucer or the word "Glass" or "Silver."

Make a lettuce bag, for holding washed lettuce to put on the ice or in the cellar. This may be made of a piece of unbleached cotton about 20 inches long, with a plain tape draw string in the top.

Start now in a cool dark place some narcissus bulbs in water and stones. Keep them in the dark with very little water until they have rooted well, then bring them to the light and they will be in bud for Christmas, or better still in bloom. (You may buy these bulbs at the Ten Cent stores.)

For Some One Who Is Going Travelling

MAKE a pin roll. For this you may use silk or chintz, a piece about 15 inches long, by six wide. Now get a piece of eiderdown flannel or any soft woolly flannel and cut it one inch smaller all the way around than the silk or chintz. Now lay the wool on the silk and turn the edges of the silk over the wool and paste them down all around, then either feather stitch the silk on to the wool, or finish it with a little fancy edging. Now three inches from one end turn up your strip and sew it along the sides to make a pocket. On the outside attach narrow ribbon so that when the roll is rolled it may be securely tied. It is now finished, unless you feel rich enough to stock it with tiny safety pins, wee spools, needles, a tape measure and a thimble and plain pins or even some of these things. This will be one of the most useful gifts you can make for anyone.

Something to Write About

I HAV'NT had a letter from any of you for a long time. How would you like to write me a nice chatty letter, telling me how you to intend to spend Christmas or anything about Christmas you like. I want to get some interesting letters and the person, boy or girl, who writes the best letter, funny, serious, or queer, will get a nice new crisp dollar bill to help out the Christmas fund. So clean your pens, sharpen up your wits, and let me hear from you all.

One Wet Day

By Helen Boyd

A LITTLE girl with a great big frown on her pretty little face sat watching the rain as it pattered down.

"Dear me! How I do hate rainy days," she grumbled, turning to her mother who sat by the table sewing. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Marjorie child, why don't you go to the den and get one of your books to read," suggested Mrs. Arnold.

The little girl brightened at once. "Of course—you always do think of the right thing to do—reading was just meant for rainy days, I'm sure."

"H-m—let me see," she murmured selecting one, "I'll just go on with this where I left off the other day," and curling herself up on a cushion she became deep in the story. Then a funny thing happened. In place of the books there seemed to be little faces peering out at her from amongst the shelves, and very soon she became aware that the room was swarming with a host of children, large and small. First, came a long row of nursery children—Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella heading the list.

Marjorie was amazed but before she could say a word to them a boisterous girl with tousled hair bounced on her.

"Hello, Marjorie," she cried nearly shaking her hand off. "Glad to see you—glad to see you."

"Why, it's Joe March isn't it," exclaimed Marjorie in great excitement. "And I suppose that's Meg, Amy and Bess behind you. But where's Laurie?"

"You may be sure he's up to some prank wherever he is," said Joe shortly, vanishing away as quickly as she had come.

"Who's that little girl over there in the corner?" asked Marjorie pointing to an old-fashioned little figure with a sweet patient look on her face.

"That's little Nell—surely you know 'Little Nell,' of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,'" spoke up someone.

"Don't! I can't bear to think about it,"

said Marjorie covering her face with her hands. "It was so sad about her."

"How-do-you-do," said a little boy politely, who was all dressed in velvet.

"You must be 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,'" said Marjorie shaking hands with him. "I used to wish that I was as good as you."

"Here's another little boy I think you know," cried Joe March appearing as suddenly as she had vanished, and leading towards her a child with a delicate face and large, solemn eyes. "This is Paul Dombey."

"Oh dear," sighed Marjorie. "It was sad about him too."

"Now, who in the world can this be?" she said curiously, as a little girl in a white dress and a blue sash ran up to her.

"Why I'm 'Alice in Wonderland,'" spoke up the little girl promptly.

"So you are," agreed Marjorie, giving Alice's hand a little squeeze. "My but didn't you have some wonderful adventures," she added enviously.

"And I'm the little boy 'who wanted more,'" said a voice at her elbow, and there stood Oliver Twist with a smile on his dear little face.

"Poor—poor Oliver," murmured Marjorie softly. "How I used to wish I could give you some of my porridge."

At that particular moment Marjorie felt something shaking her and she looked up to find her mother bending over her.

"Why, Marjorie child," she was saying. "I've been trying to wake you for the last five minutes or so."

Marjorie rubbed her eyes and looked around in bewilderment.

"I suppose it was only a dream," at last she said regretfully. "But really mother I've had the most wonderful afternoon. Why I just think rainy days are the nicest kind of days if they make you dreams like the one I just had," she added as she went to help her mother get the table ready for supper.

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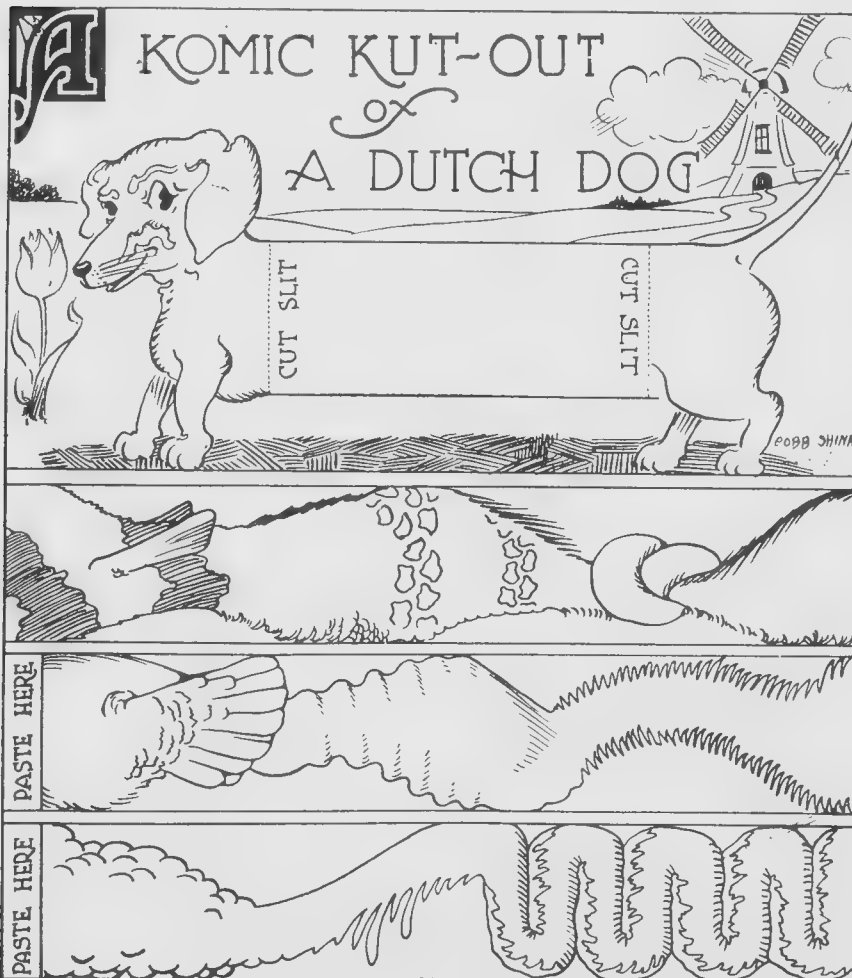
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Cut out the three strips at the bottom of the picture and paste them together. Then take the long strip and thread it through, across the blank space of the Dutch dog and out on the other side. Draw it slowly through and see how odd the dog looks with its feathers, wings, twists and knots

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MISCELLANEOUS

PATENTS—A list of "Wanted Inventions" and full information sent free on request. The Ramsay Co., Dept. 249, 273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont. 12-28

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IF YOU REQUIRE SANITARY RUBBER GOODS, write for catalogue and prices. Safe and Sanitary Rubber Works, Dept. H, 5155 LaSalle Boulevard, Verdun, Montreal. 12-28

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BETTER FLANNELETTES, 12 Yds. \$2.95. In Remnant Lengths, 3 and 4 yards each 36 inches wide. A beautiful soft, warm, woolly fabric of highest quality in pretty Fall and Winter patterns—12 yards for \$2.95 and postage. Send No Money. Just cut this Ad. out, mail it with name and address on separate piece of paper. When parcel arrives pay your own postman \$2.95 and postage. If not satisfied that this is the best Flannelette bargain you ever received, return them and get your money back at once. Mail it now and please show goods to your neighbors. Canadian Remnant Co., 350 St. Paul West, Montreal. 11-28

STUNNING SILK REMNANTS, 20 YARDS \$5.00. We have just purchased from the largest Silk Mills the most wonderful assortment of Rayon Silk Remnants in 4-yard lengths, 32 to 36 inches wide. In the loveliest designs, pretty prints, plaids, the new stripe effects and neat checks. The very best quality Rayon Silk. Each remnant is a full dress length. We give you 20 yards of (5 beautiful dress lengths—4 yards each for \$5 and postage). And listen: Send no Money. When parcel arrives pay your own postmaster \$5 and postage. If you are not satisfied that this is positively the very biggest and best Remnant Values you ever received, return them and get your money back at once. Cut this ad. out and mail it with your name and address. But do it now while full assortment on hand. And please show the goods to your neighbors. Canadian Remnant Co., 350 St. Paul West, Montreal. 11-28

Moccasin March

Continued from page 101

think you'll catch us napping. We do not sleep tonight."

"Very well," nodded Garrault. "You don't sleep. I'll remember that."

"Yes, remember and go quickly," commanded Heyd, his hand whitening on his rifle grip. "And pray to the gods of the Sioux that I never get a chance to pull a gun on you again. I've done it twice. The third time will be the last."

SMOKE poured from Dufrost's chimney as symbol of a hearth regained and his neighbors, friends and acquaintances came in to welcome him back. While they cooked and ate their first meal under a roof for many days they kept sharp watch on Garrault's camp but they finished their meal and the dark came down in grim thunder-clouds without any suspicious move. Afterwards they brought up their horses once more and rode forth in the pouring rain into the village outskirts to witness the night advance on Fort Garry, only to learn that the advance was postponed. The scouts were in the village itself, but the rain had mired the trail too deeply for the march of the main force and they were coming on by boat at dawn.

So the three turned homeward over the sodden prairie in the rainy midnight, swerving in a wide circle around Fort Garry and Garrault's camp beside. As they passed they could see fires blinking fitfully in the downpour and hear a voice calling blatantly on the moist air.

"Listen," commanded Catherine, reining in. "It sounds so eery. What is he crying there in the dark?"

Heyd and her father stopped. "Oh, ho! Oh, ho!—les soldats!" cried the voice.

"It's the camp crier calling out the guards," whispered Dufrost.

"Just so," nodded Heyd, marking the ring of fires, "Garrault has made a regular corral of the plains and you know what that means."

"He guards against attack," interpreted Catherine. "Riel must have decided to fight."

"To the end, perhaps," observed her father. "The scouts say his rebel flag still flies from the Fort."

"Or fight as long as he can while Garrault holds open his line of retreat to the south," amended Heyd. "If a man could move Garrault, he might change Riel's mind in a hurry. I'm going to see if there's any chance."

"Be careful, Forrest," warned Catherine anxiously as Heyd gave Dufrost his horse and went forward afoot. "Don't attempt anything alone. You shouldn't even approach the camp alone."

"Never worry, I'll be all right," Heyd assured her.

He approached the camp warily and found it to be the regular buffalo hunters' corral of the plains. Under the dull glow of the ring of fires which encircled it, he made out another ring of carts, hub-to-hub and shafts pointing inward as a bulwark of defence. Within the barrier of carts a third ring of tents ran around with the horses of the hunters herded in the open space in the centre.

With swift resolve he sneaked across the dark spot and crawled between the wheels of the Red River carts. Getting his back under one, he breached the cart barrier, overturning the vehicle out of line. It went down with a crash. The guard cried aloud and rushed to the spot but Heyd was diving half way round the circle, upsetting the carts as he dived. Then abruptly his gun belled in the pandemonium of the corral and at the report the horses stampeded, snorting, stamping, ripping through the circle of tents, scattering Garrault's band like gophers and crashing in a herd out of the breaches in the corral.

"The Redcoats! The Redcoats!" the cry went up.

In a flash Heyd had turned the armed camp into chaos, and the heavens above seemed to aid him. On top of his gun, which belched as fast as he could pour in the powder, the thunder-clouds broke in a canonade and the rain teemed with terrific force. Dazzling lightning forked over the crazy, rearing horses, etching the wild scene in steel-blue flame. One moment the camp stood there intact in the incessant flashes. The next moment it was gone—blotted out bodily, the tents

Continued on page 108



Don't "tell" your daughter about feminine hygiene

... it is less embarrassing to hand her this booklet

A DAUGHTER'S ignorance of physical facts can usually be traced to a mother who has allowed such information to come from chance companions. And so often it is wrong or incomplete information. But any mother can solve the problem of "telling", quickly and without embarrassment. Simply send for the free booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene".

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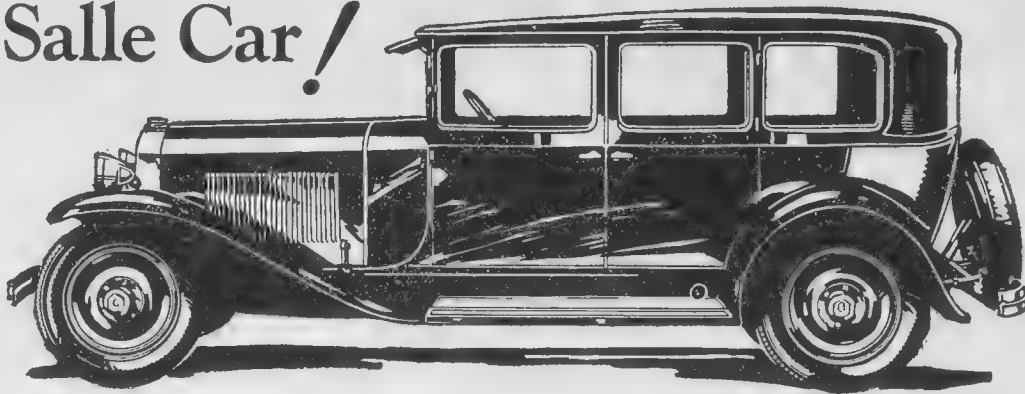
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FIRST PRIZE (if contestant does not qualify as above)—McLaughlin-Buick Five-Passenger Sedan valued at \$1,840.00. The minimum subscription to qualify for this prize is \$3.00. If a contestant sends in five dollars, he qualifies for the La Salle Sedan.

FIRST PRIZE (if the contestant does not qualify as above)—Chevrolet Sedan valued at \$892.00. This is the first prize if winner sends in only \$2.00 subscription.

SECOND PRIZE—Total value \$2392.00. Chevrolet Sedan, plus \$1500.00 cash bonus extra, at the rate of fifteen times the subscription money remitted. This bonus limited to a maximum of \$1500.00.

THIRD PRIZE—Total value \$1,400.00. Fada A. C. Electric Radio, seven tube set valued at \$400.00 plus \$1,000.00 cash bonus extra at the rate of ten times the subscription money remitted. This bonus limited to a maximum of \$1,000.00.

FOURTH PRIZE—Total value \$875.00. Columbia Vivatone Phonograph, Console Model, valued at \$375.00 plus \$500.00 cash bonus extra at the rate of five times the subscription money remitted. This bonus to be limited to a maximum of \$500.00.

FIFTH PRIZE—Total value \$600.00. Fada A. C. Electric Radio, six tube set, valued at \$300.00 plus \$300.00 cash extra bonus at the rate of three times the subscription money remitted. This bonus to be limited to a maximum of \$300.00.

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—Cash of \$10.00 each.

ELEVENTH TO THIRTIETH PRIZES—THIRTY - FIRST TO FIFTIETH PRIZES—Cash of \$5.00 each.

FIFTY-FIRST TO ONE HUNDREDTH PRIZES—One year subscription to Goblin.

Correct Answer Unknown

To guarantee to every one taking part in this contest that no one holds the correct answer to the puzzle, several figures were erased after the original drawing was made and before the puzzle form was printed. These figures were removed by Messrs. Perry J. Giffen, Toronto Star Weekly; William Houston, Regina Leader-Post, and T. B. Godfrey, chartered accountant, who kindly consented to act as judges of the contest. The figures were removed from the chart at different times, and the judges hold the total of the numbers which they erased. No one knows what numbers were erased. Notes of the missing numbers were made and are now under lock and seal. When the contest is over, the numbers erased from the puzzle chart will be added together and subtracted from the original total. The contest department knew the correct answer before the figures were taken out, but now nobody knows the correct answer. The answer now will be the sum total of the figures appearing in the chart above.

There are no tricks to this contest. It is merely a matter of skill in finding all the numbers shown and then adding correctly. We wish it clearly understood that there are no hidden figures. Every number can be plainly seen. The degree of your care and skill will determine the prize which you will win.

The ONLY requirements for entry to contest are those listed here. You will note their extreme simplicity, and a careful reading now will avoid any possible confusion later.



Secure Correct or Nearest Correct Total of Numbers Above to Win La Salle Car

The problem is to add together all of the numbers shown above. Each figure is clearly indicated, and they run from two to nine; the sixes have a curved stem; the nines a straight stem; all are single numbers, there are no combinations; add them as if each figure stood one above the other in a single column. Every figure in the picture is complete. If in doubt about any of the figures, send in the chart with a figure marked, to the Contest Department, who will gladly tell you what it is.

Enjoy Goblin's Wit

Through this Great Contest you will secure the most brilliant of Canadian publications at the regular subscription price, and at the same time, if you are accurate, win one of the major prizes absolutely without cost.

In this, Goblin's Fourth Great Puzzle Contest, the value of the awards has been increased to over \$10,000.00; this is the greatest Prize List ever offered in Canada. In a few weeks the division of these prizes will be made. Someone will win this luxurious, magnificently appointed La Salle Car. Will it be you? Your decision NOW will determine whether you will be that fortunate person! The first prize represents a modest fortune in itself. Someone will win it. You alone must decide whether you will be that person!

FIRST PRIZE

This or any other model La Salle Car of value \$3,875.00, with cash bonus noted elsewhere, is First Prize in this, Goblin Magazine's Greatest Puzzle Contest. Visualize yourself behind the steering wheel of this magnificently appointed La Salle Car, one of the proudest names in motordom. Surely here is a prize worth working for and, best of all, the work is the best of fun. Don't misplace this advertisement. Read the instructions and begin NOW. In a few weeks this distinguished car may be YOURS. You, alone, must decide!

GENERAL RULES

- (1) Contest is open to everyone except (a) Employees of Goblin and their immediate family; (b) Prize winners in former Goblin contests who won more than \$100.
- (2) To enter contest it is necessary to enclose at least \$2 for an 8-months' subscription to Goblin Magazine. See Prize List found elsewhere in this advertisement and note how the value of your prize is increased by sending in a full year's subscription to Goblin and subscriptions from your friends.
- (3) A contestant can solicit friends for subscriptions and for such subscriptions he or she will be entitled to submit solutions to the puzzle; also those who subscribe through a contestant may submit solutions to the puzzle. Get your friends to help you get subscriptions.
- (4) All solutions must be accompanied by a cash subscription, otherwise they will not be accepted. All solutions are recorded and cannot be changed once they are received at the contest office.
- (5) It is not necessary for a contestant to send in the entire amount of subscription money at any one time. Accurate records are kept, and every time a contestant makes a remittance, the amount will be added to the previous amount which a contestant has to his credit.
- (6) Contestants can send in a different answer to the puzzle each time they make a remittance, but not more than one prize and bonus will be paid to one family living at one home address.
- (7) **EXTRA PUZZLE FORMS MAY BE OBTAINED FREE BY WRITING TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT, AND WILL ALSO BE FOUND IN THE OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER NUMBERS OF GOBLIN.**
- (8) All money orders, cheques or postal notes must be made payable to Goblin Magazine; acknowledgments will be made immediately upon receipt of solutions.
- (9) If the correct answer is not sent in by any contestant, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solutions.
- (10) In the event of a tie, a second puzzle will be mailed. This puzzle will be a problem requiring accuracy in addition and subtraction. Only those tying will be permitted to solve the second puzzle.
- (11) Solutions to the contest must be in the Goblin office not later than 6 p.m., December 8th, 1928. Solutions mailed and having the postmark of not later than December 8th, 1928, and received by us not later than December 15th, 1928, will be accepted. The correct answer will be announced in the January issue of The Goblin Magazine, published about January 1st. Contestants are advised to send in their answers as soon as possible.
- (12) In entering the contest, contestants agree to abide by the rules of the contest and to accept the decision of the judges as final. The Goblin Magazine reserves the right to amend or add to the rules of this contest, if necessary, for the protection of the interests of both the contestants and Goblin Magazine. The right is also reserved to refund subscriptions and to disqualify any contestants whom the Judges, the contestants' representatives, deem undesirable.

SOLUTION BLANK TO BE USED BY CONTESTANTS

This blank must be used when sending subscriptions and solutions.

MY ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM IS _____
Gentlemen: Kindly enroll my name as a contestant in your puzzle contest. I am enclosing herewith the sum of \$_____ which kindly place to my credit, both as entrance fee to the contest and as a paid-up subscription to Goblin for the following party or parties.

If you are already a subscriber to Goblin and you send in a paid-in-advance subscription for yourself, write the word "renewal" in place designated.

1. Name _____ Amount \$ _____
St. Address _____ Town & Prov. _____ New or Renewal _____
Attach further names and addresses on plain paper.

Is this your first solution to the puzzle? _____ How much money have you sent (Yes or No) _____

in to date? _____ If this solution wins a prize, send it to _____

Name _____
St. Address _____ Town & Prov. _____

(Name and address must be printed)

Please answer all questions on this form and mail same to—
The Contest Department, Goblin Magazine, 86 Adelaide St. East, Toronto 2, Ont.
Note—If your subscription was sent in by another contestant, you must put his or her name below:

Name _____ St. Address _____
City or Town _____ Prov. _____



The Great Commemoration

AT ELEVEN o'clock on the eleventh day of this month silence will again seal our lips and still our movements for the duration of two minutes, in commemoration of the hour at which the greatest and most awful of wars was ended. It is a piece of ritual observance unique in history, compelling us all—even the superficial as well as those of deep feeling—to an interval of serious, reverent thought. As the years advance, it will not be well for the world if on each recurring Armistice Day the world's peoples do not ask themselves more and more searchingly if the great silence of two minutes continues to mean what it meant at first.

"The Art of Making Love"

ARE not too many things, educational and otherwise, being overdone? An educationist in England now proposes that young men be given "a better knowledge of the art of love-making." He delivered a lecture on that subject before the British Social Science Council last month, in which he said that such instruction is as necessary to a young man before he asks a young woman to be his wife as instruction on the violin before undertaking to play the violin at a concert. Strange that it did not occur to him that he would be wiser to let nature continue to be the teacher.

Canada and the World

SPEAKING of the supply of gold, Sir John Aird, who is a man of outstanding importance in Canadian banking, says there are fears of a shortage of a supply of that metal to meet the world's needs. Well, in addition to the wheat of Western Canada, which may rightly be said to be the gold that grows, Canada has abundance of the metal gold among its natural resources. If the production of Western Canadian wheat, the best grown, could be doubled and the output of Canadian minerals, including gold, likewise increased, to say nothing of increased production from utilization of Canada's other natural resources, the welfare of the world at large would be greatly enhanced. And what is this but saying in world terms that Canada's greatest need is the need of a great many more people of the right kind?

What a World of Wonders!

AMONG the wonders of invention announced during the past few months are cameras that will make color photographs, television by radio (We shall see as well as hear by wires!) three kinds of talking movies (We shall hear as well as see the shadows on the screen!) and to name one more, repairing machines for silk stockings. (Do not smile. Are there very many things more important in the world today than silk stockings?) Who can tell what will be the next wonder? Will the inventiveness of man never cease?

Thinking

IN READING the recently published *Memoirs and Reflections* of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith, *The Philosopher* came across this characterization of two men whose names will be

associated in history with the name of Asquith: "Lloyd George and Winston Churchill have good brains of different types. But they can both only think talking, just as some people can only think writing." Like all sharp sayings, this is probably only partly true. Very few have the power of thinking in still, silent, sustained concentration. And how many there are who do little thinking at all!

Age and Youth

THERE have been several news items in the papers lately telling of the deaths of persons who had passed their hundredth year. Are more and more people living to be a hundred? No one has reason to wish that he may live to such an age unless he can carry his faculties with him to the end of the long road, taking life as it comes and living every moment of it and never turning his back upon the present and condemning it, but looking about him always with courage and interest. Young people find it worth while to talk with old people who have a live interest in the present and so share youth's interest in the future and thus can make youth eager to know about the past.

To Know Things as They Are

WISDOM is born when a human being realizes that this is a world in which every person (whether a sage or a fool, a learned person or a simple person) has to bump along and encounter facts. The important thing is what the mind does with the facts it encounters. A wise man wrote long ago: "Since things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be, why then should men wish to be deceived?" A question easier to ask than to answer. If we do our best to know things for what they are, we can use them towards making life better.

Self-Respecting Good Will

THE English writer Cecil Roberts is of the opinion that the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States would get on even better than they do, if the efforts of the organizations in both countries that are "over-anxious to force friendliness" were done away with. Lord Elgin, who was Governor-General of the old Province of United Canada (Ontario and Quebec) from 1847 to 1854, and was as popular in the United States as he was in Canada, said that Great Britain and the United States might growl a little at each other as nations, but that individual Britishers and Americans never growled at each other, but smiled in friendliness. Of Canadians and Americans it is to be said with entire truth that neither as nations nor as individuals do we growl at each other. We are friends, and for more than a hundred years our relations have been the world's best example of international goodwill and self-respecting neighborliness. And it is a safe prophecy that so our relations will continue to be, each of the two nations living its own life and working out its own destiny.

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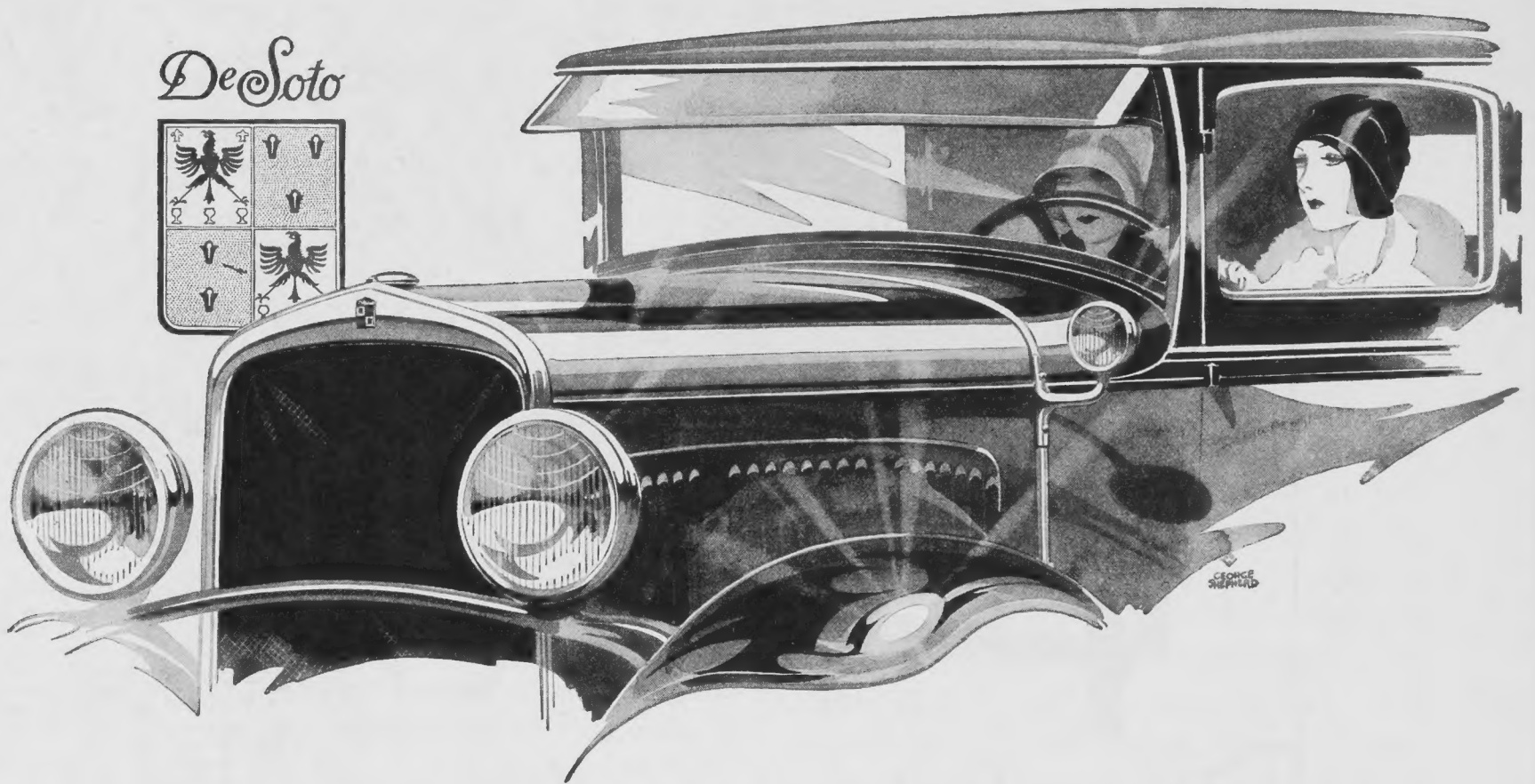
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Moccasin March

Continued from page 104

flattened, the carts smashed, the encircling fires stamped into the oozing ground.

Heyd heard beast, half-breed and renegade Indian thunder away over the boat-bridge across the Assiniboine which gave communication with the trail southward and, darting off at a tangent and keeping well out of the line of flight, he ran back to where he had left Catherine and Dufrost. The dark thunder-clouds passed as he reached the spot and the dawn lightened, but he could see no figures with horses.

"Dufrost," he called in alarm. "Dufrost, where are you?"

"Here," yelled a hoarse voice from the river's bank.

Heyd turned to see Dufrost alone, streaming water as he pulled himself up the bank.

"What's happened, Dufrost?" he yelled. "Where's Catherine?"

"Garrault got her, roast his Sioux hide!" grunted Dufrost. "We heard the camp stampede and she was anxious about you, so we pushed in closer—too close for safety. Garrault and a gang rushed us, crowded me into the river and got away with her and the horses."

"Condemnation!" roared Heyd. "Into Fort Garry? Come on then. Wolseley's men must be near. We'll get him when they rush."

They started across the grassy plain to Fort Garry but they had gone only half way when the full light of morning bathed Riel's headquarters. Dufrost pointed with sudden exultation.

"Riel's flag is down," he cried triumphantly. "Garrault can't have more than reached the gate. She's safe yet, Heyd. We'll get him, sure."

Heyd stared intently. The rebel flag was indeed hauled down.

"The south gate's open, too," he declared, "and yonder's the first of Wolseley's men deploying around the west side."

"Look," urged Dufrost, "somebody's tearing out of the open gate—rebels, every one. There's O'Donoghue. There's Lepine. There's Riel. If we could have stayed by the boat bridge, we might have cut them off."

The flying half-breeds passed them two hundred yards away and were gone over the Assiniboine boat-bridge when a horse bearing double broke out of Fort Garry's open south gate.

"It's Garrault and Catherine," cried Dufrost. "Cut him off!"

Madly they darted forward, trying to lessen the distance before he should reach the bridge. They gained over a hundred yards by running at an angle, but Garrault swept by with fifty yards to spare. Dufrost fired high at his head, but the ball went wide. Heyd dropped on one knee, his own weapon outflung. "His horse, Heyd," breathed Dufrost. "It's our only chance."

Heyd had sighted on the animal already. He pulled well forward to reach the chest. At the rifle's report Garrault's mount lunged and slid to its haunches on the boat-bridge. It rolled over the edge but as it fell Garrault had slipped from its bare back and, still carrying the struggling girl in his arms, dashed on foot across the bridge. He moved swiftly, but in the momentary delay caused by the horse's fall Heyd bounded over on his heels. Forrest gained on the laden half-breed. His gun-butt crashed down on the black head, staggering him in his stride, and while he staggered, Heyd tore Catherine from his arms and with a vicious fist blow sent him spinning off the boat-bridge.

Down into the roaring Assiniboine Garrault plunged. He did not come up, and perhaps it was just as well, for Dufrost thrust his reloaded weapon over the edge and waited for the head that failed to reappear. Heyd, holding the trembling girl in his arms, looked long at the empty waters. Then he turned with her and pointed towards the Fort. In place of Riel's rebel flag the flag of empire was going up. Wolseley's force was pouring on to the gates and giving three ringing cheers.

"Listen," Heyd urged, "isn't it a splendid sound, Catherine? Fort Garry falls."

"Yes," she whispered, swept by the thrill, the glory of the moment, "and my heart falls with it."

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